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THE PEACEMAKER

By Bliss Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IF you turn to the right at the blacksmith's shop in Slab City, and keep straight on through the Hollow, you come out upon Church Hill. Ten years ago there were two white churches there, on opposite sides of the road. From the burying-ground of either one you could see four counties of Massachusetts and three of Vermont, while to the northeast Monadnock rested like a pale blue jewel upon the dark uplands of New Hampshire.

Church Hill, like Slab City, belonged politically to the township of South Broughton. Theoretically it was dedicated to the Lord. Practically, it was an oozy stamping-ground of the Devil.

The white churches were rivals. The squat tower of the First Congregational, on the north side of the road, was surmounted by a battlement; the tower of the Second Congregational, on the south side of the road, was a slender Moslem minaret; otherwise, there was no difference between the two structures. The horse-sheds in the rear of the Battlement were in somewhat better repair, but there were a few more Christian Endeavorers in the Minaret. The choirs were difficult of comparison, each being unique. The summer audiences were slightly larger under the Battlement, but the Minaret drew ahead in the winter—thanks to its Endeavorers. Down at Dakin's store, in Slab City, it was the general sentiment that the ministers were pretty evenly matched. "Not much git up 'n' git to either of 'em," declared Orrin Waterman, the stage driver, and indeed both pastors seemed permanently settled, for neither of them had ever had an opportunity to move away.

Dakin's store was a sort of chorus for the long drama of discord between Minaret and Battlement. Not one of the frequenters of the place could remember the beginning of the trouble, for it dated from the great Unitarian secession in the twenties. At that time the new-fangled heretics had managed to get control of the original church building, the Battlement, and the orthodox minority migrated across the road and built the Minaret. By and by the Unitarians were forced to sell out to the Baptists, and then the Baptists in turn grew fewer and fewer, until, just after the Civil War, the Hard Cider controversy split the orthodox congregation, and the seceding faction bought the old Battlement from the Baptists, journeyed back across the road, and called themselves First Congregationalists once more. Their tenets included the proposition that every man had a right to make and drink as much cider as he pleased. The Second Congregationalists thought otherwise. From this point on, every patron of Dakin's knew the story: how the south township could support just one church, and here were two; how the young people on both sides had made overtures which the stanch old people had rejected; how the young folks had then "got mad" until they were, if anything, more bitter than their elders; how old Deacon Holbrook had been tipped out of his wagon three times rather than give half the road to anybody in the First

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Church; in short, how the Devil's hoofs had stamped joyously up and down from Church Hill to Slab City and back again for many and many a year.

II

THE man that felt worst over it was the man that said least, 'Gene Holbrook. For thirty years he had been sexton of the Minaret, and when his father, the old deacon, had been tipped out of the wagon once too often, Eugene was chosen deacon in his stead. The vote was a close one, for he was an insignificant old bachelor, with no gift of extemporaneous utterance, and he toed in most absurdly as he trudged back and forth between Slab City and Church Hill. "Not over bright," was the comment of the very school-children; "no great hand to farm it," the verdict of the community. Mr. Holbrook had a singularly square head, as if whittled from a child's block; restless gray eyes; and a broom-shaped, crimpy, black beard, most scrupulously trimmed. His maiden sister Lois, who kept house for him, thought it a beautiful beard, though she never told him so.

Lois had voted for 'Gene as deacon, in open defiance of what people would say. She knew well enough that compared with their father's iron-willed loquacity, 'Gene's

Whenever the organist failed to make her appearance, 'Gene could fill her place.—Page 645.

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"If a stroke of lightnin' would consume one of them buildings."—Page 646.

voice in church matters would have little weight. It proved to have none whatever. For two or three years after his election, indeed, he wearied both churches by his efforts to secure a union between them. He got himself dubbed "Union" Holbrook, but that was all, and, in fact, his conception of union was that the Battlement folks should give up their enterprise and come over to the Minaret. "The lion and the lamb lay down together," he was reminded by the humorists at Dakin's, "but when they got up again, it was all lion. There wa'n't no lamb." And 'Gene's scheme of one church—his own church—ended there.

But no one had any fault to find with Mr. Holbrook as a sexton. Nobody else could get any heat out of the Minaret's sheet-iron stoves. Nobody else could ring the cracked bell. Weakling as he was, he could set up and take down a Christmas tree unaided. Whenever the organist failed to make her appearance, 'Gene could fill her place. Four times, in the thirty years, he had climbed to the very top of the minaret to oil the brass rooster that served as a weather-vane. It was a break-neck feat, performed out of sheer affection for the building that he loved, though among the boys of the Hollow it added to his grave-digger reputation for uncanniness.

In truth, no one felt really acquainted with 'Gene Holbrook. While his loud-voiced father lived, the son had effaced himself as a matter of course; and after his own brief, unavailing struggle for union, the habit of silence, or at most of inept, inefficient speech, became ingrained. He sat awhile at Dakin's every evening, before and after mail-time, but made no contribution to the wit or wisdom of the place. He did not even smoke, or do anything, in fact, except sit on a barrel and run his fingers through his beard. The talkers watched him often, as the never-ending debate between Battlement and Minaret drew on, but "Not when *father* was alive," or "It ain't for *me* to say anything" was

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the utmost extent to which he committed himself. No one addressed him as "Deacon." It was tacitly felt that he owed that dignity to the accident of inheritance rather than to intrinsic importance in the community; and even little Polly Dakin, aged seven, called him "'Gene."

III

One November night—the mail being very late—the talk at Dakin's grew unusually free.

"No, sir," said the shoemaker, who was a Mental Healer, "nothin' short of a stroke of lightnin' 'll ever scare them Congregationalists into keepin' the peace. Ain't that so, 'Gene?"

Holbrook shifted uncomfortably upon his barrel, but had no answer ready.

"There's them two *buildings*," pursued the shoemaker. "It's a question of property rights—that's what I've thought all along. If a stroke of lightnin' would consume one of them buildings—they ain't either of 'em insured, be they?—'n' folks *had* to get together, they *would* get together. Eh?" And he laughed maliciously at his own fancy, being convinced that religion, in the south township, had long since gone to pot.

But Holbrook spoke out for once, to the astonishment of the crowd.

"You better stick to healing, Josh Wetherbee, if you believe in healing, and let religion alone!" He slipped down from his barrel and stood erect, his gray eyes blinking, his hands fidgeting.

The spectators looked delightedly at Wetherbee, expecting a retort, but Orrin Waterman entered with the mail-bag, and, before the general attention was directed again to the disputants, 'Gene Holbrook had teetered out of the door. He was still trembling as he turned the corner by the blacksmith's shop, and trudged along toward his little farm in the Hollow. Gentle-hearted, loving his own church with a devotion more intense than Slab City could comprehend, the shoemaker's taunt had jangled upon every nerve. And the worst was, that Josh Wetherbee had told the truth! 'Gene realized it, even at the instant that it had stung him into unwonted retort.

He stumbled onward, in the black November night, nodding his head excitedly. In a swift revulsion of feeling he saw the whole wretched business lying ghastly clear. The long strife between Minaret and Battlement was, in reality, a quarrel about dollars, involving the proportionate assessment of the two churches in case they united—a question of "property rights," as Josh Wetherbee had claimed. What was it all about, this inherited love for the old Second Church, the passionate service of his own life—he, the doorkeeper in the house of the Lord—the fierce talking and fiercer praying of his own father, who would not give a First Church man half the road? It was about a building—mere timbers and clapboards, and plaster and carpets and pews. The forty-year fight for pure religion was as sordid as some long lawsuit over the right of way to a barn. In the sudden illumination of bitterness he saw the Minaret as a part of his father and himself—an embodiment of the Holbrook stiffneckedness—and he found himself almost hating it. The Battlement was as bad, but the Battlement was not, like the Minaret, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. And a man has the right to loathe himself.

He was mounting a little hill that thrust its foot across the Hollow road. It was too dark to see the muddy highway or the Holbrook farm that lay below him, and quite too dark, therefore, to catch sight of what he had marked a thousand times at the turn of the road, namely, the two white buildings glaring at each other on Church Hill. But to Holbrook's strained fancy they were visible, facing each other like two dogs, warily, sullenly. They had stood there like that for so long! Suppose the lightning were really to strike one of them! "By God!" he cried aloud, in his first oath since boyhood, "how it would burn!"

A moment more and he stopped short, flinging up his arms as if to ward off something, some treacherous thought that lunged at him. Slowly the arms dropped. He stood perfectly still, save that his square, ill-modelled head moved from side to side as if he were in terror. He glanced toward the sky—no, it was from behind him that the noise came. A real noise, too—horses' hoofs lifted painfully out of

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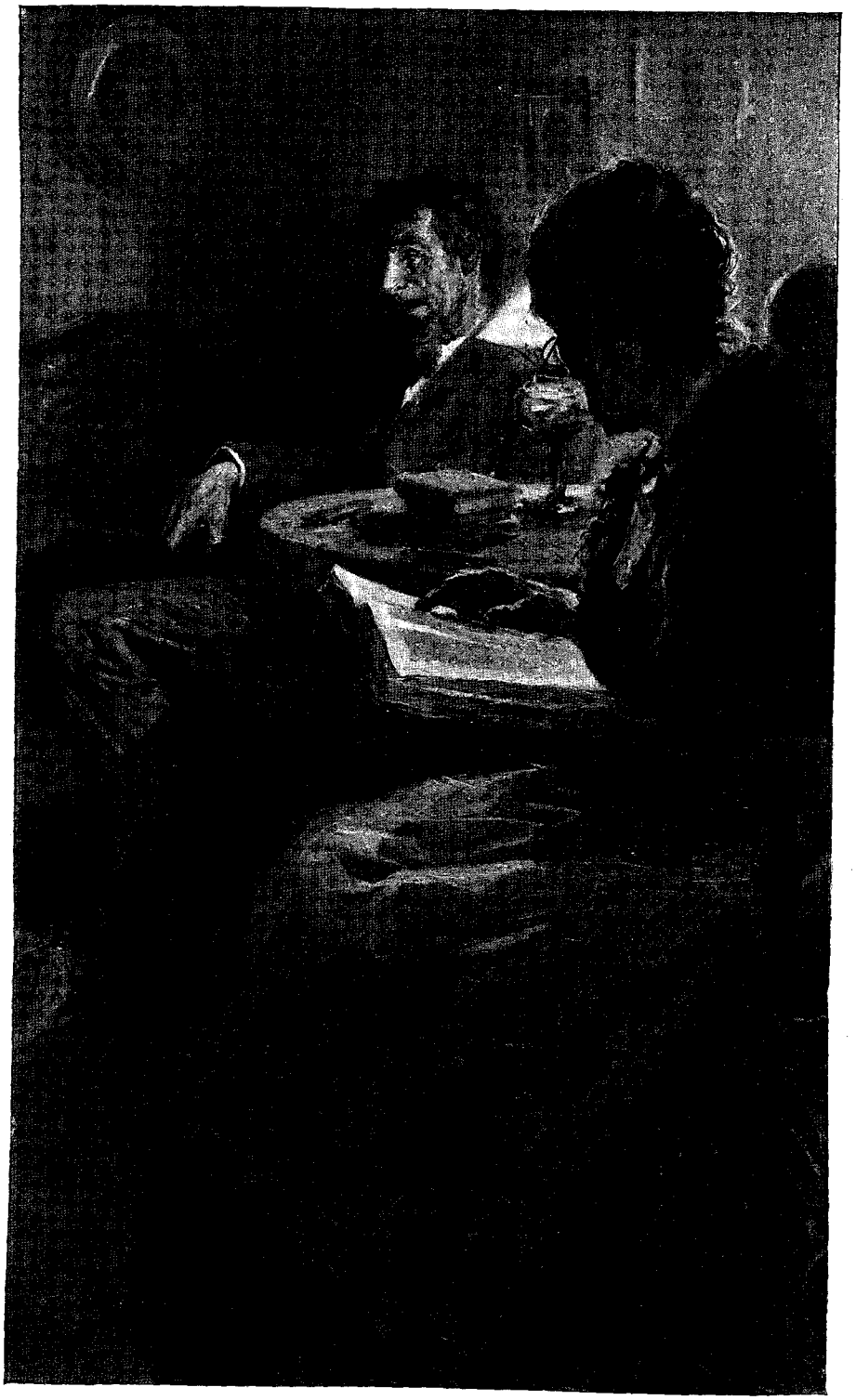

"'Gene, for the land's sake, 'Gene!" . . . he had the look upon his face that the old deacon had when he was dying.—Page 648.

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the sucking clay and a rattle of milk-cans upon a squeaking buckboard. It was only 'Gene's fellow-deacon, John Richardson, driving soberly homeward from the village. He was half blind and wholly deaf, and yet, as he drew nearer, Holbrook leaped swiftly into the mass of willows by the roadside and cowered there until long after his elderly associate had passed. To see him creep forth again, groping for the hat which he had lost in his frightened leap, one would have said that here was a man conscious of some crime, and already, perhaps, a fugitive from justice.

After awhile he started on, pausing now and again to listen, or to scan furtively the invisible roadway and shadowy fields. In front of his low-eaved, lilac-sheltered farm-house he came to a halt. Lois was sewing by the curtainless window, her gaunt, spectacled face bent over her work. She was re-lining her brother's best Sunday coat, the black one that he kept for communion days. He recognized this badge of his office, and as he did so the thought that had risen before him on the lonely road seemed more than ever like blasphemy. And yet—and yet—might it not bring peace? And nothing else would.

By and by he went in. Lois barely looked up at him. She glanced at the clock and then went back to her work.

"Orrin was late, wa'n't he?" she asked.

"Considerable."

"Didn't you get the paper?"

"I didn't wait," he replied. The tone of his voice surprised her.

"Anybody been making fun of you?" she cried, with maternal fierceness. She knew that 'Gene was helpless in the strife of tongues at Dakin's.

He shook his head.

She worked on in silence until the clock struck nine. Then she folded the coat, placed the lamp exactly in the centre of the table, and motioned to 'Gene, who had been huddling by the stove. He brought the two Bibles—carefully protected by age-browned, fly-specked paper covers—and seated himself upon the opposite side of the table. The brother and sister had read an evening chapter in this way ever since they could read at all. Once there had been four voices in the Holbrook sitting-room, each taking its verse in turn, but it was ten years since the old deacon and his wife had read their last, and 'Gene and Lois were reading the Bible through for the fourth time since then. They took the chapters as they came, omitting nothing, questioning nothing—one might almost say expecting nothing.

"Psalm seventy-three," said 'Gene.

"Seventy-four," corrected Lois.

He examined his book-mark.

"We read that last night," she exclaimed, testily. "Begin."

And he began, in a voice that sounded like a timid imitation of his father's, "'*O God, why hast thou cast us off forever? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?*'"

She murmured rapidly in turn, "'*Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old; the rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed; this mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt.*'"

They went on, in dull antiphony, while the old clock ticked loud.

'GENE. "'*Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations; even all that the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary.*"

LOIS. "'*Thine enemies roar in the midst of thy congregations; they set up their ensigns for signs.*'"

'GENE. "'*A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.*"

LOIS. "'*But now they break down the carved work thereof at once with axes and hammers.*'"

'GENE. "'*They have cast fire into thy sanctuary; they have defiled by casting down the dwelling place of thy name to the ground.*'" He looked up at her with a strange, terror-stricken face. She did not notice it.

LOIS. "'*They said in their hearts, Let us destroy them together: they have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land.*'—'Gene, for the land's sake, 'Gene!"

The Bible had fallen out of his hands upon the floor. His fingers were clutching at the worn arms of his father's stuffed chair, and he had the look upon his face that the old deacon had when he was dying. But even while she was staring, he regained command of himself, and stooped and picked up the Bible with a foolish, irritable laugh.

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"Guess I'm a little nervous to-night," he volunteered, and without attempting to find the chapter again, he replaced the book upon the bureau, and began to shake down the stove.

"Ain't you going to finish the chapter?" she queried in alarm.

He made no answer.

Lois read the chapter through herself, and shifted her book-mark. Then she laid aside her spectacles and took up the lamp. 'Gene had already lighted his candle to go upstairs. "You *feeling* real well, 'Gene Holbrook?" she demanded.

"I dunno but I am," he replied. "I wish father was alive."

She waited—too frightened to move or call.—Page 652.

IV

THE next morning Lois watched him narrowly. To her relief she found him cheerful, almost talkative. His eyes were bright, though she fancied that they did not look squarely into hers. He was at work all day "banking up" the sills of the house with dead maple leaves, trodden firmly down, and as he drove the stakes that held the long boards in place, she could hear him singing. At nightfall, instead of starting as usual for the post-office, he seated himself at their worn-out parlor organ, where he spent the evening practising one or two new tunes. The next day it was the same, only that he was much quieter, and instead of playing the organ he put on his best black coat and read to himself in the Bible until bedtime. And one of these two occupations, varying by a caprice which Lois could not fathom, became his unbroken habit as the sour November and December days went by, and winter closed in upon the Hollow. At Dakin's store, his absence was scarcely noticed, beyond a witticism or two upon the theme of 'Gene's fearing to face Josh Wetherbee again. He came for his paper in the mornings, if at all, and even the genial inquisitiveness of Bill Dakin, failing to discover any adequate reason

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why Gene's evening seat was vacant, applied itself to more important problems.

To Lois Holbrook alone her brother's altered ways brought perplexity and misgiving. On his "singing days," as she came to call them, he seemed almost jocose. He stopped people who were driving by the farm-house to talk with them, and his invariable theme was the possibility of the two churches uniting after all. He even called upon the minister of the Battlement, and had a friendly talk with him upon the safe topic of the ultimate restoration of the Jews. But the singing days were invariably followed by the silent, black-coated days, when he sat hour after hour reading the minor prophets, until Lois thought she should scream.

What ailed him? At first, remembering that strange look in his eyes on the night when he had dropped the Bible, Lois persuaded herself that he had had a partial "stroke." But his actions varied so persistently that she abandoned this theory, and came to believe that he must be "possessed." What she meant by this she did not know, but the vague associations of the word were those of terror, and her anxiety deepened as the days grew shorter and darker, and the great snow-drifts began to heap themselves against the lilac-bushes and climb silently toward the window-sills, for the winter's siege. And indeed if an idea ever took possession of a man, dividing his affections from his will, summoning from the depths of a gentle nature all the wild daring lurking there, making some cause so alluring and one's self so paltry that self-immolation seems a joy, then Eugene Holbrook was possessed.

V

It was Christmas Eve. The sexton of the Minaret had hauled from John Richardson's upper pasture a great fir-balsam, symmetrical as a candle-flame, and more odorous than frankincense. Unaided, he had nailed it into place in front of the platform. It was one of his singing days, and he laughed more than once as he helped Lois and the minister's daughter hang the tree with gifts for the Sunday-school, and long festoons of threaded popcorn, and muslin candy-bags, cut stocking-shape and sewn with bright worsted.

Then the women went home for supper, but 'Gene stayed to tend the fires and light the lamps. At a quarter before seven he began cautiously to light the colored candles on the tree. He counted them, even: there were sixty—one for each year of his life and one over. In a sudden whim he plucked off that sixtieth candle, and flung it under the tree. This was to be his night, his own great night, and it seemed to him that the years that came after did not count, even if they were many!

At seven, the Sunday-school children were pounding on the door, and by eight, the presents had been distributed and the Christmas hymns sung, and the minister's painful annual effort to be cheerful was concluded. The little company withdrew noisily, family after family piling into its sleigh and shouting "Good-nights" that were drowned by the sleigh-bells. Bill Dakin offered Miss Lois a ride down to the Hollow, as usual, and at last the sexton was left quite alone.

He locked the door stealthily. The colored candles had burnt very low; even Dakin had warned him not to let that balsam-tree catch fire. Catch fire? He laughed to himself at Dakin's prudence as he snatched up armful after armful of the loose papers in which the gifts had been wrapped, and heaped them under the balsam's low, resinous boughs. Catch fire? He began to pile the straw-filled seat cushions all around, working more and more swiftly with each moment, until he was fairly running. He jerked down the big windows from the top, studying cunningly the draught. It was just right—and the whole thing was just right—and it flashed over him that it had all been foreordained before the foundation of the world.

He pulled a guttering candle from the tree and held it to the papers, watching them curl and leap upward with a rush of flame. Then he lifted the big gilt pulpit Bible reverently from its cushion, and walked steadily down the aisle toward the door. At the Holbrook pew he paused: there, at the farther end, were his own boyish initials, cut idly deep; here, at this end, the old deacon used to sit, upright and implacable. The son shook his head and went on, the Bible under his arm, the great

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balsam crackling behind him. He meant to go down to Bill Dakin and give himself up. It was arson; that meant the county jail for many a year—or else the asylum. For they would be sure to think him crazy if he told them that he had set fire to his own church on Christmas Eve, to bring peace and goodwill into the south township!

But the tree and the flimsy platform were making such a noise now! He unlocked the door and ran out, locking it again behind him, and tossing the key into a snow-drift. He meant to take no chances.

And all at once he was aware of little Polly Dakin, trotting breathlessly up to the church steps.

"'Gene, I forgot my candy-bag!"

He stared at her, shaking his head.

"I left it in the front seat," she persisted, "right by the tree. And papa said he could hold the horses while I came back for it. My! What makes the church so bright?"

"You can't get it!" he cried. For the fire was already roaring like a wind-swept woodland, and the red light from the front windows shone on the child's face and the piled drifts of snow.

She tried bravely to choke back the tears.

"It—was—my—candy-bag!"

"Stay here!" screamed Holbrook. "I'll get it for you!"

He laid down the Bible and dashed into the snow-drift, snatching for the buried key. It was a minute or two before he grasped it, and though he sprang at the door then with tiger-like swiftness opened it and darted in, it seemed to the awe-stricken child as if the whole church were a fiery furnace. He ran straight down the aisle toward the flaming, swaying tree—and he must have stumbled.

She waited, too frightened to move or call—waited for 'Gene to come back. Her father, down on the Hollow road, saw the flames burst from the Minaret's windows, and wheeling his restless horses, lashed them to a run. From road to road around the hill-top hoarse cries rang over the frozen fields, and Bill Dakin's horses were not the only ones that were galloping. And still the little girl stood in front of the open door of the blazing church; and she explained to her father that 'Gene had gone in to get her candy-bag, and she was waiting for him to come out.

The Minaret was all aflame now, flaring up into the starlit night. And from somewhere in that quiet heaven came a breath of wind, blowing where it listed, and sparks from the Minaret, fluttering over the road, settled like gay-winged butterflies upon the Battlement, and in ten minutes more the two churches were striving to outshine each other once for all, tossing their angry red hearts higher and ever

From road to road around the hill-top hoarse cries rang.

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higher into the silent Christmas sky—the sky that was once brightened by a strange star and all agleam with shining wings and echoing with angelic voices.

. . . . . .

'Gene Holbrook's secret remained his own. Dakin remembered warning him about the candles, but no one seemed to think that the fire was really the sexton's fault. "To get a candy-bag!" Lois kept saying. And she forgot her theory of "possession," and persuaded herself that her brother was a little touched, like their Uncle Joab. At Dakin's store it was noted, though not unkindly, that 'Gene didn't even get the candy-bag. Yet his death did something to dignify his memory, and the Rev. Salem Kittredge, preaching the first sermon in the new church, made a touching reference to the late Deacon Holbrook, who had lost his life to please a child after trying in vain to save the church of his fathers.

THE WIND AT THE DOOR

By Bliss Carman

OFTEN to my open door
Comes a twilight visitor.

When the mountain summer day
From our valley takes his way,

And the journeying shadows stride
Over the green mountain-side,

Down the clove among the trees
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.

With the first stars on the crest
And the pale light in the west,

He comes up the dark ravine
Where no traveller is seen.

Yet his coming makes a stir
In the house of Ash and Fir:

"Master, is't in our abode
You will tarry on the road?"

"Nay, I like your roof-tree well,
But with you I may not dwell."

Birches whisper at their sill,
As he passes up the hill:

"Stranger, underneath our boughs
There is ample room to house."

"Friends, I have another quest
Than your cool abiding rest."

And the fluttering Aspen knows
Whose step by her doorway goes:

"Honor, lord, thy silver tree
And the chamber laid for thee."

"Nay, I must be faring on,
For to-night I seek my own.

"Breath of the red dust is he
And a wayfarer like me;

"Here a moment, and then lost
On a trail confused and crossed.

"And I gently would surprise
Recognition in his eyes;

"Touch his hand and talk with him
When the forest light is dim,

"Taking counsel with the lord
Of the utterable word."

Hark, did you hear someone try
The west window furtively,

And then move among the leaves
In the shadow of the eaves?

The reed curtain at the door
Rustled; there's my visitor

Who comes searching for his kin.
"Enter, brother; I'm within."

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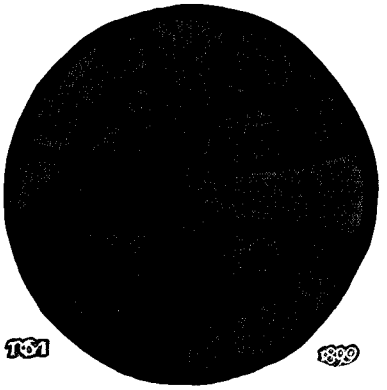
The Three Kings



By Harrison S. Morris

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The Three Kings

Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar
(Three kings of Cologne)
Travelled outward toward a star,
Leaving each his throne.

Down they gat them to their gates
Toward the even hour,
Bearing gems and chosen cates
Herbs of fragrant flower.

Straightway up the pastures rode
Through the sleeping flocks,
Passed the shepherd's hushed abode,
Passed the well-side rocks.

Tarried not at timbrel touch,
Took no tented rest,
Journeyed, though aweary much,
Up the slumbering west.

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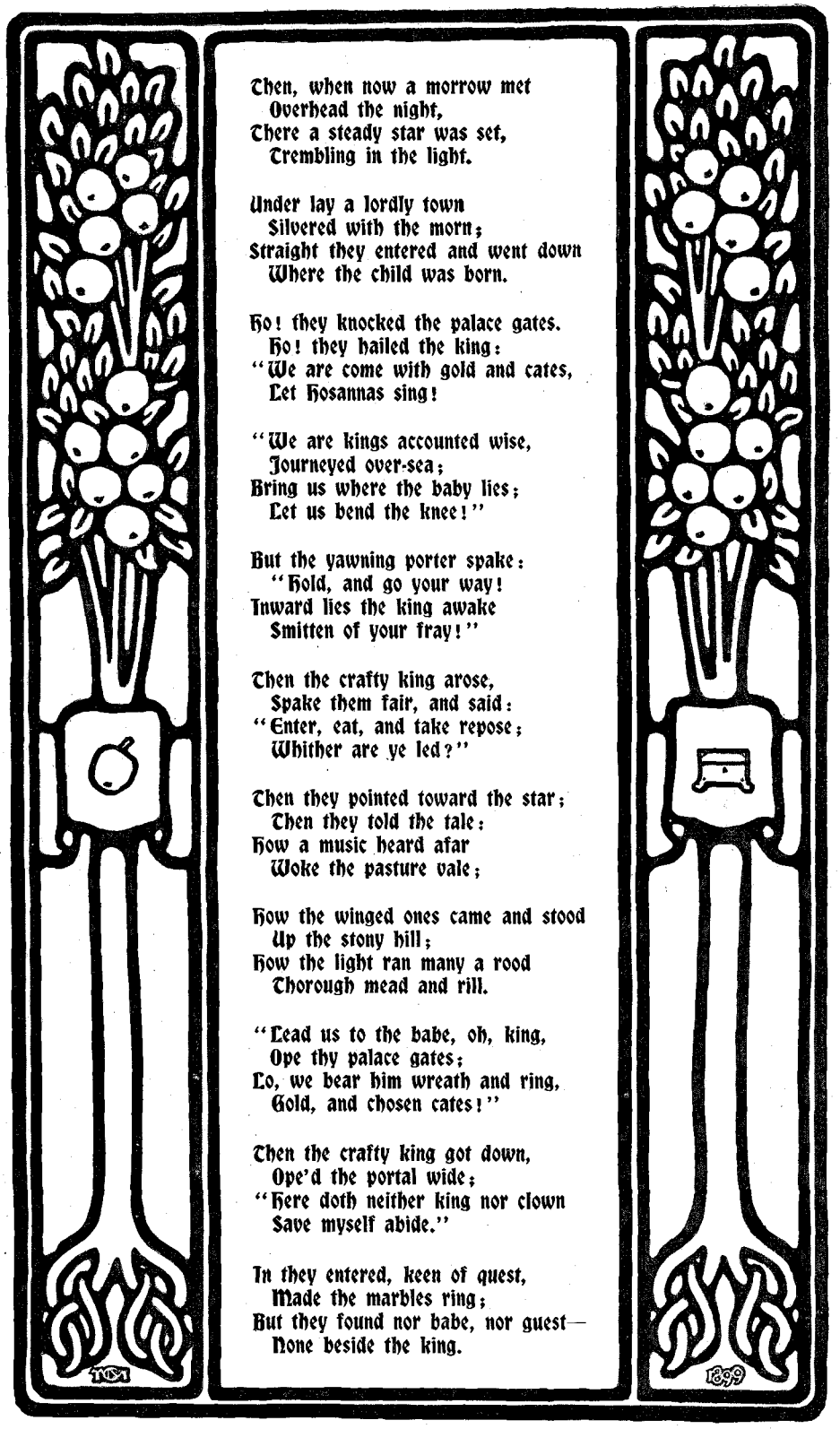

Then, when now a morrow met
  Overhead the night,
There a steady star was set,
  Trembling in the light.

Under lay a lordly town
  Silvered with the morn;
Straight they entered and went down
  Where the child was born.

Ho! they knocked the palace gates.
  Ho! they hailed the king:
"We are come with gold and cates,
  Let Hosannas sing!

"We are kings accounted wise,
  Journeyed over-sea;
Bring us where the baby lies;
  Let us bend the knee!"

But the yawning porter spake:
  "Hold, and go your way!
Inward lies the king awake
  Smitten of your fray!"

Then the crafty king arose,
  Spake them fair, and said:
"Enter, eat, and take repose;
  Whither are ye led?"

Then they pointed toward the star;
  Then they told the tale:
How a music heard afar
  Woke the pasture vale;

How the winged ones came and stood
  Up the stony hill;
How the light ran many a rood
  Thorough mead and rill.

"Lead us to the babe, oh, king,
  Ope thy palace gates;
Lo, we bear him wreath and ring,
  Gold, and chosen cates!"

Then the crafty king got down,
  Ope'd the portal wide;
"Here doth neither king nor clown
  Save myself abide."

In they entered, keen of quest,
  Made the marbles ring;
But they found nor babe, nor guest—
  None beside the king.

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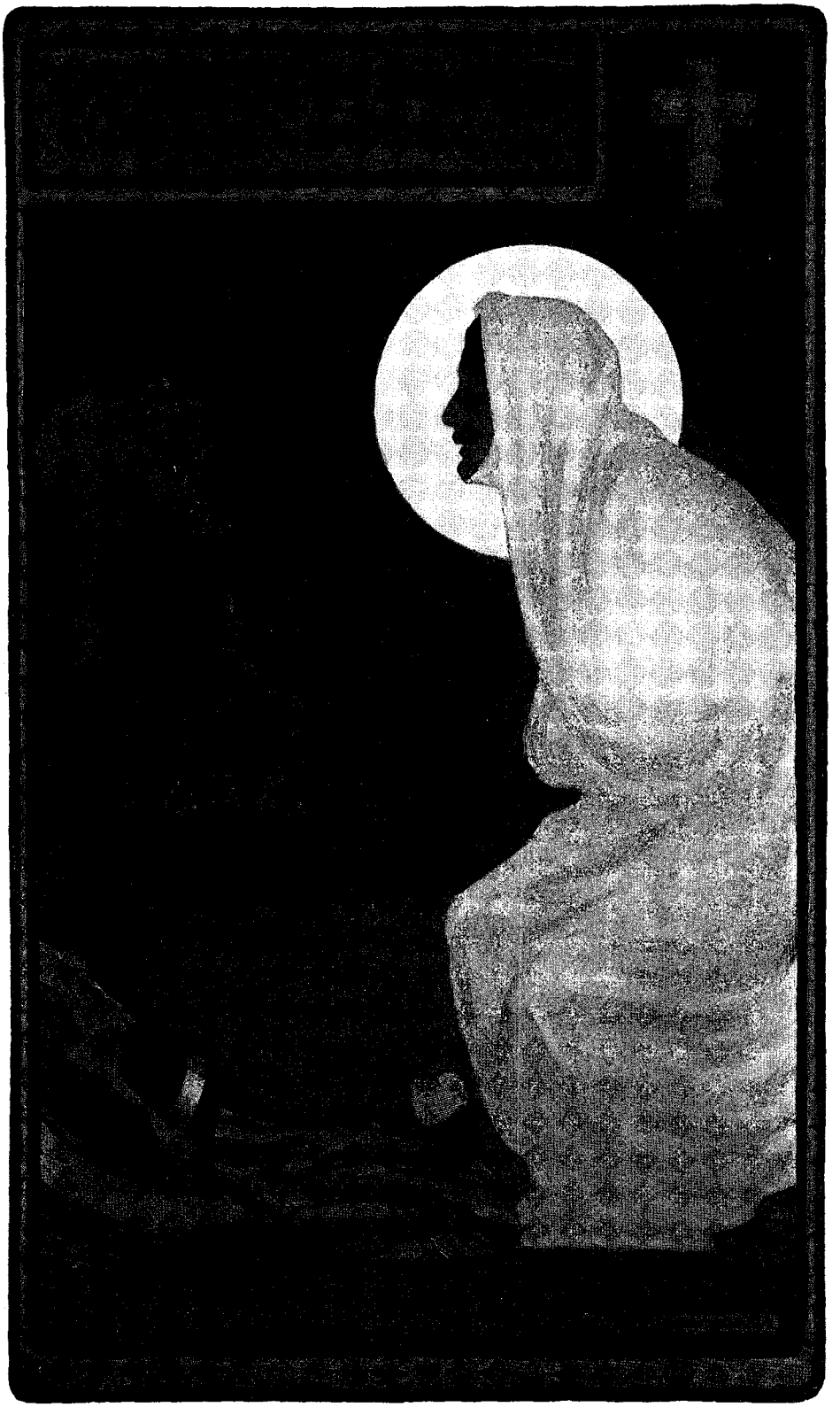

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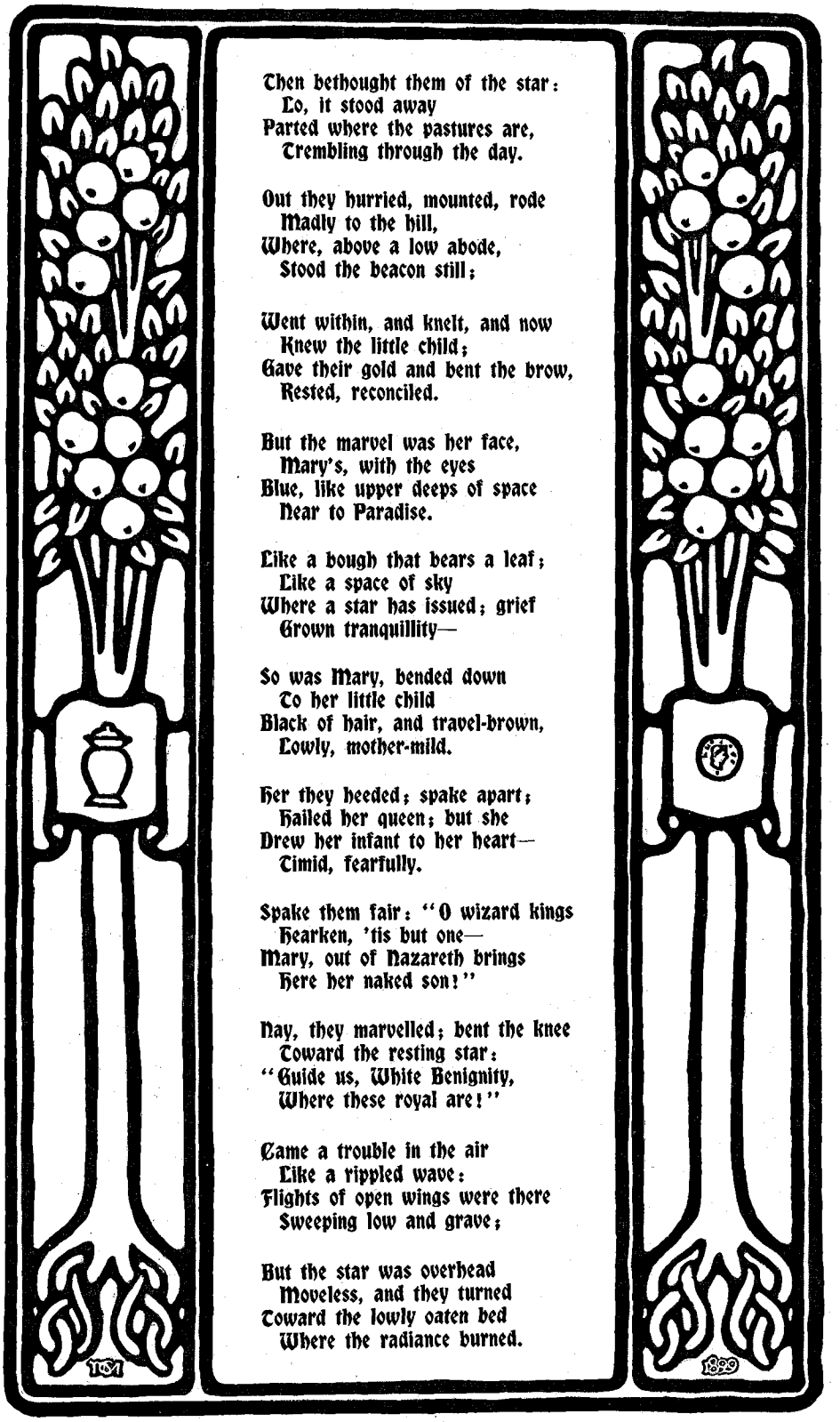

Then bethought them of the star:
Lo, it stood away
Parted where the pastures are,
Trembling through the day.

Out they hurried, mounted, rode
Madly to the hill,
Where, above a low abode,
Stood the beacon still;

Went within, and knelt, and now
Knew the little child;
Gave their gold and bent the brow,
Rested, reconciled.

But the marvel was her face,
Mary's, with the eyes
Blue, like upper deeps of space
Near to Paradise.

Like a bough that bears a leaf;
Like a space of sky
Where a star has issued; grief
Grown tranquillity—

So was Mary, bended down
To her little child
Black of hair, and travel-brown,
Lowly, mother-mild.

Her they heeded; spake apart;
Hailed her queen; but she
Drew her infant to her heart—
Timid, fearfully.

Spake them fair: "O wizard kings
Hearken, 'tis but one—
Mary, out of Nazareth brings
Here her naked son!"

Nay, they marvelled; bent the knee
Toward the resting star:
"Guide us, White Benignity,
Where these royal are!"

Came a trouble in the air
Like a rippled wave:
Flights of open wings were there
Sweeping low and grave;

But the star was overhead
Moveless, and they turned
Toward the lowly oaten bed
Where the radiance burned.

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"King he is, of thee begot,
  Queen, both fair and good!"
Lo, they blessed, but knew it not,
  Mystery, motherhood!

Beauty of her face, was it
  Made them worship her,
As a tender glory lit
  In the evening air?

Ah, the halo that her seemed
  Hovering ever through,
This they marked, but little deemed
  'Twas the mother's due.

For within the heart of her
  Bears a youngling child,
Secrecies and mercies stir,
  Fears are reconciled.

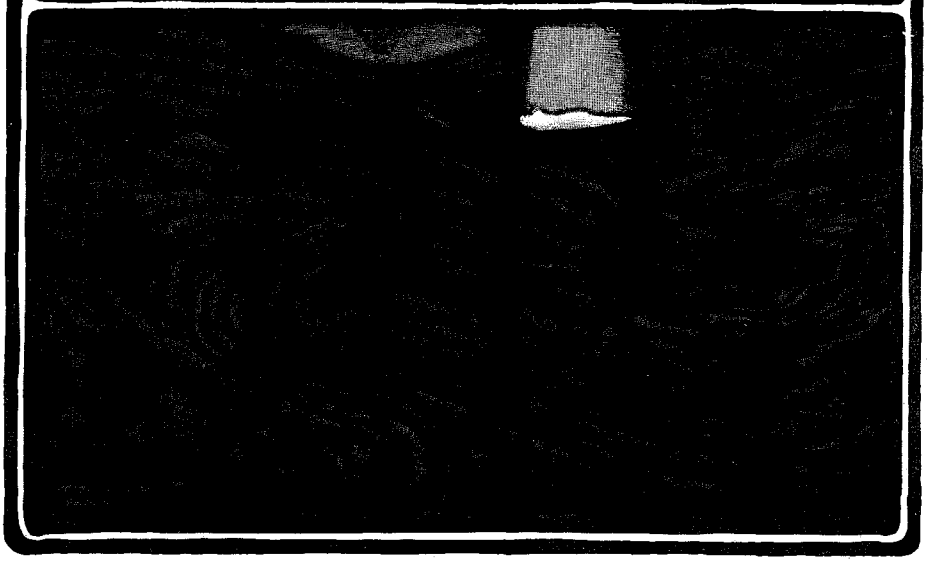
And the wick of peace within
  Burns upon her face,
Till the Seer is her kin;
  Kings are of her race.

So they worshipped; broke the bands,
  Bore the treasures out;
Scattered gold of glorious lands;
  Slew the dogging doubt.

Then, when now the night anew
  Slumbered in the air,
Down they gat them, ere the dew,
  Hailing all men fair:

"Lo, a King is born to one—
  Mary, where yon star
Makes a cirque of light upon
  All that bended are.

"Get ye in and bow the knee
  Unto queen and King—
Hence we bear to a far countree
  Tidings of this thing!"



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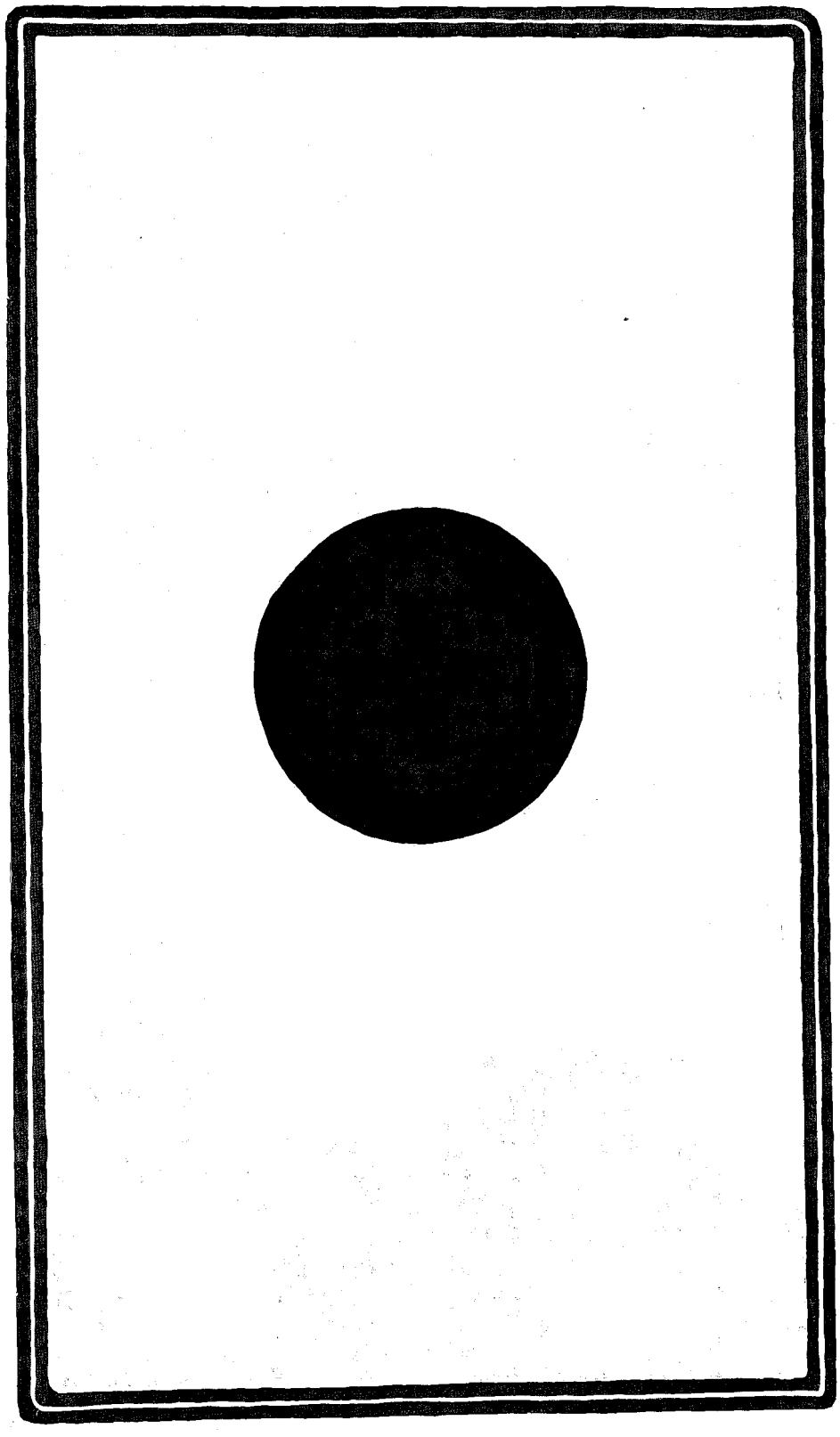

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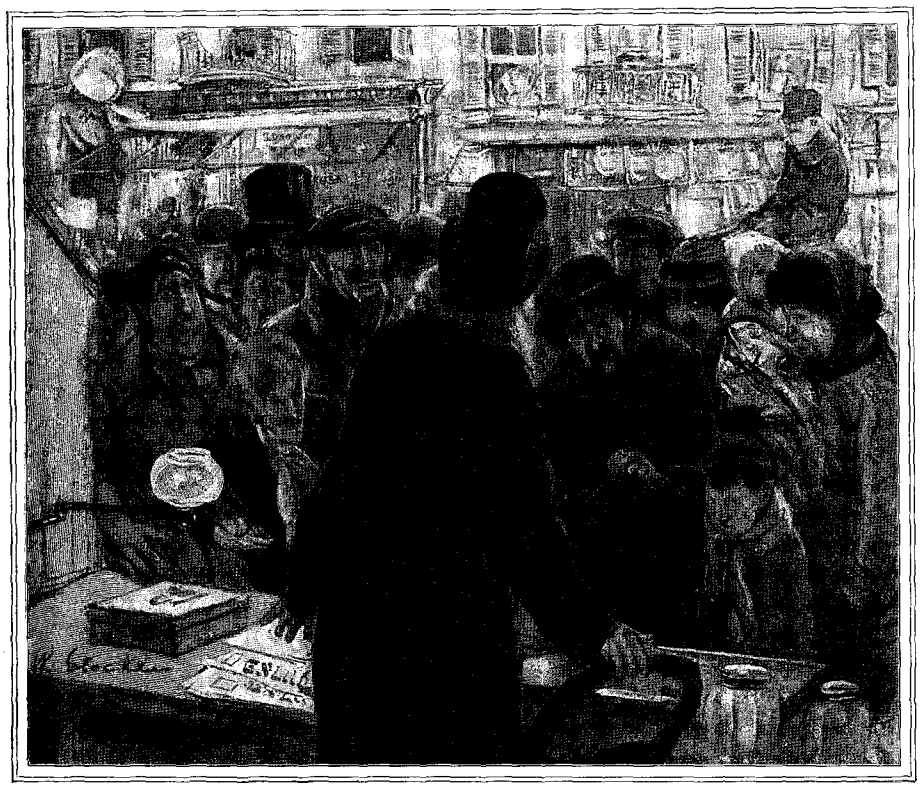

"Why should you be afraid to tell us how much?"—Page 664.

RABBI ELIEZER'S CHRISTMAS

By A. Cahan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. GLACKENS

ONE of the two well-dressed strangers who were picking their way through the Ghetto—a frail, sharp-featured little Gentile woman with grayish hair—brought herself and her tall companion to a sudden halt.

"Look at that man!" she said, with a little gasp of ecstasy, as she pointed out an elderly Jew who sat whispering over an open book behind a cigarette-stand. "Don't you think there is a lion effect in his face? Only he is so pathetic."

The other agreed, phlegmatically, that the man was perfectly delightful, but this was not enough.

"You say it as if the woods were full of such faces," the nervous little woman protested. "A more exquisite head I never saw. Why, it's classic, it's a perfect—tragedy. His eyes alone would make the fortune of a beginning artist. I must telegraph Harold about him."

"Yes, there is pathos in his eyes," the Head Worker of the College Settlement assented, with dawning interest.

"Pathos! Why, they are full of martyrdom. Just look at the way his waxen face shapes itself out of that sea of white hair and beard, Miss Colton. And those eyes of his—doesn't it seem as if they were looking out of a tomb half a mile away? We must go up and speak to him. He looks like a lion in distress."

Miss Bemis was out with her list of "deserving cases," mostly Irish, which Miss Colton had prepared for her as she had done the year before. This time, however, her effervescent enthusiasm was not exclusively philanthropic. She had

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recently become infatuated with a literary family and had been hunting after types ever since.

When the two came up to the old man's stand they found that besides cigarettes it was piled with candy and Yiddish newspapers, and that part of the brick wall back of it was occupied by an improvised little bookcase filled with poorly bound volumes.

Miss Colton, who spoke German and had taken special pains to learn the dialect of the Ghetto, acted as her friend's interpreter.

"How much are these cigarettes?" she asked, for a beginning, as she took up a package decorated with a picture of Captain Dreyfus.

"Cigarettes?" the old man asked, with a perplexed smile which made his sallow face sadder than ever.

"Yes, these cigarettes."

"How many? One, two, three, or the whole package?" he inquired, timidly.

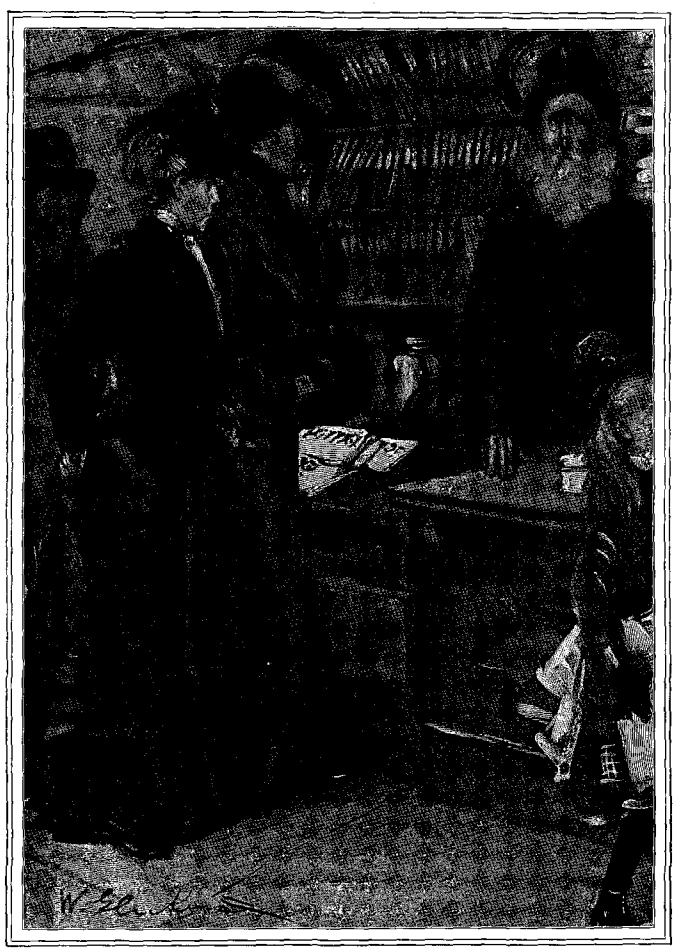
"Of course, the whole package. Why, do you find it strange for women to buy cigarettes?"

"Not at all. Who says it is strange?" he answered, with apologetic vehemence. "Quite a few of my customers are ladies."

"Do they smoke?"

"They? What business has a woman to smoke? But then she may have a husband or a sweetheart who smokes."

Miss Bemis bought the Dreyfus package and one bearing a likeness of Karl Marx. By this time the old man's bashfulness had worn off, and he said, in an-



"I was a *sopher*. I was poor, but I never went hungry."—Page 663.

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swer to questions, that his name was Eliezer (Rabbi Eliezer people called him, out of respect for his voluminous gray beard and piety); that he had been in America two years and that he was all alone in the world.

"And how much does your stand bring you?"

For an answer he drew a deep sigh and made a gesture of despair. After a short silence he said:

"I sit freezing like a dog from six in the morning to eleven in the night, as you see. And what do I get for my pains? When I make five dollars I call it an extra good week. If I had a larger stock I might make a little more. It's America, not Russia. If one would do business one must have all kinds of goods. But then it's a sin to grumble. I am not starving—praised be the All High for that."

Speaking of his bookcase, he explained that it was a circulating library.

"Silly stuff, that," he said with contempt. "Nothing but lies—yarns about how a lad fell in love with a girl and such-like nonsense. Yet, I must keep this kind of trash. Ah, this is not what I came to America for. Was I not happy at home? Did I want for anything? Birds' milk, perhaps. I was a *sopher*.* I was poor, but I never went hungry, and people showed me respect. And so I lived in peace until the black year brought to our town a man who advised me to go to America. He saw me make a *Misrach*—a kind of picture which pious Jews keep on the east wall of their best room. I fitted it up with beautiful pillars, two lions supporting the tables of the Law and all kinds of trappings, you know. Well, all this lots of people could do, but what nobody could do and I can is to crowd the whole of Deuteronomy into a circle the size of a tea-glass." A sparkle came into his dark brown eyes; an exalted smile played about his lips; but, this only deepened the gloom of his face. "I would just take a glass, stand it on the paper upside down, trace the brim and—

"If I had received the money yesterday or to-morrow it would be another matter, but to-day——"—Page 668.

* A writer of parchment scrolls of the Pentateuch, or some other section of the Old Testament.

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set to work. People could hardly read it—so tiny were the letters; but I let everybody look at them through a magnifying glass and they saw every word. And how well written! Just like print. 'Well,' says that man, 'Rabbi Eliezer,' says he, 'you have hands of gold, but sense you have none. Why throw yourself away upon a sleepy town like this? Just you go to America, and pearls will be showered on you.'" After a little pause Rabbi Eliezer waved his hand at his wares and said, with a bitter smile: "Well, here they are, the pearls."

"And what became of your pictures?" asked Miss Colton.

"My pictures? Better don't ask about them, good lady," the old man answered, with a sigh. "I sat up nights to make one, and when it was finished I got one dollar for it, and that was a favor. My lions looked like potatoes, they said. 'As to your Deuteronomy—it isn't bad, but this is America, and such things are made by machine and sold five cents apiece.' The merchant showed me some such pictures. Well, the lions were rather better than mine, and the letters even smaller—that I won't deny—but do you know how they were made? By hand? Not a bit. They write big words and have them photographed by a tricky sort of thing which makes them a hundred times smaller than they are—do you understand? 'Ah, but that's machine-work—a swindle,' says I, 'while I make every letter with my own hands, and my words are full of life.' 'Bother your hands and your words!' said the merchant. 'This isn't Russia,' says he. 'It's America, the land of machines and of 'hurry up!' says he, and there you are!" The old man's voice fell. "Making letters smaller, indeed!" he said, brokenly. "Me, too, they have made a hundred times smaller than I was. A pile of ashes they have made of me. A fine old age! Freezing like a dog, with no one to say a kind word to you," he concluded, trying to blink away his tears and to suppress the childlike quiver of his lips.

Miss Bemis was tingling with compassion and with something very like the sensation of an entomologist come upon a rare insect.

"Ask him how much money it would take to bring his stock up to the standard," she said, peremptorily.

Rabbi Eliezer's cadaverous face turned red, as he answered, bashfully:

"How much! Fifteen dollars, perhaps! I wish I had ten."

As Miss Bemis opened her handbag, the old scroll-writer's countenance changed colors and he looked as if he did not know what to do with his eyes.

. . . . . .

The two Gentile women had no sooner left the cigarette-stand than the market-people came crowding about Rabbi Eliezer.

"How much did she give you?" they inquired, eagerly.

"How much! It is not quite a hundred dollars—you may be sure of that," he replied, all flushed with excitement.

"Why should you be afraid to tell us how much? We aren't going to take it away from you, are we?"

"Afraid! What reason have I to be afraid? But then—what matters it how much she gave me?"

One of the fishwives said she knew the taller of the two ladies.

"She belongs in that Gentile house on the next block where they fuss around with children and teach them to be ladies, you know," she explained. "They are all Gentiles over there, but good as diamonds. How much did she give you, Rabbi Eliezer?" she concluded, confidentially.

Rabbi Eliezer made no reply. He was struggling to look calm, but he could not. The twenty-dollar bill in his bosom-pocket was the largest sum he had ever handled. Every time a passer-by stopped at his stand he would leap to his feet, all in a flutter, and wait upon him with feverish eagerness; and at the same time he was so absent-minded that he often offered his customer the wrong article. Again and again he put his hand to his breast, to make sure that the twenty dollars were safe. Now it occurred to him that there might be a hole in his pocket; now he asked himself if he was positive that he had put the precious piece of paper into his purse. He distinctly remembered having done so, yet at moments his mind seemed to be a blank. "With these begrudging creatures around,

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Drawn by W. J. Glackens.

"Fish, fish, living fish—buy fish, dear little housewives!"—Page 668.

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one might truly lose one's mind," he complained to himself.

He pictured the increased stock and library, and the display he would make of it. All this would only take about fifteen dollars, so that he could well afford a new praying-shawl for himself. His old one was all patches, and how could he expect any attention at the synagogue? Wouldn't his fellow-worshippers be surprised! "I see you are doing good business, Rabbi Eliezer," they would say. Yes, he would get himself a new praying-shawl and a new hat. His skull-cap in which he worshipped at the synagogue was also rather rusty, but a new one cost only twenty-five cents, and this was now a trifle. Suddenly it became clear to him that he had no recollection of putting the twenty-dollar bill into his purse. His heart sank. Under the pretence of rearranging some books he hastily took out his dilapidated purse. The twenty-dollar bill was there—green on one side and brown on the other.

"Been counting the money the Gentile woman gave you?" asked a market-woman, archly.

"Not at all," he murmured, coloring.

"Foolish man that you are, does anybody begrudge you?" a carrot-pedler put in. "Out with it—how much?"

This time Rabbi Eliezer somehow felt hurt.

"What do you want of me? Do I owe anything?" he flamed out.

"You need not be excited, nor stuck up, either, even if a Gentile woman did make you a Christmas present—in honor of her God's birth," snapped the other.

"That's what it was—a present in honor of their God," seconded a remnant-pedler.

Rabbi Eliezer was in a rage.

"You say it all because your eyes are creeping out of your heads with envy," he said, with flashing eyes. "Well, she gave me twenty dollars. There now!"

The quarrel blew over, but Rabbi Eliezer was left with a wound in his heart. The green-and-brown piece of paper now seemed to smell of the incense and to have something to do with the organ-sounds which came from the Polish church in his birthplace. He was horrified. Nestling in his bosom-pocket right against his heart, was something *treife* (impure), unholy,

The next thing he did was to inquire . . . whether Miss Colton was good pay.—Page 668.

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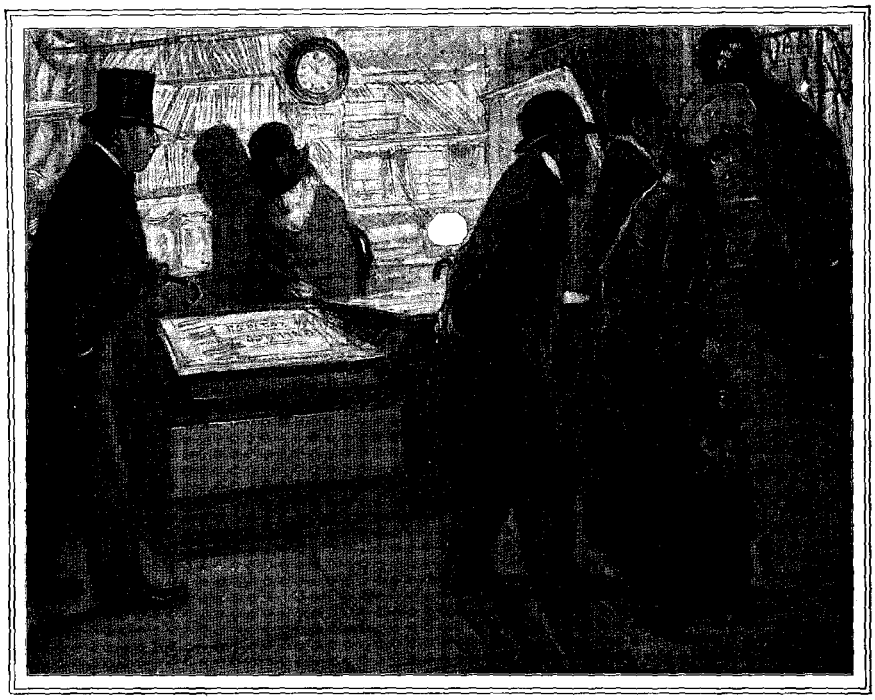

He went on whispering and nodding his beautiful old head.—Page 668.

loathsome. And this loathsome thing was so dear to that heart of his—woe to him! . . . What a misfortune that it should all have happened on Christmas of all other days! Had the good-hearted Gentile woman only come one day sooner, all would have gone well. Or, had there been nobody around to see him receive the Christmas present. . . . Anyhow, she never said it was a Christmas present, did she? Rabbi Eliezer also reminded himself of the Christmas gifts which thousands of American Jews exchanged with their Christian friends, and even among themselves; but the thought had no comfort to offer him. What if so-called Jews who shave their beards and smoke on the Sabbath do exchange Christmas presents? Shall he, an old man with one foot in his grave, follow their godless example? Woe is him, has it come to that? He was firmly determined to return the Gentile woman her money, and felt much relieved. He knew all the while that he would not do it, however, and little by little his heart grew heavy again. "Ah, it was the black year which brought me the Gentile ladies and their twenty dollars!" he exclaimed in despair.

At last, after hours of agony, he hit upon a plan. He would call at the Gentile House, as he described the College Settlement to himself, and ask whether the money had been given to him in honor of Christmas. He would not say: "Was it a Christmas present?" for that would be too dangerous a question to ask. Instead he would put it like this: "I am a poor man, but I am a Jew, and a Jew must not accept any presents in honor of a Gentile faith. I took the money because the kindly lady gave me it. It wasn't meant for a Christmas present, was it?" To be sure, the good woman would understand his trouble and whether it was a Christmas present or not, she would say that it was not.

It seemed such a trifling thing to do, and yet when he found himself in front of the little two-story building—the only exception in a block of towering tenement-houses—his heart sank with fear lest the well-dressed lady should say, Yes, it was a Christmas present.

"Why should I bother them, anyhow? Is it not enough that they gave me such a pile of money?" he said to himself, with an insincere sense of decency, and

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turned back. He had not gone many blocks when he retraced his steps. When he came in sight of the brown-stone stoop he slackened his pace. Never in his life had he called at the house of *pritzim* (noble folk), and he now felt, with a rush of joy, that he had not the courage to ring the door-bell. Finally when he had nerved himself up to the feat, his heart beat so violently that he was afraid he could not speak.

A minute later he was in the presence of Miss Colton. He recognized her, yet she seemed much younger and taller.

"Well, what can I do for you, Rabbi Eliezer?" she asked, with a friendly radiance which did his heart good.

"I come to ask you something, lady," he said, with a freedom of manner which was a surprise to himself. "People tell me it was a Christmas present that lady gave me. I am a Jew, you know, and I must not take any Christmas presents. I don't care if other Jews do or not."

He could not go on. He felt that it was not the speech he had prepared, and that it might cost him the twenty dollars. He was dying to correct it, but he could not speak. After a pause he blurted out:

"If I had received the money yesterday or to-morrow it would be another matter, but to-day——"

Miss Colton burst into laughter.

"Of course, it wasn't a Christmas present," she said. "The good lady never meant it for one, for didn't she know you were a Jew, and a pious one? But since you are worried about it let me have the twenty dollars and you call to-morrow morning, and I shall give them to you in the lady's name as a fresh present. Will that mend the matter?"

Rabbi Eliezer said it would, and left the College Settlement with his heart in his throat.

The next thing he did was to inquire of the Jews in the neighborhood whether Miss Colton was good pay. Everybody said she was good in every way, and Rabbi Eliezer went to the evening services at his synagogue in high spirits. Still, during the Eighteen Blessings he caught himself thinking of the twenty dollars and the Gentile God, and had to say it all over again.

By the time he got back to his stand the markets were in full blast. The sidewalks and the pavement were bubbling with men and women and torches. Hundreds of quivering lights stretched east and west, north and south—two restless bands of fire crossing each other in a blaze and losing themselves in a medley of flames, smoke, fish, vegetables, Sabbath-loaves, muslin and faces.

"Fish, fish, living fish—buy fish, dear little housewives! Dancing, tumbling, wriggling, screaming fish in honor of the Sabbath! Potatoes as big as your fist! A bargain in muslin! Buy a calico remnant—calico as good as silk, sweet little housewives!"

Rabbi Eliezer, whose place of business was in the heart of this babel, sat behind his stand, musing. He was broken in body and spirit. That he should have been in a fever of anxiety, humiliating himself and deceiving his God—and all because he was so poor that twenty dollars appeared like a fortune to him—suddenly seemed a cruel insult to his old age. He burst out muttering a psalm, and whatever the meaning of the Hebrew words his lips uttered, his shaking voice and doleful intonation prayed Heaven to forgive him and to take pity on his last years on earth.

The reddish torch-light fell upon his waxen cheeks and white beard. His eyes shone with a dull, disconsolate lustre. As he went on whispering and nodding his beautiful old head, amid the hubbub of the market, a pensive smile overspread his face. His heart was praying for tears. "I am so unhappy, so unhappy!" he said to himself in an ecstasy of woe. And at the same time he felt that hanging somewhere far away in the background was a disagreeable little question: Will the Gentile lady pay him the twenty dollars?

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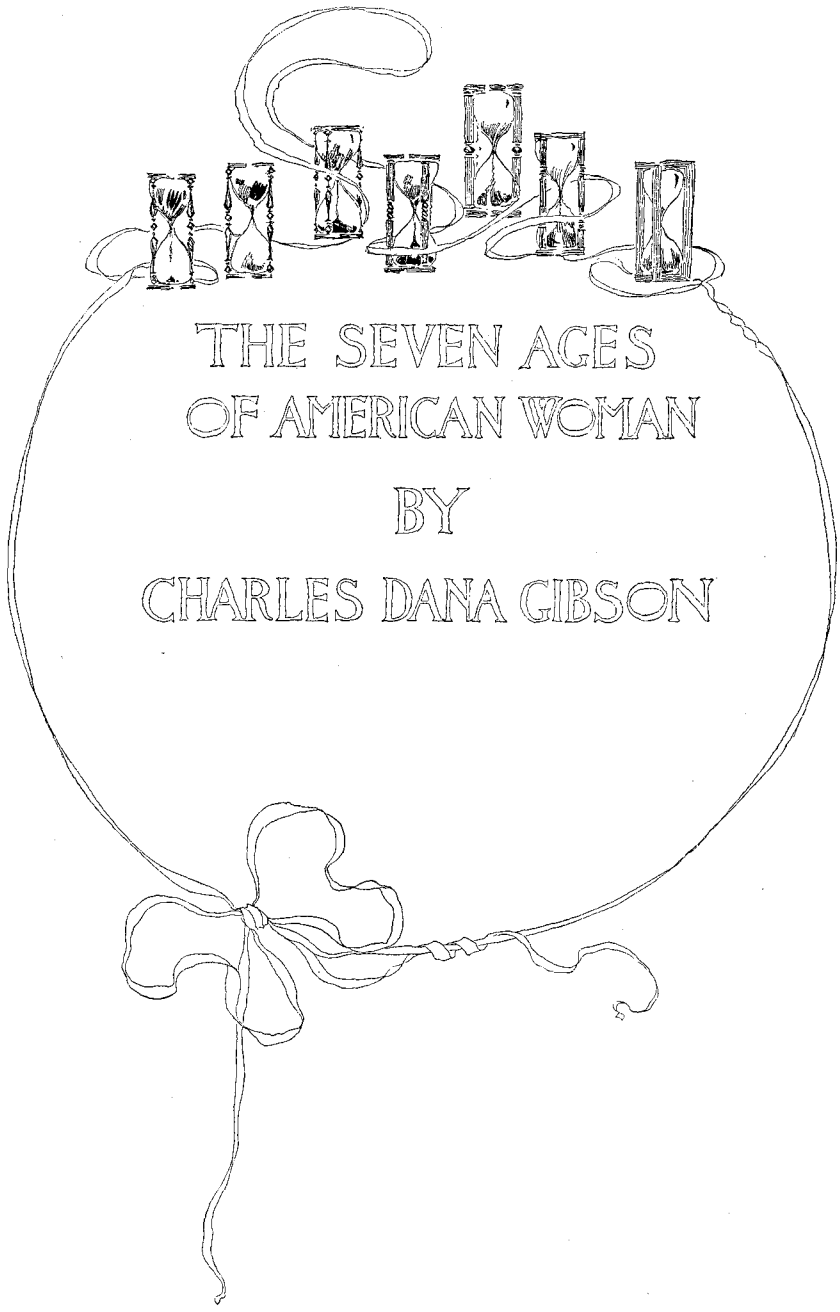

THE SEVEN AGES OF AMERICAN WOMAN

BY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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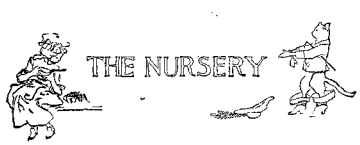

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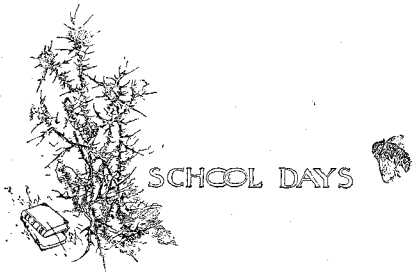

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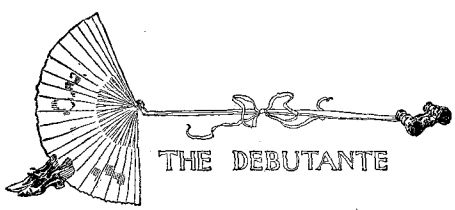

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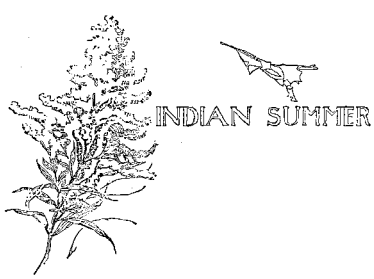

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THE CHAPERONE

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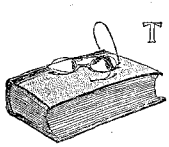

THE EVENING

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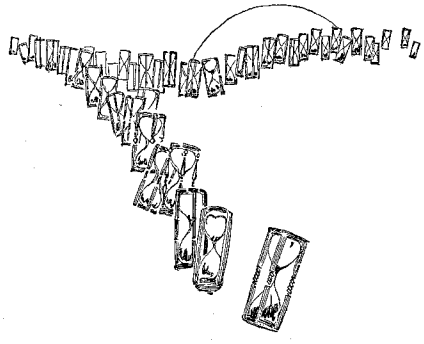

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AN AUTHOR'S STORY

By Maarten Maartens

I

HE walked to the window and yawned. Then he smiled at himself for remembering that it is wrong to yawn—a survival of his Calvinistic upbringing, hard and straight. It was a wet November afternoon, a dripping pause between long spells of downpour. The far country-side lay soaked and sleepy. Through unravelled clouds the sun peeped out, and in a broadening stretch of pallid light yawned, too, across the sullen fields.

James Upcott had earned a right to dawdle at times, but of late he had abused it. From adverse surroundings — his father was a Methodist minister—he had forced his way into the great world, or, at least, into the wide world, as some important somebody's secretary, a post he had recklessly abandoned on the day he made his mark as a novelist. He was famous now, as famous as fifty others: if he wrote a book, he could live for a year on the proceeds. He preferred not to write, and when he left off, people—even newspaper people, not private friends—would urge him to do some more. And surely a man must write very well to explain that request.

Three years ago—he was now about halfway through life—he had married his earliest and longest love, a neighbor's daughter with whom he had played as a child. He came back to her, as he had always vaguely intended, and they were tranquilly happy for less than twelve months. Then she died, and he was left alone with a reputation, a sensitive temperament, a great sorrow, and poor Lucy's five hundred a year.

He retired into a very quiet country neighborhood, and, as it was so very quiet, he foolishly bought a house. The house was not an expensive purchase, but, being a man of letters, of course he was cheated over it. And, also, being a man of letters, he had the wit to discover, leisurely, in what manner the cheating had been done.

His first impulse, to throw up the whole thing and go, he scornfully conquered; he then set himself to personally supervising a lot of little improvements and repairs. He was greatly interested in these, day by day, and it took him some little time to discover how utterly they disgusted and wearied him.

He had fallen into an easy habit of intending to work. It had grown upon him, as easy habits will.

Meanwhile, on the strength of past achievements, he fascinated the neighborhood — the female neighborhood. The men, bucolic and beefy, voted him a nonentity. The ladies wanted to know all about him, vulgarly curious, because he was good-looking, and his wife was dead, and everybody had read his novels.

He took no notice, quietly going on, inevitably courteous and irrevocably shy. He showed that peculiar mixture of man of the world and baby which only the artistic temperament seems able to develop. None but his valet knew what an ignorant child James Upcott was, and what a strong-hearted gentleman.

This valet, man-servant, and factotum, Thomas, was the recognized ruler of the little household. He had his way in everything, except when his master cared. He bullied the under-gardener, the stable-boy, and the page. They were all "unders." He bullied James Upcott most of all, without either perceiving the fact.

And the widower would have gone on tranquilly enjoying his miserable fate but for Lady Dorothy Dunston. Lady Dorothy was the great lady of the little neighborhood, an earl's daughter, recently married at forty-something (her well-wishers said forty-one) to her life-long neighbor, an ancient baronet—ancient in everything but rank, for his father had been Lord Mayor. Sir Jeremiah (christened when nobody dreamed of the baronetcy) had waited thirty years before he took this second wife, and he would probably never have done so but that the death of his maiden sister left him without anyone to laugh at his puns. He was an old man of many complaints

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and complainings, savage under pin-pricks, sardonically humorous withal — a compound of small jests and big oaths. The retainers, who wearied of the oft-repeated "joke," maintained that he had proposed to Lady Dorothy Fitzcharles merely for the sake of alluding to her as his dear double D., of declaring that he was doubly D——d in her, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Lady Dorothy Dunston, meanwhile, was quite content with the development of her life. She had taken this latest step in the full light, after duly setting down all pros and cons in her brain, like a sum. She deliberately went across from Woodlands to Drillingham Park, which was a big old place of some historical importance, and had belonged to her maternal grandfather, the last baron of that name. Lady Dorothy's people had always hated the Lord Mayor accordingly, and had taught Lady Dorothy to hate him, as a child; but she had got on very well with Sir Jeremiah since she settled at modest Woodlands, more than twelve years ago.

Well, she was now the Lady of the Manor. There were no encumbrances. Sir Jeremiah's middle-aged only son—the future Sir Jermyn—lived in London, unmarried, and did absolutely nothing, not even abuse his father's second wife. Sir Jeremiah himself might have been an encumbrance but that he was the fee in which she held the estate.

She rather liked him, and he had the sense not to bully, though he abused, her. She had intended, from the first, to entertain and be a power. He allowed her to do so, appearing and disappearing at her parties exactly as he chose. One point only they fought over, with torrents of tears (which he damned) and futile uproar: he resolutely refused to go to London for the season. She cried anew as each year came, adding its weight; she still had a wealth of fair hair and a fine neck and shoulders. Sadly she sent up to town for a fuzzy new fringe and a couple of very low gowns from Madame Ernestiné's.

She was very much interested, at once, in James Upcott's arrival. She told everyone he would prove an acquisition, and herself most of all. He was good-looking; he was famous, an interesting personality; he had conquered her before he appeared. There was not much intellectuality in Dorming or at Drillingham Park. And Lady Dorothy had that intermittent craving for "cleverness" which is perfectly compatible with mental incompetence. She borrowed books from the vicar which she could not have understood had she wished to peruse them; she took in a scientific review, and severely reprimanded her maid for not cutting the pages which nobody read. She was eager to get away from Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Bartney, the vicar's wife and the doctor's, two ladies whose feud found unquenchable fuel in a similarity of names that each chose to regard as the other's intentional insult.

James Upcott was not only a field of immediate interest: he was also a bridge. He must know any number of interesting people; he must have them to stay with him; he must bring them to Drillingham Park. Meanwhile, in himself he was highly satisfactory—a very gentlemanly looking person with fascinating eyes. "Anyone could see he was an author—one of your latter-day authors, who ride in their broughams and employ agents, Jeremiah, like you."

"Humph!" said Sir Jeremiah. The brougham was a fact. He called.

Besides, it was he who had sold the stranger Woodlands. He had done him over it, the d——d writer-fellow! Serve him right. There were possibilities of a pun in "write" and "right." Sir Jeremiah pondered these on his way to Upcott.

And when she first met the stranger, Lady Dorothy was charming (verb neuter, alas!). She invited him on the spot, and again. He had to go to her, and swallow as much of her kindness as he could. She was good to him; she pestered him; she bored him: a bee brings us honey; she buzzed like a bee round his ears. She made his pleasantly melancholy life a curse to him. He wanted to be alone (with his nerves, had he realized it); he wanted to leave his hands and his heart in the pockets in which he had unconsciously encased them.

But Lady Dorothy was not in the habit of asking what people wanted, nor of understanding it, unless they told her very plainly. So she invited Mr. Upcott to Drillingham, and ordered him to name another day, and sent him pheasants, and

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told him to come and shoot them—or to come and try, when he said he couldn't (this without consulting her husband)—and his courteous coolness suddenly captivated her (or so she fancied). The eager country people began to talk. Lady Dorothy was showing the novelist too much attention. It was all very harmless, of course; quite decorous; nothing improper—still, flirtations were absurd in a woman of her age, and lop-sided flirtations, too!

Sir Jeremiah grinned. He desired that his wife should take an hourly interest in his liver complaint. He understood that she must have compensations. No human being need perform the impossible. "Intellectual!" he said, sourly; "why, he's young enough to be your son, Lady D."

"I wish, Jeremiah, you wouldn't call me Lady D."

"I know," he replied; "you want me to call you Dolly. Dollikins, eh?"

She rose impatiently and walked away, on the terrace. Before her stretched the park, their park, with the deer in the distance, their deer—a beautiful view.

She turned, mollified. "Mrs. Bartlett has her sister staying with her at the Vicarage," she said; "we must ask them to dinner some day."

"And your novelist," said the baronet. "Of course."

II

He stood at the window, yawning from time to time. Was it yesterday "or the day before?" It doesn't much matter. He noticed that the November afternoon was dripping wet. Again, November has no reputation to lose and seems to know it.

Moreover, he noticed that he yawned, then frowned impatiently at himself for doing so and, taking both hands out of his pockets, drummed a gallop upon the glass—good signs all. Nothing in themselves, but signs.

The other day, on driving back from the Vicarage, he had told himself that either he must write another book or suppress his stable. The stable consisted of a brougham, a dog-cart, a mare, and a stable-boy. He would regret the mare and the dog-cart. But he knew there was no connection between the stable and an impulse to work. He was not that kind of writer. Bread is another matter, but he had his wife's five hundred and odd.

There came a knock at the door, and Thomas entered, with a little pink note upon a salver and a long-tailed pheasant dangling underneath. Thomas had just the face a valet ought to have: devoid of features, clean.

"From her ladyship," he said, impressively, impressed.

His master choked down a burst of annoyance and tore open the little pink note.

"Dear Mr. Upcott: Won't you come up to dine here this evening? We are all alone, and feel so dull. Yours sincerely,

"Dorothy Dunston."

"It used to be D. Dunston," he reflected. Aloud he said: "Tip the bearer, and say I'm in bed with a cold—or, no; she'd be sending me a—what does she call it? a carbolic snowball; say I've run up to town—I'll go—no, hang it; I hate telling lies. I'll write a note and say I'm engaged. She'll understand that; an excuse."

"How much shall I give Sheppard?" replied Thomas, who always stuck to the point.

"Oh, give him what you think right."

"How much would that be, sir?" asked Thomas, who always avoided responsibilities.

"What a nuisance you are, Thomas!" Upcott was busy with his answer. "Give him half-a-crown."

"Wouldn't a shilling be enough this time, sir?" said Thomas, who always carried out his original plan.

"Give him a half-penny!" exclaimed Upcott, tossing across the finished note; "and perhaps he'll persuade Sir Jeremiah not to send us any more. 'Tis becoming a case of 'always partridge.' Thomas!"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas. "It's a pheasant this time, sir, as her ladyship sent."

"So I see. Really, Thomas, you consider me abysmally stupid. Send the fellow off, and get me some tea!"

Left alone, the master reflected for a moment on his relation to the man. They were inevitably thrown together a dozen times a day. "The difficulty lies," de-

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clared Upcott, "in Thomas's limitless acceptance of my natural imbecility, and my mistaken conceptions of Thomas's culture. Where all the mother-wit is on one side, and all the knowledge on the other, intercourse becomes a complicated thing."

He lighted a cigar and smiled over Thomas, thinking he would rather like to have a talk with somebody else—not the vicar, not Sir Jeremiah; somebody who had read one of the season's books. He had not been up to town since last spring.

It was not till he came to take the tea away that Thomas gave utterance to his little admonition. It had hung on his lips for weeks. He drew the curtains round the golden lamplight and stirred the languid fire.

"You're not dining at the Park to-night, sir?" said Thomas, standing behind his master.

"No, Thomas. Hasn't the post come in yet?"

"No, sir, nor won't be in for an hour at least. The papers seem mighty interesting nowadays, sir."

"The papers are as dull as ditch-water. But what can one do in this hole of a place?"

"Aha!" thought Thomas: his voice grew insinuatingly small. "Begging your pardon, sir, if I'm taking a liberty, but I saw the *Daily Chronicle* saying, sir, as they wished you'd write another book."

"Well, what of that?" asked Upcott, his slippered feet against the bars.

"There's a good many people, sir, I may venture to say, agrees with the *Daily Chronicle*."

"How do you know that?" James Upcott pulled at his pipe. "Did cook tell you?"

"Now, sir, you're offended. No, sir, cook's of the kind that reads stories, when she can get 'em, but she's hardly a literary character. I was thinking of literary characters, sir."

"Such as you," said Upcott, sharply, put out.

"No, sir, begging your pardon." Thomas grew persistently milder. "I shouldn't venture to compare myself to you, nor to offer you advice. Still, we all do feel, sir, that a new work from the pen of Mr. James Upcott would be an event in the literary world. The literary world is expecting it, sir, speaking, myself, as one of the humblest of the crop."

"You?" exclaimed Upcott, facing round. The pipe slipped between his lips.

Thomas blushed and studied his (overshiny) boots (the house "under" shined them). "Well, sir," he stammered, "I—h'm—I suppose there's nothing wrong"—he recovered his self-assurance—"in a humble person like myself devoting his spare time to the noble pursuit of literature?"

"None whatever. I supposed you had seen my books," though we'd never spoken of the subject. "And what do you call pursuing literature?"

"In your case, sir, going on," retorted Thomas, boldly; "and in mine, sir, writing, after the day's work's over, when other servants have their pipe and a snooze."

"And that's what you do!" exclaimed Upcott, amused, even now, at a picture of Thomas overworked!

"Well, sir, I may make bold to say I *have* written a few small things of late"—again that bashful study of the boot-tips. "You see, sir, there were plenty of other things to occupy one's time in London, but here, what with the slowness and dulness of the evenings, and cook's silly chatter, I thought I'd try my hand at it. It's come quite easy, sir; I suppose it's the having been so long with you, sir" (O false, vain Thomas!). "I shouldn't have spoken of it now, sir. I don't know what made me, I'm sure."

"My poor Thomas!" said Upcott. "I'm so sorry for you. It's a terrible disease to attack anyone. But it's comparatively harmless, unlike measles, as long as it doesn't come out!"

"It came out in the *Home Circle*," continued Thomas, unreceptive. He touched his cravat. "This here's the prize, sir: diamond scarf-pin, value five guineas. In the case of a lady, diamond and pearl brooch, value the same."

"I see," said Upcott.

"The *Home Circle's* a very high-class family magazine, sir. The *Home Circuit*, cook will call it, not knowing what the one thing means no more than the other. There's provoking aspects, sir, in a kitchen, connected with literature."

"I see," said Upcott again. His face was scarlet. Once, while still a private

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secretary, he had tried (unsuccessfully) for a thousand-guinea story in the *Home Circle*. That was one of his most painful memories. Not on account of the ill-success. "And so," he continued, "speaking professionally—amicably, of course—from the point of view of a colleague, you would advise me, Thomas, to begin another book?"

"No, sir, I shouldn't make bold to advise anything at all. Least of all, as you say—as a professor, which is what I never pretended to be. But speaking as your servant, sir, which have known you half a dozen years, I will venture to say that perhaps if you could manage, in this dull place, to take up again with your work, it might make time pass pleasanter, sir, or of course it might not."

"But I've nothing to write about!" exclaimed Upcott, blindly, not to Thomas—at himself.

"That's what I thought when I began," smiled Thomas. "But, of course, you're only laughing at me. You know better, sir."

"What *did* you write about?" asked his master, with sudden curiosity.

Thomas went to the door and made sure that it was closed. Then he came back, with mystery in every movement, and dropping his voice:

"I just took cook, sir, and Gladys"—Gladys was the housemaid—"and I described them. They're jealous of each other, sir, about—" Thomas blushed, and again his eyes sought the floor—"about me. Of course, I didn't call them cook and Gladys."

"What *did* you call them?"

"Well, cook was the Dowager Duchess of Castletowers, sir, and Gladys was Lady Aureole Ferrers."

"Ah, there was your mistake!" said Upcott.

"They didn't recognize themselves one bit, sir, though I gave the Dowager Duchess cook's squint."

Upcott smiled. "You must let me see your story," he said. Nothing loath, now the ice was broken, Thomas hastened to fetch the treasure. He rocked nervously on his heels and toes while his master turned the few pages of the magazine. All the author's tremulous vanity was upon Thomas Budge. Upcott strenuously concealed his disgusted amusement—(yet why, in fact? He felt he was unreasonable)—over the noble ladies of his kitchen, who were fairly recognizable in their coronets and plumes. Like everything that Thomas did, the short story showed natural ability and entire lack of training. It would have been the same had he gone out on a bicycle or cooked a mutton chop.

"Capital!" said his master, returning the paper. "You must try again, Thomas. As you were saying, you've heaps of opportunities and time."

"As for time, sir," said Thomas, innocently, "it's they who work hardest has most to spare. And as for subjects, yes, indeed, sir, they're everywhere, even at Dorming. Now, you couldn't find a more extraordinary couple, sir—begging your pardon!—than Sir Jeremiah and Lady Dorothy—as literary characters, I mean."

"Well, Thomas, in spite of what you've just been saying, I shall have to give up writing entirely, for good and all. Two literary men in the house won't do."

The servant, already at the door, turned. "If you mean that, sir," he said, "I don't want any more scarf-pins. I'll promise never to write another word."

By one of those queer impulses which had made this man his willing slave, Upcott held out his hand: "You're a good fellow, Thomas," he said. "Write another prize-story—but not about Lady Dorothy."

He went back to the fire and sat musing and puffing tobacco for more than an hour. Thomas came in with the post. He pushed it aside. He was studying Thomas's little story in the embers, arranging and harmonizing its poor little plot of the old flirt and the youthful beauty, getting it into proportion and painting it afresh. Suddenly he went across to his writing-table and began scribbling on a common sheet of note-paper.

When Thomas came in to say dinner was ready—not surprised at no dressing, for Upcott was often too emptily busy to note the dressing-bell—he found the whole floor round the writing-table littered with sheets, like two dozen long letters, and his master still scrawling more.

"Dinner is on the table," said Thomas.

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"Oh, go to the — I beg *your* pardon, Thomas; but, really, I wish you would."

At one o'clock in the morning all the sheets were torn up again, and Upcott had written three pages, at which he sat gazing, wistfully pleased.

III

A DAY or two later he drew up the blinds —literal people may take this expression literally—and walked out into the world to see how it was getting on.

It was beaming on itself, was the non-human world (which is not the inhuman). The foolish eleventh month (is not eleven the fool's number?) had given up its perpetual sulking, and smiled with a subdued, unwilling, because unaccustomed, smile. Alas, of all known habits there is none so difficult to keep up as laughter.

On this day of November, however, the sun was shining proudly. It drew Upcott out of his burrow and away to the russet river-bank. Late thrushes were chirruping among the ruins of the rowans; a flight of pigeons swept down on the beech-nuts with a whir as of war. They say the birds are timid! Great Heaven, to be so small and lovely in a world of hawks and snares, and yet to dare to sing as if the gods were good! In all wide creation there is nothing braver than the heart of a singing-bird.

At the foot of the barren wood, in a little creek, where the river curled to sleep, Upcott's boat lay, a glistening spot upon the limpid water. Already ashen with approaching death, the placid scene around, in wan content, responded meekly to the fickle onslaught of a love grown strangely chill.

Upcott loosed the boat and glided away in her. His heart sprang up, accordant, to every quaver from the slopes; it sank with the ripple of the water in almost monotonous melody. He felt that, independently of outer circumstances, man, like the rest of creation, has an inalienable right to be cheerful. Not too much for the average day is the evil thereof.

He had taken his fishing-tackle with him, for he was an inveterate angler; but he let it lie idle in the bottom of his boat. God Himself, the All-Merciful, Who goes forth to slaughter at autumn-tide, had given all creatures a respite that sunlit morning: who was he, then, to lie in wait, among the still retreats, with offers of a painted agony? The gentle craft, forsooth! More crafty than gentle! Christ's followers, we know, were fishermen: we could scarcely have imagined them anglers.

He floated, then, aimlessly, and his thoughts were of his story. It was progressing favorably, very unsatisfactorily, as such work does. He had got in his shadow-characters all right—a youthful Sir Jeremiah, a quite unrecognizable Dowager Dorothy; the farcical element, rather ugly, was there; what he wanted now, vainly ransacking his memory or his imagination, was the great central light in his picture, the beautiful principal figure which would dwarf all the others to a background of foils. He floated down-stream toward the Vicarage, thinking of jovial Mrs. Bartlett, and that she wouldn't do. Mrs. Bartlett was exceedingly disturbing: worse than useless, she wouldn't give place.

In the middle of the narrow river—by the near end of the Vicarage garden—a young lady stood trying to punt. She couldn't punt, that was evident; besides, nobody chooses the middle of a river to punt in. But she looked charming against the sunlight, and a boat is a terrible ordeal for a woman—a sure pillory, or place of parade. No daughter of Eve ever passed indifferently over the water, with the full light above her and a mirror all round.

This was a daughter of Eve, and she wore a tight-fitting, tailor-made suit. The material was dark, her complexion was fair, and her boating achievements were gracefully awkward, which is always delightful. She made an exceedingly attractive picture; and though she was not probably conscious of the fact, she would hardly, on consideration, have been ignorant enough to deny it.

"I wish you would help me," she cried, as he slid toward her. "If only I could get back to the bank again, I should be all right, you know."

"Undoubtedly it would be an advantage," he replied, with both eyes full of her. "I'll tow you across. You ought to have taken sculls."

"I forgot them," she answered, frankly. "Yesterday I forgot the pole. Do you always make the same mistakes, or always fresh ones?"

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He laughed, busy with the landing-hook. For a moment they were silent; she watchful, he pleasantly contemplative of what he should see when he lifted his eyes again.

"What an amusing *rencontre!*" she said, at last.

"A very fortunate one," he answered, gallantly.

"Oh, well! I should have got to the side in time."

"For me, I meant," he answered, a little disconcerted.

"Please don't explain. Life would be quite supportable but for our explications."

"You are a philosopher!—out on the river in an unmanageable punt!"

"A good definition," she answered, quickly. "We don't know each other. How delightful! We needn't talk sense."

"Which side—right or left?" he questioned, raising his oars.

She looked at him, her whole face a ripple of enjoyment. "What a hurry you are in! Besides, which right or left?—yours or mine?"

"As the river runs, I meant," he answered; "Vicarage side or Park, if you like. But I'm not in the remotest hurry. Shall I row you up-stream a bit. I know a glorious little twist of backwater——"

"Hurry or not," she interrupted him, "you're horribly energetic. Are you always so eager to *do* something. Inquiring for the nearest duty, some people make street-corner policemen of their consciences in that way. My idea of happiness is straying along."

"At your own sweet will," he said, with just the slightest stress on the adjective. He could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, her description of him was so delightfully unlike the reality.

"Thanks! Well, in this case I should simply have preferred to float for a little. But now you had better take me across to the Vicarage."

His face clouded over, and she hastened to add: "It has been a delightful meeting—so unconventional. I suppose nobody ever met quite in this way before."

"Oh, people have met in this way a hundred times before," he answered, not very graciously. He slowly brought round his boat.

"Not quite in this way, I am sure. Not with such a very refractory punt. The punt, you see, is the measure of my grab-hook. But you say that because you are a novelist. You objectify the situation, so to speak."

"Then you do know me!" he exclaimed, really annoyed, plashing his oars in the water.

"Of course I know you—objectively again. Was that a crab—or a spurt of temper? I know, as everyone knows, your books and your portraits in the papers. And I know you are living down here. All the same, this is my first personal interview with Mr. James Upcott."

"Mr. James Upcott is perfectly aware of that fact. You are not the sort of acquaintance one forgets."

"How kind of you to say so! But I fear that out here, so far from London, you forget the vast number of your admirers. True, I have always been in their front row."

"You like my books!" he said, simply, childishly. "I am glad of that. They were written to be liked."

The two boats were nearing the little Vicarage landing-place. "I like them and enjoy and admire them," she said, "more than anything I ever read." Her voice sounded very serious; all the nonsense had sunk away from it.

"Oh, come!" he said, smiling, "and Shakespeare?"

"More than Shakespeare," she answered, determinedly. I can't understand Shakespeare so well. Of course, I know he's infinitely greater."

"Well, I'm glad you know that," said James Upcott, reverently, though wishing he wasn't.

"He and a number of others. I didn't say I thought your books were the greatest ever written. I said I enjoyed and admired them most of any I had ever read."

She stopped, as he helped her to alight, hand in hand, from the punt.

"You men are so terribly vain," she said, and sprang ashore. There was admiration enough in her tone to have shamed a twice vainer celebrity. But she disconcerted him utterly.

"Good-by," she said, holding out a little buff palm. He clasped it. "You have me at a disadvantage," he pleaded. "You

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don't enjoy the honor of notoriety. We novelists are like taverns—all our wares in the window——"

"What a funny tavern!" she laughed. "I am Mrs. Bartlett's sister. I hope we shall meet again. Good-by."

James Upcott went back to his boat. He felt foolish, realizing that she had had the better of their interview. Well, here was the very thing he had been in search of. Why, rubbish, he didn't know her! He must get to know her thoroughly. There wouldn't be much trouble about that; she wore her emotions upon her sleeve. She had even been a little forward? No, hardly forward—outspoken, perfectly ingenuous, and nice. He wondered, vaguely, in how far she would fit into his story. Against the humdrum, daily absurdity he wanted a swift fascination, a fierce allurement to crime. The harmless husband of his plot must be shot in a duel, and the duel must be made worth while. He laughed aloud. He had never worked in this way before, with the raw material lying round him. He abused Thomas for putting such stupid ideas in his head, and himself for being influenced by them. Fancy seeking in every new acquaintance a possible model, whether he wanted that model or not! The topsy-turvydom of creative work! And Mrs. Bartlett's pretty sister was as much unlike his unshaped idea as Mrs. Bartlett's self.

He rowed back, sullenly, against the diamond glitter of the stream.

IV

NEXT morning the whole vastness of the world was gone. Close before the windows fell the rain, in straight lines, like a Japanese curtain, from low-hanging draperies of mist. It was one of those warm, damp days on which everybody in the house pokes up the fire.

It was also one of those days on which imaginative work, if once begun, grows apace, in the world's contracted chamber, like a flower in a hot-house, forced in the dark. Upcott turned his back on the shimmering panes and wrote at his story for six successive hours. Reading over the day's result, in the early deepening twilight, he was far from satisfied. The charm of the charmer was not convincing. Before a man kills another and ruins himself, the pressure of passion must be very strong upon him, mustn't it? He thought it must.

He pushed back the hair from his forehead and looked out. The rain had stopped—for its three o'clock rest; the wind alone kept up, delightfully gusty. He hurried out for a tussle with it, along the river-bank.

Down by the mill, he met Mrs. Bartlett and her sister. He noticed, at once, that the younger lady could wear a water-proof, and that, perhaps, is rarer still than looking well upon the water. It was partly the contrast, doubtless, with the Vicar's puffy, sore-prest helpmate, but it seemed to him as if the stranger rode the breeze. They came twisting down toward him through a baby pine-plantation, which formed a dark-green background and border about their path. He stopped to await them; then, seized with a sudden awkwardness, which was really vexation that Diana should have a Duenna, he lifted his cap, and passed on.

She occupied his thoughts absurdly for the rest of his walk—and after. It was a mistake, then, to suppose he had forgotten her. He went, meditating fresh methods of crossing her path. He met her next day on the river, bluntly.

She had got a little paddle in her punt, and she said she liked fishing. Quite amateurishly, she preferred someone else to take the fish off her hook.

"But you like to hook them yourself," said James.

"Oh, yes, I like to hook them myself. I hope you don't think me cruel. I am not cruel a bit, only not sentimental, either. Fish were made to be caught, weren't they?"

"Yes; certainly," he said, with sincere conviction.

After that, he met her repeatedly out on the water, two or three days in succession. It was his only recreation between the long spells of his writing. He went out for a row in the afternoon, and there she happened to be in her punt. No, not "happened." She would have been the first to deny that; November is not the month one selects for boating. She floated out on the river, in hopes to encounter him; she would much have regretted his non-

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appearance. She was perfectly simple and natural, and they talked of many subjects. He thought her well-informed, and certainly nimble-brained.

Every man, of course, however he might yearn to find her, would have appreciated her occasionally staying away. All men are like that. But she never did. He could not help feeling, now, that she lacked self-restraint; she was too free-spoken and mannered for so young a girl—possibly twenty. This single thing annoyed him. Meanwhile he thought her charming, and the story in which she played a distorted part approached its climax.

On the Friday of that eventful week—a pale-blue, silent Friday—he threw down his pen after a wasted morning hour. It was no use; he couldn't do anything. A few minutes later he was gliding down the leaden water; the gloomy woods hung heavy on either side.

He was glumly reflecting on his wasted morning, he who "wasted" years. She would not be there at this hour, in any case. He dimly felt relieved. The best thing would be to row down to the village and back, and then to have another try at the writing. As he rounded the corner, he saw the punt out, and the big white parasol over it.

His heart leaped up in greeting, and he spurted. Amid the full enjoyment of this unexpected boon, he wondered, annoyed, if she was always there. Never mind; she was there just now. He bore down upon her, triumphant.

Lady Dorothy stood on the farther bank, beckoning desperately. No choice was left him. With an oarsman's salute and a tragic grin, he passed the vision in the punt.

"Mr. Upcott! Mr. Upcott!" called Lady Dorothy.

"Lady Dorothy, I wait your commands," said Mr. Upcott. He helped her into the boat, as she bade him. She was beautifully dressed, in simple, handsome, expensive things that might have suited any age. But for the strong odor of musk, her toilet would have been a complete success. "How handsome you are looking this morning, Lady Dorothy!" he said, for he knew she liked that kind of thing, thick. The thought had struck him as almost true; and, after all, when that's the case, why shouldn't we?

Oh, well, she was pleased, but cross. "I wonder you still recognized me," she answered, with asperity. "I haven't seen you for an age. Not that I can help it. You won't come to dinner, and you won't call; so what can I do? And I promised Sir Jeremiah to try my best."

He looked into her eyes, amused. "Sir Jeremiah is happy," he said, gravely, "in the possession of so dutiful a spouse."

"I promised Sir Jeremiah before you bought Woodlands," she said, frankly. "He doesn't care now." They slipped across the water. "But I do," she added.

"You are very good," he murmured. "I'm so very busy nowadays I haven't time to feel bored."

"Busy, indeed!" She sat up. "You make a charming group, every afternoon, as seen from our Drillingham windows. Such a pretty white spot on the water. Only if you cared really to oblige us, you would move just a little bit down—to get the angle right!"

He bent over his oars, furious that she should spy on him. "I shall be delighted to oblige Sir Jeremiah," he said, studying the bottom of the boat.

"And not me? That is hardly as prettily put as your first speech. You are taking me wrong, Mr. Upcott! I shouldn't care to run into the punt!"

That was true, the rowing boat not being a steamer.

"But where do you want me to take you? I never asked!"

"To the church, please," said Lady Dorothy, demurely, making herself small.

"Is it a saint's day?" he questioned, curiously.

"Really, Mr. Upcott, you London literary men are worse than heathen! I had been strolling in our woods, and everything seemed so peaceful I thought I should like to go across to daily matins. I shall just be in time."

"You would have been late," he said, "if Mrs. Bartlett's sister had had to paddle you."

"I saw you coming down. You're a very graceful rower. *Bon jour*, my dear! You look very uncomfortable. Isn't it rather cold for that kind of pastime? I

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shall see your sister in church. Ta—ta!" This she called out, in passing, to the puntress, who was painting. "Rather pretty, don't you think?" she continued, to her companion. "You seem to find her exceedingly attractive!"

"You give me credit for discovering the obvious," he retorted. He plunged fiercely across his boat. "Shall I put you off here at the Vicar's landing-place? Will you walk through the churchyard?"

"Thanks. Perhaps you'll accompany me to the door. Or"—she turned, in the act of stepping out—"are you in too great a hurry to get back to Mrs. Eversley?"

She felt his hand jerk, as if something had struck it. "Mrs. Eversley?" he repeated, stammering.

"Yes; Mrs. Eversley. You are suspiciously incomprehensive. It is high time, I think, Mr. Eversley came to look after her."

He could not make out why he felt as he did; mechanically he moored the boat and followed his tormentress. Lady Dorothy, walking between the tombs, looked suddenly older.

"I dare say she is charming," said Lady Dorothy, bitterly. "That kind of women mostly are. I pity her husband. But, of course, you judge these matters differently. I should give you a bit of advice, if I thought you cared for me the tiniest bit."

"Indeed, I don't," he said, warmly. She had spoken the last sentence so very softly, marching in front of him, that his answer referred to the last but one.

She colored to the roots of her fringe. "You put things plainly," she said; there were tears in her voice.

He stood quite at a loss; but he felt she was hurt, and he never had, consciously, hurt a woman. "Dear Lady Dorothy," he said, "there's some misunderstanding. I'm awfully stupid this morning. You've been awfully good to me ever since I came here. Nobody, since my wife died—nobody has been as good to me as you have. I wish I could tell you how I feel toward you." She had stopped and turned to look at him. By heaven, there were tears in her eyes! "I—I shouldn't venture," he cried, carried away by remorse, and suddenly feeling all her pertinacious friendliness. He stuck.

Lady Dorothy walked on, very slowly. "You might *venture*," she said, at last. "A woman of my——;" she did not finish her sentence. Lady Dorothy was not an old woman, but neither was she young enough to call herself one.

"Mr. Eversley——" he began, blindly. Again his companion turned on him. "I didn't mean that," she said, vehemently. "You are so dense. Besides, different women owe their husbands different duties. Each must judge for herself. But I think we all have a right to the little happiness that comes our way. What *every* woman owes her husband is not to be *mauvais genre*. Mrs. Eversley is *mauvais genre*." She held out her hand: "Good-by. It is time I went in. I hope it won't be so very long before we meet again."

"I hope not," he said, thinking of other things.

"But, then, you avoid all opportunities!"

"I never find them," he answered, yearning to get away.

She watched him down to the water's edge, deliberately. Then she went into church.

He got back to his boat and rowed furiously up-stream, passing behind the immovable white parasol. He couldn't make out why he cared so much. He had never dreamt of making love to Mrs. Bartlett's sister. What did it matter to him if the Vicar had a brother-in-law? He was enraged at himself for being thus disturbed. A hundred yards ahead; he wheeled and came racing back.

"You never told me your name," he said, abruptly, to the lady in the punt.

She looked at him in astonishment. "You never asked me for it," she said, at last. He hung on his oars and stared at her. "It's absurd not to know people's names," he said.

"Of course it is. And one mostly does. My name is Eversley. Mrs. Eversley. Surely you knew that a week ago?"

"I haven't spoken to a soul for days," he said, "except you and Thomas. And Thomas never gossips unless he's told."

"You are a hermit," she replied, "and lay hermits always contract ill-temper. To make a successful hermit you have to start as a saint."

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"You think I'm ill-tempered?" he said, moodily.

"Not chronically, as yet. The disease is spasmodic. Perhaps Lady Dorothy may effect a cure."

She stung him. "You women are all so jealous of one another," he said.

"I suppose that is true," she answered, flushing; "but I don't quite see the connection, unless as a means of carrying the war into the enemy's country. Mr. Upcott, you are rather put out about something."

"True; but all women are naturally jealous."

"If you won't be offended—I should like to go on with my work!"

He smiled, for she painted atrociously. But he rowed home with energetic strokes, still wondering why he should care.

He locked himself up in his room, after a fortuitous passage of arms with Thomas, in which he got worsted. Faults Thomas had none, but his good qualities sometimes filled up a vacancy. His virtues, like dust, could be matter out of place. To-day his master complained of his care in keeping the fire up. The room was too warm, though the impartial thermometer gave judgment for Thomas. Some people believe in thermometers, and judges. However that may be, what Upcott meant was that Thomas might have been more garrulous, though his master loved him for his taciturnity.

In the locked room, the widower stood gazing at his dead wife's face. He stood so during many minutes. At last he laid down the portrait, and fell upon his manuscript, and wrote as if a printer's devil—or some other Devil—were nudging his elbow all the time.

V

"READ it yourself!" he called from his writing-desk to Thomas, with a note, outside.

Now that may sound discourteous, from master to valet, on paper, among strangers. But it wasn't really, for those who knew the two—or, rather, for the two that knew. In Upcott's good-natured intercourse with his sole companion, the settlement of many parcels—and penny-postal worries (surely one of the chief curses of our day!)—fell to the faithful retainer. An apt title in this case by which the novelist gladly qualified a servant who kept back many begging-letters, prospectuses, book catalogues, and other bores.

Thomas intimated through the keyhole that this was not the kind of letter he could dispose of. It was a note from Drillingham which awaited a reply. His master flung open the door. An agitated scrawl from Lady Dorothy! Would he dine with them to-morrow? An impromptu! He would meet some *charming* ladies (heavily underscored). An opportunity which she hoped he would *not* avoid!

He frowned over the last sentence. And then he wrote a few words of cool acceptance. "And now, Thomas," he said, "I won't be interrupted again on any account."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, who would continue to act as the exigency of the moment required.

"Not even if the Queen were to call!"

"The Queen won't call," said Thomas, closing the door.

Upcott flung himself again upon his story. He worked at it far into the night, and, breakfasting late, was busy afresh by noon next day. In the intervals, however, he had plenty of time to think on the fascinating stranger. He was conscious now that, once recovered from the shock, he found her more delightful than ever. The slight freeness and *insouciance* which had hindered him in a girl were in a young married woman not a barrier, but an additional attraction. She now seemed to him perfectly pleasing. He had never thought of marrying again. He had never, as yet, thought seriously about the subject at all. He wanted to forget Mrs. Eversley. No, he did not want to forget her. He wanted—he wanted——

And the story before him deepened into a splendid catastrophe of crime and passion. His triumphant pen went leaping along the pages, a harvest of beauty blossoming behind it, as from under a magic plough. He had soon got beyond the comic portraits of his opening, mere skeletons on which to hang clothing, of necessity, and, if possible, flesh. This beautiful and dangerous heroine was, of course, a creature of his own fierce fancy; here and there

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she might show traits suggestive of recent experiences, but he himself would certainly not have recognized them, nor, probably, would their prototype. The struggle in her heart and in that of the unfortunate hero—the common struggle between sense and common sense—waxed more hopeless from hour to hour! Borne on by a ruthless destiny, against which their creator himself was powerless, they sank, with outstretched arms that beat the air, toward the inevitable abyss. They fell, in the gray November sunset. Breathless, his hot eyes gleaming, he pushed back the pages already darkened by approaching night. He had written "The End" with a flourish of relief.

"The End," he said, aloud, with tremulous voice. He would gladly have seen the thing terminate differently. There is no use in resisting irresistible fate. He rang the bell for shaving-water, and cut himself thinking of Mrs. Eversley. Eight was the dinner-hour at Drillingham. He had plenty of time. Far too much. He didn't want to sit and think.

"Well," said Thomas to himself, in the pantry, "this looks like business. The brougham is safe for another year, at least. If he goes on like this till Christmas, we shall have the long-desired hunter—by the time the hunting season's over!" Thomas shook his head over the perversities of genius, and thanked heaven that he himself was only a successful author.

Lady Dorothy had come home to luncheon, on the Friday, with two pretty spots on her cheeks which were not rouge. She noticed that Sir Jeremiah also had two spots in his face; these were yellow, about the temples, and Lady Dorothy knew their portent.

"I'm in for one of my attacks," said Sir Jeremiah, helping himself freely to stuffed eggs "à la Provençale." Sir Jeremiah's attacks were bilious; suppressed gout. They periodically buried him in blankets. But he always died game.

A swift gleam of something—was it cunning?—shot over Lady Dorothy's florid face. "I'm so sorry," she said, sweetly. "And nothing could be more unfortunate! I spoke to Mrs. Bartlett after service, and asked her to dine here to-morrow and bring her sister."

"Ah!" ejaculated Sir Jeremiah, sweetly, too. "That is so like my dear D—— D——! You are a theologian, Dorothy, and advocate the doctrine of free-will."

"I am sure, Jeremiah, we settled it all the other day! And I asked the Roswells also; it was you that said you wanted them. You told me to take the first day that suited the Bartletts!"

"And the Vicar selects Saturday, does he?" Sir Jeremiah showed his teeth. "Well, that accounts for many things!"

"Of course, if I had had any idea you were going to be unwell—if you had only said something this morning——"

"My dear, pray say not another word about the matter. It would be hard lines, indeed, if you couldn't have your friends when you choose. Husbands of seventy must expect to look unwell without the fact being noticed by wives of fifty!"

"I am not fifty!" said Lady Dorothy, biting her tongue, that it hadn't the sense to keep still.

"True. Do you know, to me fifty appears quite youthful? Perhaps it doesn't to some people—to Mrs. Eversley, say. Well, I'm glad the Roswells are coming. Roswell can tell me about those speckled pigs of his."

"I haven't their answer yet," said Lady Dorothy, a little flurried. "But what shall we do if you're in bed?"

"In that case he can tell you about them—or, no, you wouldn't remember; he can come up to my room. He'll probably prefer that to staying with Bartlett."

"I didn't mean about the pigs," replied the lady, rising from table. "I meant about receiving the guests. I suppose I must do it alone." She stopped at the door. "True," she said, "Mr. Roswell will hardly be satisfied with the Vicar. Perhaps I had better send a message to Woodlands?"

"Do, by all means," said Sir Jeremiah, sipping the fruitiest of dessert sherries. He knew all about his wife's penchant for the man who had paid too much for the above-named property. He knew it from Lady Dorothy's stratagems, and also from his gamekeeper's insistence that "the gentleman must be a gentleman, Sir Jeremiah (though they do say he's only a writing chap), or my lady would never have been as kind to him as she is. Though my

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lady, for the matter of that, is kind to us all, Sir Jeremiah! The gamekeeper hated his new mistress as only old servants hate.

Sir Jeremiah, however, was reasonable, by fits and in theory. He required his wife to take an interest in his ailments and to laugh at his puns. He understood that, within limits, he must be willing to allow compensations. "And, besides, she's no chicken," said Sir Jeremiah. He added, though not quite convincedly, "rather a goose."

Indeed, Lady Dorothy had more brains, of a kind, than her husband would vouch for. That afternoon she ordered her pony-carriage and drove to the Vicarage. The Bartletts being out, she left a few words of informal invitation for the morrow, and then she hastened on to Seton Grange, the abode of the Roswells, nearly three miles away. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Roswell were middle-aged neighbors with children, good-looking, good-natured, well-connected and well-off. They were neither of them capable of taking any interest in matters not immediately connected with themselves, though the lady was one of those persons you find in the country with higher aspirations they nowise desire to attain. She would not have gone to the concerts she was always regretting, nor would she have looked at the pictures she was longing to see, but she built up an easy reputation for culture on complaints of its absence around her. She had not opened the piano for years, because dear Hugh, "the best husband in England," had no ear for music; and her family, thankfully accepting the result, found no reason to quarrel with its cause. Dear Hugh was tranquilly satisfied with all his easy existence; if anything gave him positive pleasure, it was the reflection that the Roswells had been at Seton Grange a century before the Dunstons opened Drillingham Park.

Whether these people came and dined with her or not was a matter of absolute indifference to Lady Dorothy; they might as well come, lest her party grew embarrassingly small. Mrs. Roswell said she would be delighted, delighted. "And to meet Mr. Upcott, whose works I admire beyond anything! In the country, one so seldom has an opportunity of intercourse with—people of that kind."

On her return home, Lady Dorothy found Sir Jeremiah in bed. His valet said he was very bad. Lady Dorothy smiled, sympathetically. The patient, on being interviewed, described himself, grimly, as Jeremiah and Lamentations. Lady Dorothy smiled again, with an effort. In the course of the evening Mr. Bartlett came hurrying up from the Vicarage to explain, with many apologies, that he made a point of not dining out on a Saturday night. Lady Dorothy expressed great regret; but Mrs. Bartlett would come, with her charming sister? She had forgotten, with high-bred nonchalance, thought the parson, that the same little difficulty about Saturday had arisen a few months ago. She saw no reason to disturb the invalid with such a trifle. Yes; certainly the carriage would take back the two ladies. Good-night.

Left alone, Lady Dorothy meditated on the success of her little plot. Sir Jeremiah, whose attacks always lasted three days, would be in bed. The Roswells would drive off, in their open thing, at ten.

There would be a sudden clog (unexplained, but complete) in the machinery of the Drillingham stables. Their mistress would be much distressed, but helpless. And Mr. Upcott's brougham would take back the two ladies to the Vicarage, while Mr. Upcott awaited its return. She looked in on her lord. "The Roswells have sent to say they are coming," she said. "It really isn't worth while putting them of."

"Thomas, you must pack," said Upcott, shaking himself free of the fog that clung hot about his brain. "I am going up to London to-morrow night. I have followed your advice and written a new story—finished it. And I'll run up to town and see Pinchley about it. The change'll do me good. Besides—this is a dead secret between you and me—I think it has in it the possibilities of a play."

"Yessir," said Thomas, who admired all story-telling, but thought that plays were wicked.

"So that's settled. Have everything, ready, and reckon on a fortnight at least. And now I must really dress. I've been thinking I'd better have the dog-cart."

"Yessir; I'll see everything's right," said Thomas, who detested packing, but re-

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joiced to see the turn things were taking, "You can have the dog-cart to *go*, sir."

"I hate the brougham. It makes one feel like a London doctor."

"Yessir," said Thomas, laying out the things. There followed some three minutes' silence. "If you want the dog-cart going, sir," said Thomas, "please to make up your mind at *once*."

"Of course I can't have both carriages," cried Upcott, testily. "Why won't you let me have my own way?"

"I'm here to execute your orders, sir," said Thomas, without moving. There followed another silence.

"Well?"

"When you caught that bad chill, sir—the worst of the many you're always having—I remember you promised my mistress—!" It was Thomas's paramount argument; he had only used it twice since Mrs. Upcott's death.

So Upcott went in the brougham, as always.

Half an hour later he was trying to talk to Sir Jeremiah, who was pretending to talk to him. The Baronet's complexion looked like a blotchy custard; but his get-up was irreproachable, and, when the ladies entered, he assumed a smile. "Oh—ah—yes," he said, "very true—I beg pardon; you were remarking?"

Lady Dorothy, admirably dressed again, in some rich blending of crimsons, very low cut, bore down upon them. "Mr. Upcott," she said, "tell Sir Jeremiah he ought to be in bed."

The lord of Drillingham snarled. "My dear," he said, mildly, "I hope Mr. Upcott doesn't find me in his way."

Mr. Upcott looked innocently foolish, but Lady Dorothy flushed.

"At your age," she said, "one ought to be more careful." The Baronet glanced at her sharply.

"'At your age,' he said, "one ought to be more careful;'" then, after a moment's pause, "Yes, that is very true. But as age advances, one likes to get what pleasure one can. Don't you find it so? And I am going to have the rare pleasure of dining with a very pretty woman. After that, I shall take myself off—never fear—before I am in your way."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Lady Dorothy, a little anxiously.

"Not? I mean that I shall go to my room after dinner. Isn't that very simple? Ah, there are the Roswell's. How do you do, Mrs. Roswell? The new setter quite well?"

Presently Lady Dorothy sidled up to the novelist. "I want you to do me a very great favor," she said, her manner exceedingly nervous. "Mrs. Bartlett is coming with her sister; I had promised to send them back in the carriage. I am dreadfully ashamed, but I find I can't manage it. I—I—would you perhaps allow your brougham to take them home first. It would only delay you—say twenty minutes! And the Roswells are sure to leave early; they always do."

Their eyes met, and for a moment the look in those eyes stood still. Then he bowed, understanding everything, furious with all womankind, with the world, with himself. "Oh, certainly," he said, and shuddered at the thought of that coming half-hour.

As the two words dropped from his tongue Mrs. Eversley entered the room.

"Alone?" exclaimed Lady Dorothy, white to the lips.

Upcott caught, vaguely, some excuse about a sick headache, the truth being that Mrs. Bartlett could not find it in her good-natured soul to desert her tea-drinking sermon-maker. But what did these excuses matter, since Mrs. Eversley herself was here? She wore white, with a little dead gold about it. She was glorious to behold. "My dear Mrs. Eversley," exclaimed the Baronet, "permit an old man to say you grow lovelier every year!"

"What a fright you must have found me six years ago, Sir Jeremiah," she answered, laughing. "Thanks for not telling me at the time."

"Yes, she is handsome, poor thing," said Mrs. Roswell to Upcott, who stood moodily watching.

He started; a wild surmise flashed through his brain. He knew nothing in fact of this stranger who had bewitched him. Was it possible she should already be a widow? "Poor thing?" he repeated.

"Yes, indeed. Don't you know?" her voice dropped. "Mr. Eversley is a terrible person. A gambler and spendthrift; racing; drink—all that sort of thing. Why, everybody knows! He is often very unkind to her. Then she goes to her moth-

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er's, with her two little children. They are staying with their grandmother now."

"Oh, of course," said Upcott, bitterly. He meant that of course such women have such husbands.

Mrs. Roswell looked mildly surprised. "Poor Edith is a great admirer of yours," she continued, wishing to change the subject, or, rather, to get on to her own. "An immense admirer! She quite doats on your books. She was singing your praises the other day for an hour. She considers you the greatest living novelist. And I quite agree with her."

Upcott tried to look amiably pleased. His heart leaped within him.

"I *quite* agree with her. I do not know a finer story than 'Gratia's Curse.'"

Under ordinary circumstances this remark would have been disenchanting, for "Gratia's Curse," as we all remember, is the masterpiece of an author whose methods are altogether different from Upcott's. But, at this moment, a hundred Mrs. Roswells might talk any rubbish they chose.

"Dear me, what bad language!" said Sir Jeremiah, coming forward. "I don't know who Gratia is; but, really, we can't allow women to swear!" And so they went in to dinner with a snigger; and the dinner was dull, and indigestible. Lady Dorothy vainly endeavored to recover some outward appearance of calm, while listening to Hugh Roswell's long-winded dissertations on his poultry-yard; nobody enjoyed himself except the host, who ate nothing, but ogled the beauty from the soup to the sugar-plums. Upcott sat for long periods playing with his knife. Not that he minded Sir Jeremiah's attentions; but the fire in his own heart and brain turned him sick with its heat.

He talked to Mrs. Eversley over their coffee, in a conservatory full of magnificent chrysanthemums—their talk was of chrysanthemums, he believed. Lady Dorothy joined them, and said these were her favorite flowers—the great, gorgeous, gaudy, glories. He talked to Mr. Roswell in the smoking-room—about horses, he believed. Mr. Roswell was insolent about his not shooting, and surprised to hear that he rode to hounds. They were back in the drawing-room. Sir Jeremiah had disappeared. He—Upcott—was talking to Mrs. Eversley about poultry *à la crapaudine*—the French recipe—when Lady Dorothy came up and separated them.

"I have just been telling Mrs. Eversley," she said, "that I find I can manage to send the brougham, after all. So we needn't trouble you, Mr. Upcott, to go out of your way. Why, it's exactly the opposite direction!"

He looked at her for a moment, pitying her—poor, clumsy thing. And then he made an end of that matter, for good and all. "By no means," he said, "I have just settled it all with Mrs. Eversley. She will allow me the pleasure of taking her home."

He did not see Lady Dorothy's utter collapse, he only saw the gratified flush of the beautiful creature beside him. It was all plain sailing now; he saw it all, to the end, just as he had seen his story. It doesn't require so much to bring about great catastrophies. The wave of fate comes up and slowly bears you against the rocks. In the books, of course, there are mental struggles, and grand decisions 'twixt right and wrong; in actual life you just shut your eyes, and the winds of evil do the rest. Poor, wretched, loving, lovely thing! What a fool he had been, in that story of his, to bring about a finale of self-sought misery, of useless remorse! Is it right, after all, to do wrong, when to do right would only be wronger—— ?

The butler was saying that Mr. Upcott's carriage waited. They were in it together, in the dark November night. It rolled swiftly along the deserted road; he shrank into his corner, she in hers. On his side the window was open; he did not trust himself to speak a word, not even to ask if she preferred him to close it. He crept still farther back into the darkness; his one dread was lest he should touch her. The cool air came pouring in; he gasped for breath, ashamed lest she should notice his suffocation, the thumping of his heart, and temples, the choking at his throat. He could speak of nothing, think of nothing, but a silent cry for help. His dead wife's face seemed staring at him through the shadows. The splendid ruin of his fancy's heroine shone lurid before his eyes. High above the trees, among darkling clouds, stray stars peeped here and there.

He turned to her, and his voice was steady. "You have two little children, have you not?" he said. "Is it a boy and a girl?"

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AMERICAN SEAMEN IN THE ANTARCTIC

By Albert White Vorse

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THIS AND THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

PERHAPS it is wisest to face the fact that to the eyes of foreigners, particularly to those of Englishmen, the Stars and Stripes, which have flapped bravely in the Far North, have drooped a little in the Far South. In the articles and addresses upon the history of Antarctic discovery that have appeared in British periodicals, popular and scientific, you will find either no allusion to any American or a direct slur upon Lieutenant Wilkes of the United States Navy; or again an irritatingly polite and condescending admission of Wilkes's discoveries. In one of these articles you will find the name of another American, but he appears as an Englishman.

The map of the Antarctic region shows within the Antarctic circle four lines of coast: a long strip named Wilkes Land; a deep indentation hard by named Victoria Land; a point to the westward of Wilkes Land, called Enderby Land; and at the opposite side of the world, a longer point, called Graham Land. Within the triangle thus pointed off, a continent is supposed—in the lack of certain information—to lie. At the north, Graham Land breaks into an archipelago which bears the name of Palmer, and above that are several groups of islands. This map has been pieced out from the observations of men who followed the sea half a century ago and more. Some of the observations stand to-day, unimpeachable; many are still doubtful. Among the best authenticated are two: first that an American sealer discovered the archipelago which lies at the border of the Antarctic continent; second that an expedition sent out by the United States Government first sighted, and for the most part revealed, the longest strip known to-day of the alleged continent itself. If ever the log-books kept by old-time New England seamen shall come to light, more American discoveries will surely be made known; for during the first thirty years of this century the region below Cape Horn was alive with American sealers, and they did more to develop the commercial value of the Far South than their rivals of any other nation.

In their time, the piping days of discovery were not yet over. The nooks and corners of the world were still obscure. A ship's master whose trade summoned him around Cape Horn to the South Pacific, might fairly look forward to coming upon some new people, who took a white man for a god; or to finding in the high latitudes a new rookery of fur-seals, whose skins in New York would win from his owner something more substantial than a grasp of the hand. It was mainly the sealing industry that held the attention of the mercantile world upon the South, and thus directly and indirectly brought about many of the discoveries there. In the development of this industry, Americans were the most important agents; indeed they monopolized the most lucrative branch of the business—the China trade. The British sealers had to be content with a London market; but the Americans, to whom the doors of China were open, carried their furs to Canton and exchanged them for teas and silks, that paid in duties at New York "three times the values of ships and outfits." The profit to the owners was enormous, and this industry became an important factor in American commerce. At its height it employed ten thousand seamen and American shipping to the tonnage of almost two hundred thousand—no unimportant figure at a time when an eighty-ton sealing sloop was held "a fine vessel."

To these sealers, American and British—but the Americans were in the majority—is due great credit for filling in the details of the southern regions. They discovered the little islands. They fixed the location of elusive groups, as the Crozets and Auroras, which having been wrongly charted by their discoverers, were held to be phantoms by many searchers. Even

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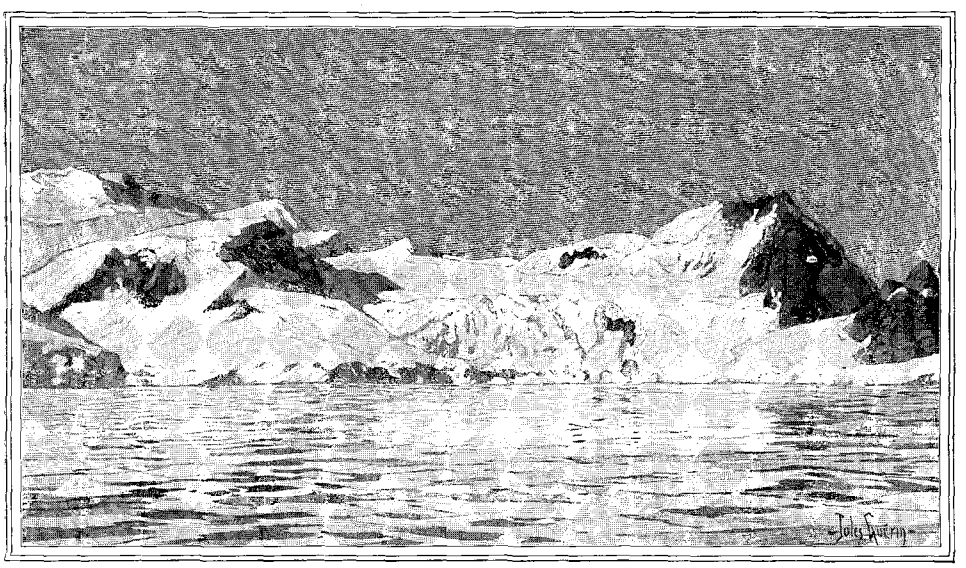

An Antarctic Summer Scene.

the celebrated Weddell had to give up the Auroras; if he had but known it, two years before his search they had been found by an American.

Many American seamen never officially reported their discoveries, or named them; the reports of others have been lost, and those of others again have been overlooked. Partly for this reason Americans never received credit for what they found. But in seeking out new breeding grounds of seal—here the Americans were leaders. It was an American, for example, who first hunted seals at the famous Massafuero Island, where three million and a half of skins were taken before the animals fled the spot.

The first important discovery of land by an American came about in 1820. At that time the South Shetland Islands, sighted by Dirk Gerritz in 1598, and by him named New Iceland, had just been rediscovered by Sir William Smith, and according to the good old English custom, duly rechristened. They seemed to offer a good field for sealers, and promptly a fleet from Stonington was on hand in Yankee Harbor, then the southernmost refuge known. The commander, Captain Pendleton, noticed lofty peaks, still farther south, and sent Captain N. B. Palmer, in the sloop Hero, "but little rising forty tons," to make investigations. Captain Palmer found the new country extensive, but bleak and useless for sealing, and he promptly returned. Near Yankee Harbor he fell in with the famous Russian exploring expedition under Bellingshausen. The Russians had supposed the South Shetlands to be a discovery of theirs, and were amazed to find an American vessel "apparently," as Fanning reports the speech of the commander, "in as fine order as if it were but yesterday she had left the United States." They were further amazed when Palmer told them of the new land beyond. Bellingshausen sailed farther south, and discovered more lands, but did not forget to give to Palmer the honor of first sighting the outlines of the continent.

In the following season Palmer visited his discovery again, coasted it for almost fifteen degrees—from about the sixty-fourth parallel of longitude to the forty-ninth—and at 61° 41′ came upon a strait which he named after Washington. He landed in a bay, and christened it for Monroe. His names, however, together with those given by other Americans, have disappeared from the charts.

During the succeeding nineteen years the most conspicuous achievement of an American in the South was the voyage of Benjamin Morrell, who penetrated into the Antarctic Ocean, near Graham Land, beyond the seventieth parallel; but his report merely served to confirm that of the English sealer, Weddell, who had al-

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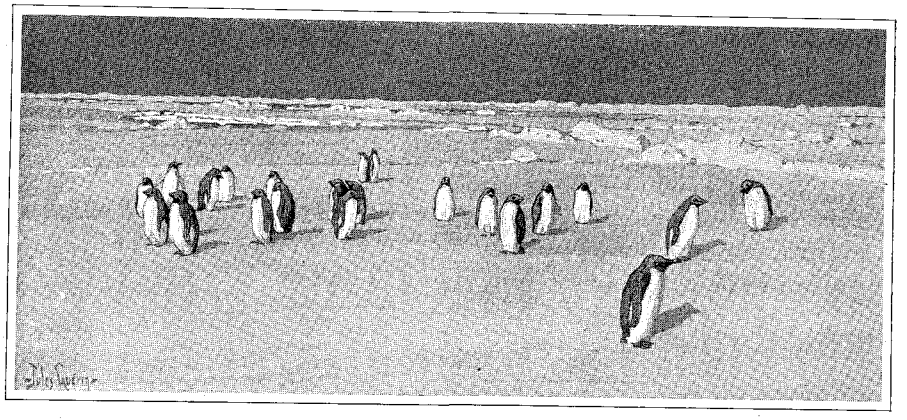

Penguins at Home.

ready passed the seventy-fourth parallel, in the same region. In 1840, however, the United States again took the lead, this time with a government expedition.

Voyages among the uncharted islands were perilous. The sealing industry had begun to fail. At home, the powerful commercial interests had been for twenty years looking to the government for an expedition which should gain information with regard to both Antarctic reefs and new seal rookeries, and, moreover, do credit to the country; for, said the House of Delegates of Maryland, in a memorial to Congress, "Voyages of this kind, even when they fail of making important discoveries, bespeak a liberal policy and give character to the people which undertakes them."

In 1836 Congress passed the appropriation for the first exploring expedition sent out by the United States. The accomplishments of this expedition were brilliant, but the character its preparation gave to the people which undertook it was hardly desirable. For two years the equipment dragged on, amid a series of the most absurd squabbles among naval officers that ever leaked out into the daily papers. The first commander resigned—partly because a historiographer had been appointed, who would give his own version of the commander's doings — and four other post-captains refused to command. The expressly constructed vessels turned out unseaworthy. The whole affair was a public derision. A resolution was offered in Congress, that the enterprise should be thrown up, that a shed should be built in the yard of the Secretary of the Navy, and that the scientific corps should be quartered there and set to catching flies.

National pride, however, came to the rescue, and in 1838, under the command

Fuegians.

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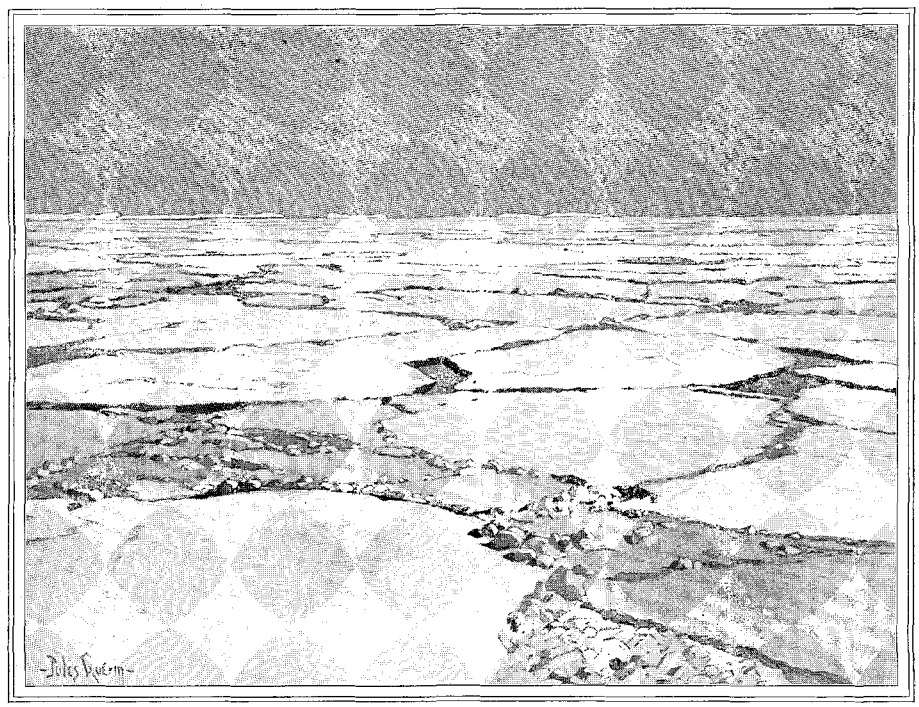
of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, five ill-equipped vessels got away from the United States. Even then the trouble was not over. During the three years of the voyage the officers wrangled, and, after the return, brought Wilkes to court-martial upon a series of charges, several of which would serve excellently as incidents in a light opera. And the brilliancy of the expedition was marred by an indiscretion of the commander.



The Edge of the Ice-pack.

In the early forties two other expeditions sought the Antarctic regions; one despatched by Louis Philippe to discover new lands, merely for the honor of France, the other despatched by the British Admiralty, mainly to find the South magnetic pole. It happened on January 19th that both Frenchmen and Americans sighted different portions of the Antarctic continent—the Americans in the morning, the Frenchmen at night. Over the question of priority arose a brave contest, and though the Americans have shown by records that they thought they saw land on January 16th, still to-day there are Frenchmen who will not acknowledge that the United States was first.

The indiscretion of Wilkes, however, had to do with the English expedition, under Captain James Ross. Before this expedition reached Australia the Americans had discovered the Antarctic continent, had sailed along the coast for more than a thousand miles, and had returned to Sydney. At Sydney, Wilkes left an amiable note for Captain Ross, together with an account of his voyage and a chart of the new land. If he had laid down upon this chart only the coast seen by him, all would have been well; but unfortunately he included in it a territory near his own discoveries that had just been reported at Sydney by an English captain.

Ross sailed away with the chart, disregarded Wilkes's advice as to his course, pushed through the ice-pack, discovered Victoria Land, and worked south along its coast, beyond the seventy-eighth parallel. His record stands as "the farthest." His was the first expedition, moreover, to make accurate scientific observations—for the Americans did little in the Antarctic regions beyond sighting the land. Ross sailed about the Antarctic Ocean for three years,

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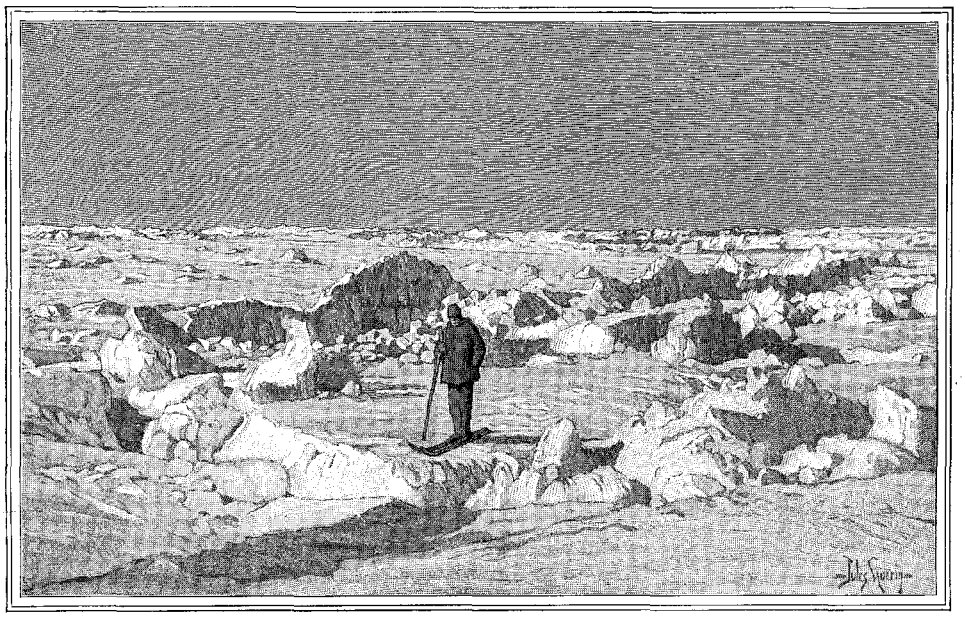

Deep in the Ice-pack.

and in the course of his cruise happened to pass over the spot where Wilkes had reported land he had not seen. On his return to civilization, he cast discredit upon Wilkes's whole report. The Americans, he averred, had probably been deceived by masses of floating ice, so vast that they might easily be mistaken for a snow-bound coast.

For months, nay, for years, after his return the American press was hot with indignation. But the expostulations of Wilkes and his officers, as well as those of *Veritas*, *Justitia*, and *Practical Seaman* were of no avail. The British geographers, to be sure, did Wilkes honor, and gave him the Founders' Medal; but the Admiralty refused to acknowledge his discoveries upon the charts. Even now, after fifty years have elapsed, you will find in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the heading Polar Regions, that his "claims have been disallowed."

Nowadays, however, Wilkes Land appears on all Antarctic charts, and the report of his discoveries is generally accepted—often with a tolerant observation that he might have accomplished more if he had been furnished with better ships. At home, the usefulness of the expedition has never been questioned. It established the prestige of the United States in the Pacific islands. It charted the obscure coasts of Oregon and California. It brought home a great store of information which spread widely throughout the country. In short, it accomplished one of the great voyages of general discovery; second only to those of Cook, Magellan, La Perouse, and the early Spaniards.

What, then, is the profit in dragging out of the dust of libraries its forgotten scandals? There can be but one excuse for it: the hope that national pride may be moved to send forth a second Antarctic expedition that shall retrieve the mistakes of the first one. Wilkes's record of Antarctic discovery, except that portion of it which is established by the testimony of d'Urville, has been accepted merely out of courtesy; it has never been verified. Moreover, there is a definite demand from scientific men for information with regard to conditions beneath the Antarctic circle; and to this demand Belgium has responded with an expedition, and England and Germany are about to respond with others. Is it well for the United States to be behind in scientific research, or to permit other nations either to disprove or verify the report of its first attempt at foreign exploration?

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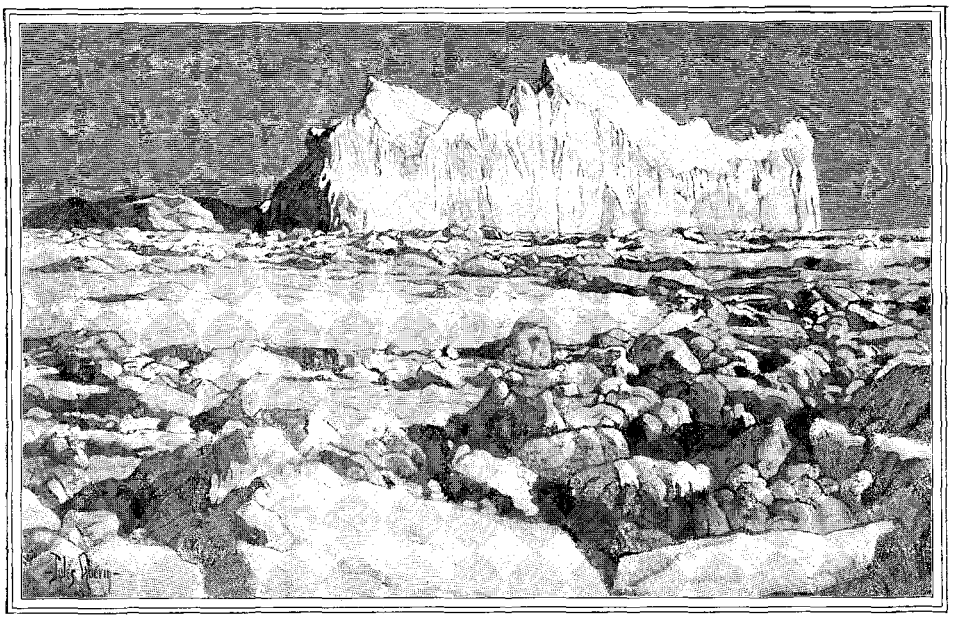

An Iceberg Nipped.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION

By Frederick A. Cook, M.D.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE heterogeneous branches of human knowledge are so intimately interwoven that it is hard to conceive an improvement in one which does not conduce to the advantage of others. The modes of association which exist between the numerous objects of mental and physical research are like the membranes that embrace the humors of the eye, so minute and transparent that while they give union and solidity to the whole, they themselves remain unperceived or wholly invisible. The general advancement in the knowledge of our globe which follows the work of polar exploration is not at first perceived. The collective results are rearranged and interwoven with the other threads which go to make up the fabric of the various branches of natural science. Around the two poles of the earth, and particularly around the South Pole, there are extensive unknown regions. In these regions are hidden the finishing filaments of much exact knowledge. To seek these is the true object of polar exploration.

Efforts at clearing up the mysteries of the Arctic will now for a time give place to projects for Antarctic research. The disputed questions bearing upon the value of such enterprises have been answered in the affirmative by the Belgian, the British, and the German governments. Each of these governments has contributed great funds, not to find the South Pole, but to find the ends of the threads of science which are there lost in white obscurity.

The possibilities of exploration in the Far South are many, and properly to understand them we must first review the regions actually known. Perhaps it is not correct to say that anything Antarctic is actually known. The entire space within the Polar circle, with the exception of a few dotted lines, is a blank upon our charts. Even the sub-Antarctic lands like Tierra del Fuego, Kerguelen, and the Auckland Islands are for scientific purposes un-

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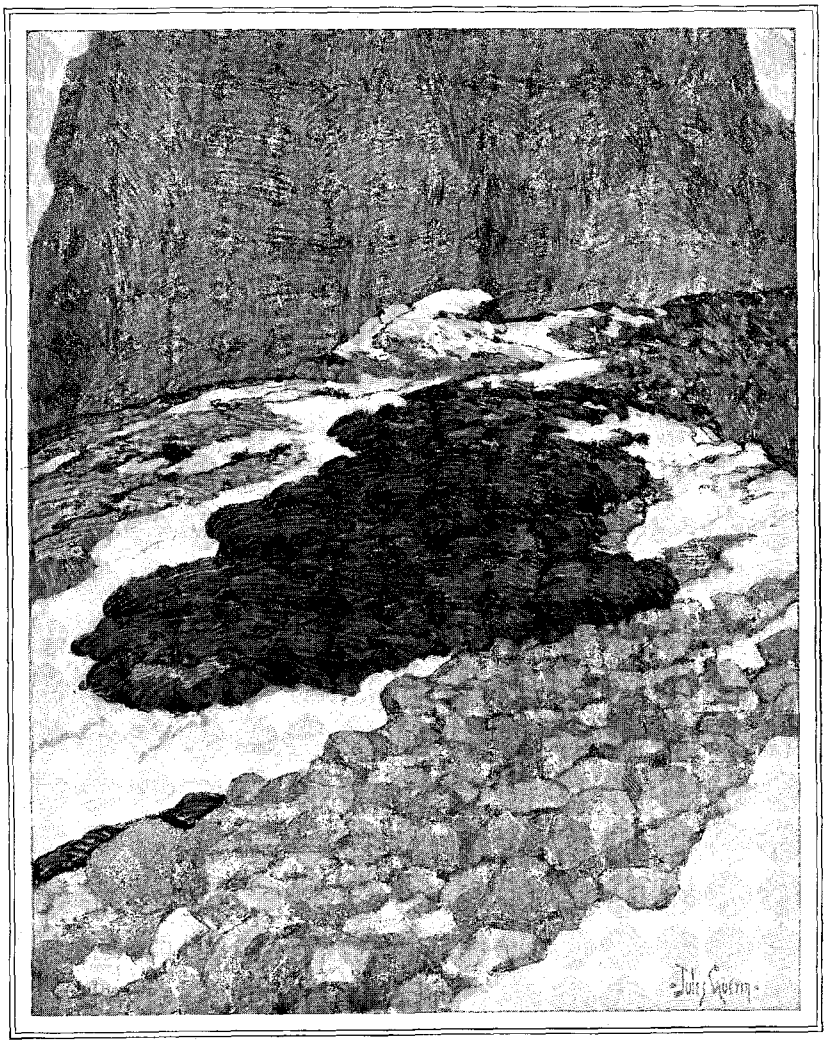
known. Of the truly Antarctic lands the first in time of discovery and in value is the always accessible land-mass south of the South Shetland Islands, which is erroneously charted Graham Land.

This is a large mass of land which is labelled on the various charts with different names and is parcelled out to suit the nationality of the chart-makers. No navigator will be able to recognize the landmarks of Graham Land from any modern chart. This was the experience of the Belgica. The American sealer Palmer first saw the northern outline of this land. The British sealer Biscoe saw a part of the western border of the same land. But neither Palmer nor Biscoe has given sufficient information to make a chart. The British explorer Ross and the French explorer d'Urville touched along the northeastern limits, and recently the Norwegian sealer Larsen has traced a part of the eastern limits. From the work of the later explorers and the guesses of the early sealers the present map is made. But since the Belgica sailed over two hundred miles of this region where high land was placed, and since she sailed over the regions where the Biscoe Islands are placed, it is evident that even this, which is the best known of Antarctic lands, needs a general rediscovery.



Antarctic Vegetation.

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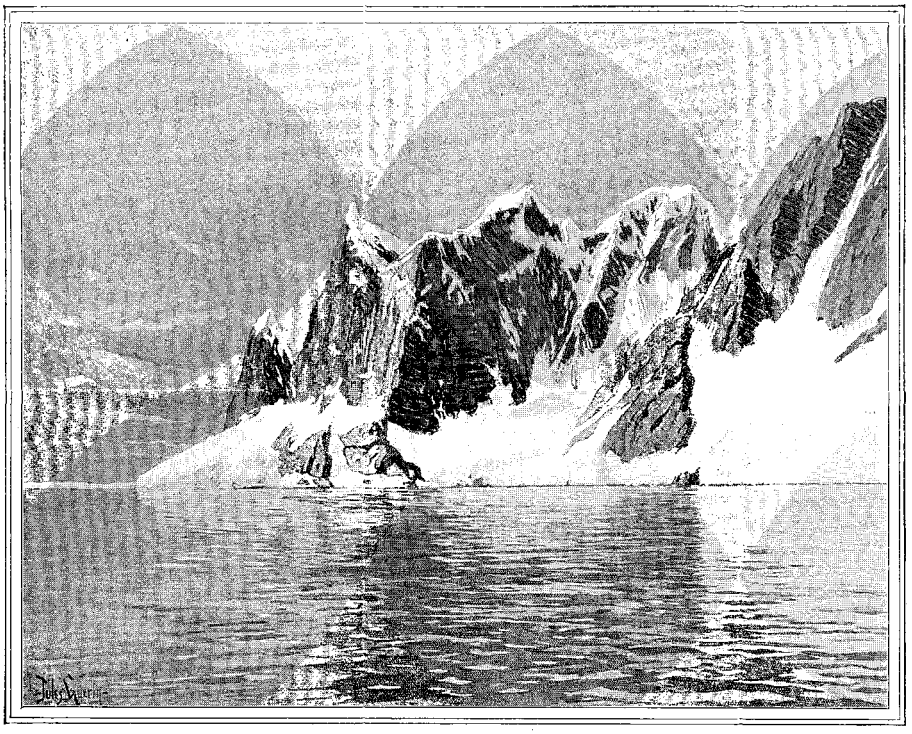

An Antarctic Headland.

The actual existence of a land corresponding to what is charted as Graham Land is a matter of considerable doubt. On the map it extends from the 69th parallel of latitude, northward four hundred miles. But Alexander I. Land, the southern termination, is an island, and we saw no land eastward. The character of the land which may or may not exist between this and the newly discovered Belgica Strait is in doubt. It offers scientific and commercial prospects promised by no other new polar region.

At the one hundredth degree of east longitude, close to the circle, there is another interruption in the unknown. This is the much disputed Wilkes Land. It is by far the largest land mass in the entire Antarctic area. Including Victoria Land, its better known eastern border, it covers more than one-sixth of the circumference of the globe. In a territory of this extent, even under the most hopeless spread of snow, would it not be strange if something of value and much of interest were not found? It is not at all probable that the disconnected lines seen by Wilkes are a continuous line of the continent. These are, in all probability, off-lying islands which front a great continent. We are led into the conviction that there is a continent here by the very great number and the enormous size of the icebergs which are here encountered. But conviction without better evidence will not, and ought not to, satisfy explorers.

Enderby Land and Kemp Land furnish other problems. They are probably not fixed to the continent, for the American, Morrell, found open sea below them; but whether they are isolated islands or parts of an archipelago remains to be ascertained. Does Peter Island exist? The Belgica drifted close to the position assigned to it by Bellingshausen, but saw no land. These are but a few examples of the many geographical problems to be solved in the far South.

Before passing from the known to the possibilities of the unknown I will answer the business man's question, "To whom do these lands belong?" It seems to me that the nations seeking to divide China and Africa might turn their ambition toward the Antarctic. Here are millions of square miles which belong to no-

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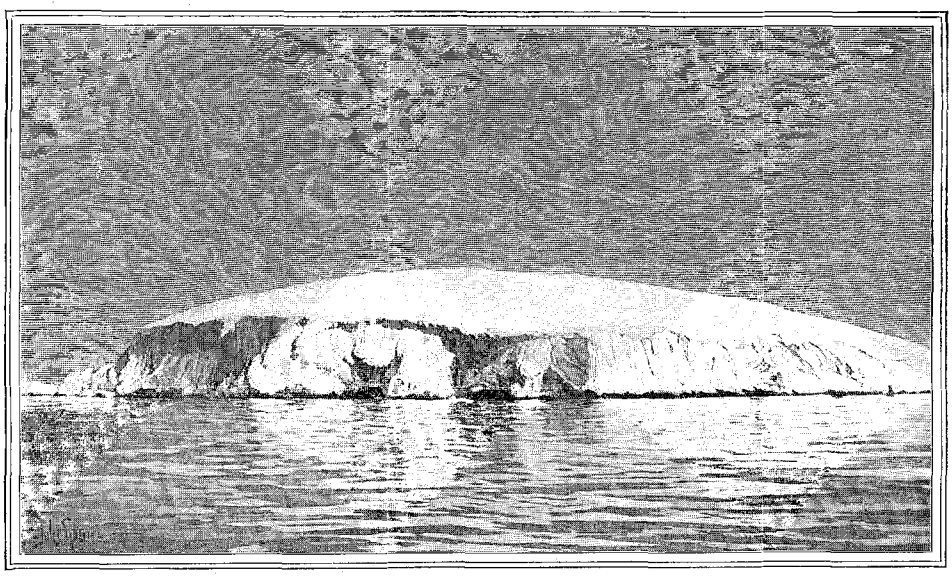

A Characteristic Island.

body; at least there are no valid claims filed, except those which accrue from right of discovery. Victoria Land would seem to belong to England, but it is possible for the United States to lay a strong claim by right of extension of territory. Wilkes, the American explorer, was the first to see and to chart the great masses of land of which Victoria Land is a part. The work of Ross, though better in quality, is supplementary to that of Wilkes, which gives the United States a priority claim. There is also a small French claim. There is, indeed, room for a future boundary dispute of the limits and claims of American, English, and French in Wilkes Land. The British Government seems to have no doubt on this question, for twelve years ago the Queen issued a grant for Possession Island, making Mr. Albert McCormick Davis, of Montreal, a colonial governor of its numerous cities of penguins, and giving him for a stipulated period a monopoly of its guano-beds. Mr. Davis never rose to the dignity of being the first South Polar king. He was content with the honors of appointment, and returned his credentials three months after their issue.

Peter and Alexander I. islands, and one or two islands of the Sandwich Group, belong to Russia. The Bellany, and Biscoe, and Sandwich group, as well as Enderby and Kemp lands, belong to Great Britain. Graham Land, like Wilkes Land, offers many bones of contention. The entire northern coast should belong to the United States. A part of the east coast and a part of the still uncharted west coast belong to England. Norway has a claim for about two hundred miles on the east coast. The recent discoveries of the Belgica give to Belgium the most beautiful and the most useful body of water in the entire Antarctic area.

It is generally held that all these countries belong to nobody; indeed, that they are not worthy of ownership; but this is not true. The issue of a grant for Possession Island is an indication of the sentiment of England; another indication is to be perceived in an incident which happened a few years ago. The Argentine Government, being anxious to secure possession of the South Shetland Islands, probably for the harbors and the possible value of the fisheries, made some preparation to place there a lighthouse and thus take possession by right of prior occupation. In response to this, according to a rumor said to have been based on official instruction, a British cruiser was ordered to speed, as soon as the Argentine steamer left port, to the South Shetlands and there to receive the Argentinos.

I must beg leave to differ with the prevailing opinion regarding polar exploration,

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that there is no commercial or material reward commensurate with the expenditure of time and money. In the Antarctic there are several prospective industries, and much of the future work has a direct bearing upon commerce. There are seals, penguins, and whales in abundance around the circumpolar area. Fur seals are nearly extinct. The various varieties of Antarctic seals have a coarse coat of single hair which is useless as a fur; but the skin and oil are of considerable value. There is no reason why a profitable fishery could not be prosecuted, like that off the coast of Labrador and Greenland. The penguins are not widely known to commerce, but their countless millions will surely attract enterprise and yield some useful product. Already they are being taken at the Falkland Islands for the oil they possess. We must abandon the hope that right or black whales, possessing the prized whalebone, exist here in numbers sufficient to warrant a promise of future whaling. Ross reports having seen right whales, but a diligent search since has failed to establish this report. From the Belgica we saw no whales of this variety; but finback and bottle-nose whales were seen in great numbers. These are small whales having no bone of commercial value, and a somewhat inferior quality of oil. But the hunt for a similar variety of whales in Norway has given profitable employment to thousands of men in the past ten years. Whaling and sealing in the Antarctic cannot, however, be made to pay the enormous expense of fitting out from Europe or North America for so distant a hunting-ground. To make these industries successful, permanent bases must be established either in the Antarctic, on the sub-Antarctic islands, or in the southern ports of South America or Australia.

A Representative Fuegian.

The guano-beds of Possession Island offer an enterprise which seems to promise certain results. The guano is rich in nitrates and exists in quantities sufficient to keep a fleet of cargo vessels occupied for years. Similar islands may perhaps be found off the coast of Graham Land or among the partly known groups such as the South Shetland, Bouvet, Prince Edward, or Macquarie islands.

Our geological knowledge of this area is still too imperfect to offer even a guess of the probable finds of precious metals or gems. Arguing by analogy, the South Shetlands in general appearance, and in what little is known of the geological formation, resemble Tierra del Fuego, and we now know that here gold is found in paying quantities. Since these islands are an extension of the Fuegian lands, is it unreasonable to expect to find gold there? An Antarctic Alaska is by no means beyond the future possibilities.

Are there not people or unknown animals in the regions around the South Pole? Borchgrevink, owing to his inexperience and hasty conclusions, mistook ordinary penguin tracks for the footprints of some large and unknown animal. No reliable traces of either large, new animals or human beings have been found.

Independent of material results, a continued exploration of the Antarctic will certainly disclose priceless scientific acquisitions. A region of the globe nearly eight million square miles in extent, into which the foot of man has not yet trod, is not likely to prove barren of scientific data. The polar question is not a problem of adventure as it is ordinarily thought to be, nor is it a matter of dollars and cents. It is a problem of science, and has for its principal objects: an exact knowledge of the limits of land and water; a careful study of the physical condition of the earth and of life; in short it aims at perfecting that network of lines with which comparative science seeks to surround our

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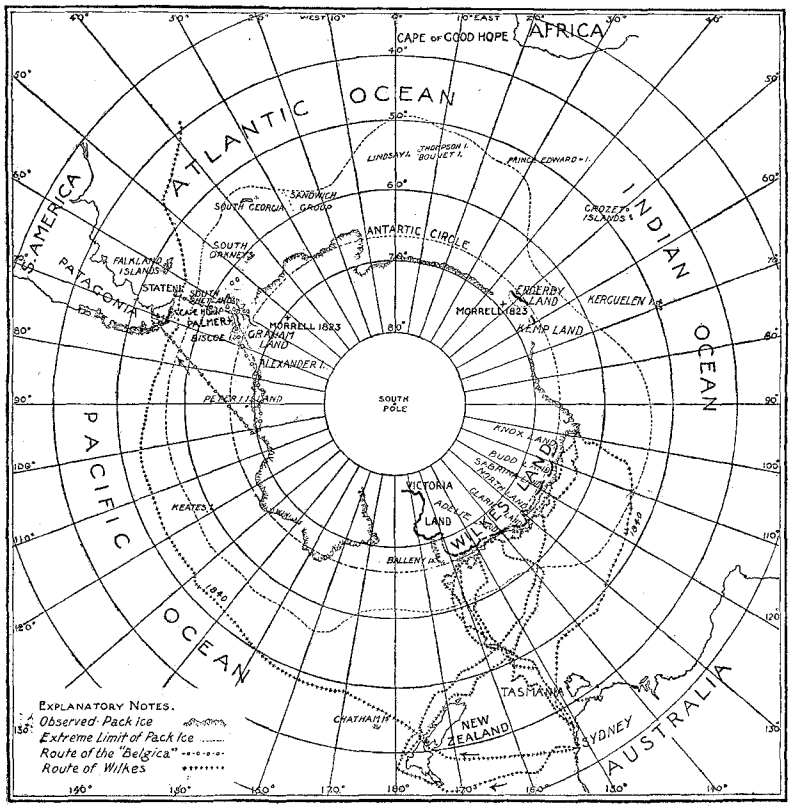

Map of the Antarctic Regions, showing Route of Wilkes, and of the Belgica.
(Adapted from a map by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E.)

planet even at the poles. The prosecution of this labor will add to our knowledge of those physical laws which regulate climates, which indicate the origin of atmospheric and sea currents, and which serve as analogies for geology and other natural sciences.

Specifically, terrestrial magnetism, geography, meteorology, geology, and oceanography are to be most enriched by the results of Far Southern exploration.

Magnetism has an important bearing upon the navigation of the southern hemisphere and even upon the land surveys. If the bearings of the compass cannot be accurately deduced, evidently the course of a ship or the base line or fixed point of a survey must be unreliable. For greater accuracy of the all-important compass more continued and more prolonged magnetic observations in various parts of the Antarctic are indispensable. Even the seemingly easy task of fixing the location of the South magnetic Pole is, with our present knowledge, impossible. The positions assigned by the best authorities differ several hundred miles from each other, and the work of the Belgica places it approximately two hundred miles east of the spot designated by Ross, whose observations have been generally accepted.

Closely associated with the magnetic pole is the mysterious phenomenon, the aurora australis. It would be interesting to have a prolonged series of auroral observations to add to the first records taken by the Belgica. Perhaps this information will help to solve the puzzling questions of the physical character and the origin of the mysterious celestial lights. Some of these questions are: What is the difference between the aurora australis and the aurora borealis? Is there any coincidence in the appearance of the phenomena at both poles? What is the relation of the exhibits with the sun-spots? What relation have auroras with meteorological phenomena—the weather,

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the clouds, the atmospheric electricity? What are the connections between auroras, earth-magnetism, and telluric currents?

The interior South Polar lands are likely to prove the coldest part of the earth. This is contrary to what would be expected, because the great circular sea which surrounds the entire globe should warm the comparatively small expanse of land. In the region of the Belgica's drift, however, the indications were otherwise. Our position was in a restless sea of ice, far from land, with large open lanes of water constantly about us. It follows, then, that we should have had a mild, marine climate. But our temperatures were persistently low, from five to forty-five below zero centigrade; rarely above the freezing-point. And, following southerly winds, the mercury at once sank into the bulb. The suddenness and intensity of cold which came with interior winds bespeaks a very high and a very cold area. This question and a hundred others will be solved by meteorological studies. Problems of weather are associated with neighboring phenomena. For the proper understanding of the climate of the southern hemisphere there is necessary a long-continued series of meteorological studies within the limits of perpetual ice.

A Sailing Sledge.

In geology nearly everything remains to be done. Here are indications of some very interesting problems. Among them are the numerous open questions of the great ice age. In the period immediately preceding the ice age the polar regions were not, as they are now, submerged under a continental sea of ice, but had a somewhat profuse growth of plants, extending even to the base of the mountain glaciers. The fossil remains which have been found in the North and in the South prove that at this time there existed, among these growths, plants which are now found only in subtropical regions. This period was a noteworthy epoch in the history of our planet. The continents then had a greater extension, the life a wider diversity; and the forests were much more luxuriant than they are to-day. The Antarctic is likely to throw new light upon this interesting period. The fossil finds may establish the existence of a life of which we now have no indication. In the many departments of geology we may expect startling discoveries.

Probably the most important results of immediate practical use to both science and commerce will be the gain to the newly born science, oceanography. The ever-increasing usefulness of the ocean for the needs of modern commerce, of warfare, of cable service, and as a nursery for food makes it necessary that we know everything possible about it. We must know, not only the surface, but the bottom and the intermediate waters. We must know, not only the warm seas, but the cold as well. There is a constant interchange between the water of the tropics and that of the poles, just as there is an interchange of the winds. The cold, ice-laden waters have a tendency to flow into the warmer regions. The overheated torrid waters sink and flow poleward. This is the theory, and in part it is supported by observation; but what is the mechanism?

It is evident that the missing keystones to the rising arches of science are many, and the material for some of these will certainly be found in the neglected blank around the base of our globe. The reasonable certainty of these results is likely to arouse a South Polar enthusiasm within a few years. I wish to offer a preliminary word of warning. Up to the present Antarctic history has to record no great loss of life, no awful calamities, like the Arctic tragedies. The Arctic and the Antarctic are alike only in degrees of cold

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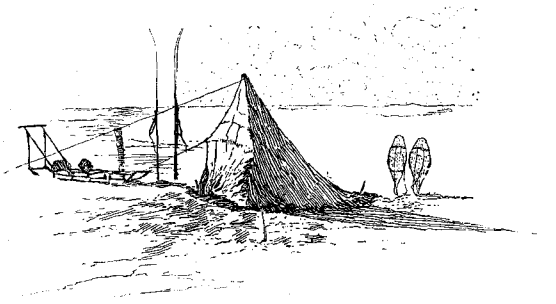
and in the quantities of ice. Even in this they differ and in every other respect there is no resemblance. From this it follows that an Antarctic explorer should be differently equipped from the man who travels in the Far North. The hopeless isolation and impossibility of retreat make a fixed outline, a permanent station, and two vessels imperative.

Should an expedition, risking their fortunes as did the crew of the Belgica, in a single vessel and in the unknown drift, lose the ship, which is always easy, the disaster would mean nearly certain death for everybody. It is true that the Belgica experienced no great damage by pressure, but that we escaped with our vessel is a matter due quite as much to accident as to any wisely prompted construction of the ship. If a field of ice two miles in diameter should press upon any vessel, in the wrong situation, it would certainly crush her.

This is always to be expected in Antarctic navigation, and it makes a companion ship indispensable. The South, also, is a hard school for explorers. Young men who wish to engage in this work should take their schooling in the more congenial Arctic regions.



A Wind-proof Tent.

LONELINESS

By J. H. Adams

I AM not lonely when I cross the lands
Where other men are not, for at my feet
New flowers blossom, and their fragrance sweet
A solace is, that happiness commands;
Nor am I sad when at the fair demands
Of fate I walk the crowded foreign street,
The while with no familiar face to meet—
Companionable are the swinging hands
And restless feet. But when the curling smoke
Betrays, on desert's edge, the homes of men
And fanes of love, to me, alas, unknown;
When conscious eyes meet eyes, and faith unbroke
Hallows the lips I see that press, ah, then,
God pity and forgive! I am alone.

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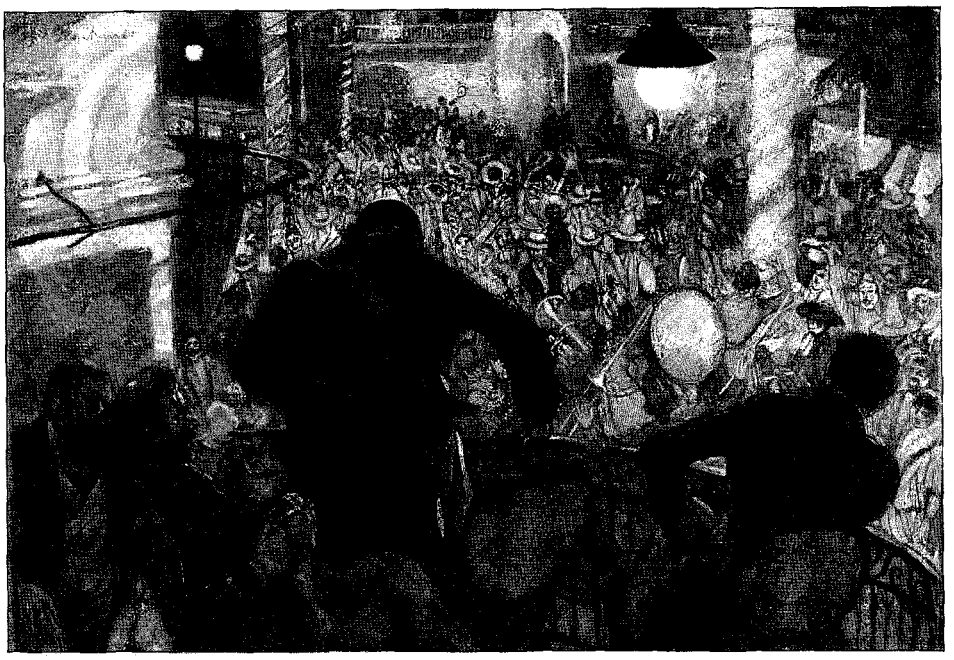

"Behold Portate!"—Page 718.

THE PORTATE ULTIMATUM

By Arthur Colton

With Illustrations in Color by W. Glackens

BATEMAN'S SLIP is a little fragment of that bay, which is half river and partly strait, and about which three islands and a mainland put their heads together and consider commerce. The heads contain innumerable ideas, and Bateman's Slip is one of them. It is a pregnant idea. Ships come into it, mainly from the South Atlantic, carrying mixed crews wearing overalls, some with tropical complexions and little English, some with the rheumatism and a Down-East accent. From the end of the wharf one can watch up and down the mob of tugs and crossing ferry-boats, long freighters, yachts, tiny cat-boats, and dignified trans-Atlantic steamers that glide up the bay conscious of their caste and position in the world of the sea.

It was a warm spring afternoon. Caddy, the wharf-master, sat on a pile of crates in a kind of false idleness, his eye going here and there. The rest of us practised an idleness that was more genuine, except Stanley, the electrical engineer, whose idleness was dynamic. And about us were the rumbling of drays, the clatter of feet, and the thump of baled goods dropped on the planking. A new-come ship, with patched sails and a look of slow decay, was tied to the clustered piles.

"Hides," said the engineer, sniffing the air.

"Leather, Bahia," said the wharf-master. "I'd like to tan the man that tanned it. That's a smoky lot of stuff," he called to the captain, going by.

"Smoke!" said the captain, gloomily. "We're a humpin' censer, we are. You can smell us all up the coast. But what can you do?"

"Sacrifice the consignor to the gods of the Atlantic," said the engineer.

It was too mythical for the captain, and he went away with his melancholy.

"I lived in South America once," said

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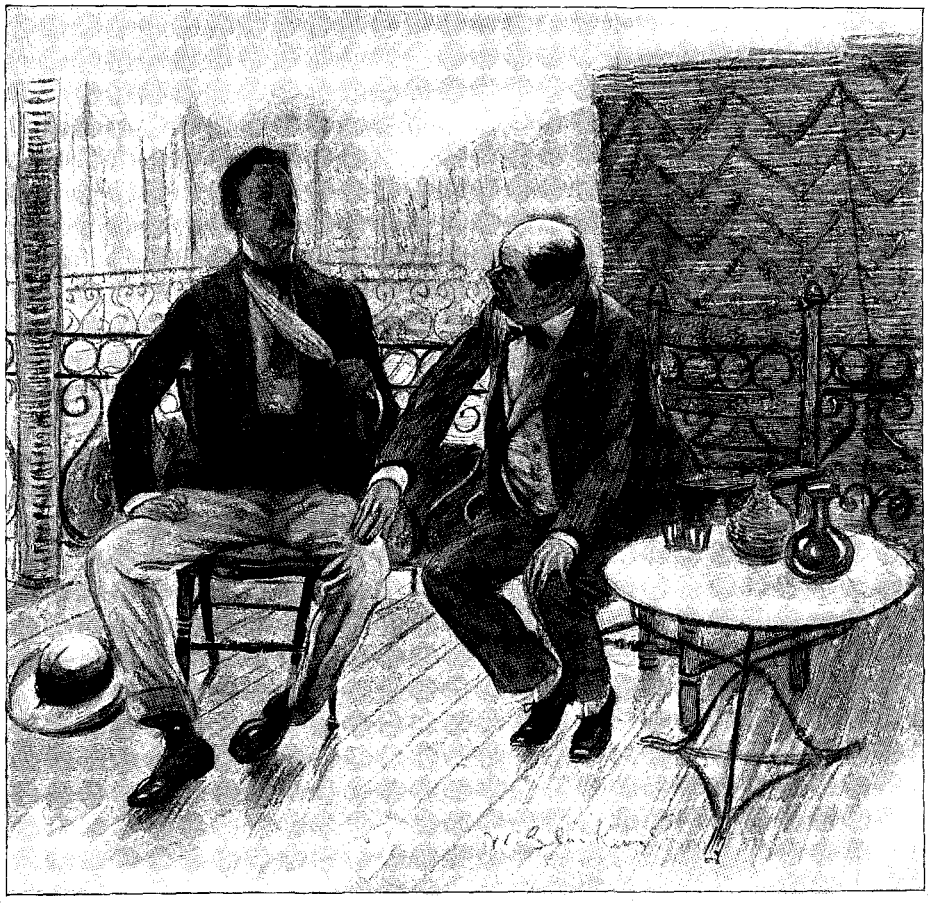
the engineer, thoughtfully. "I ran a contract to light the city of Portate, and that was some time ago, but I know how he feels."

It arose from this that the engineer told us the story of "The Portate Ultimatum":

There is a river called the Jiron, that runs by Portate into a sea full of islands.



"It's an ultimatum."—Page 716.

It comes down through leagues of damp forest, and hot plains you can plant a straw hat on and grow the original crop—that is, the soil is average good—from table-lands where the cattle ranches are, and beyond all from the black gorges and white caps of the Andes.

There are three telegraph lines running inland from Portate to the capital and elsewhere. The monkeys do gymnastics on the wires, and the natives steal sections to tie up their cane-houses from falling down, on the theory that the thing is plain foolishness, and the enterprise of fools is the profit of the wise. Then you go around and lam the native and take the wire, but he stays by his own opinion, and the Government wants to know what you mean by allowing official messages to be interrupted; for, they say, monkeys and cane-houses are not in the contract, and call it improper frivolity to mention them. "Why tie up cane-houses with official messages? Why submit important business improperly to the gymnastics of creatures without intelligence?" till you come out of it by swearing yourself blood relation to all the monkeys on the Jiron, which seems as satisfactory as anything, being put down to the inherited madness of the northerner. There are seventeen varieties of monkeys on the Jiron.

On the two railroads that go out of

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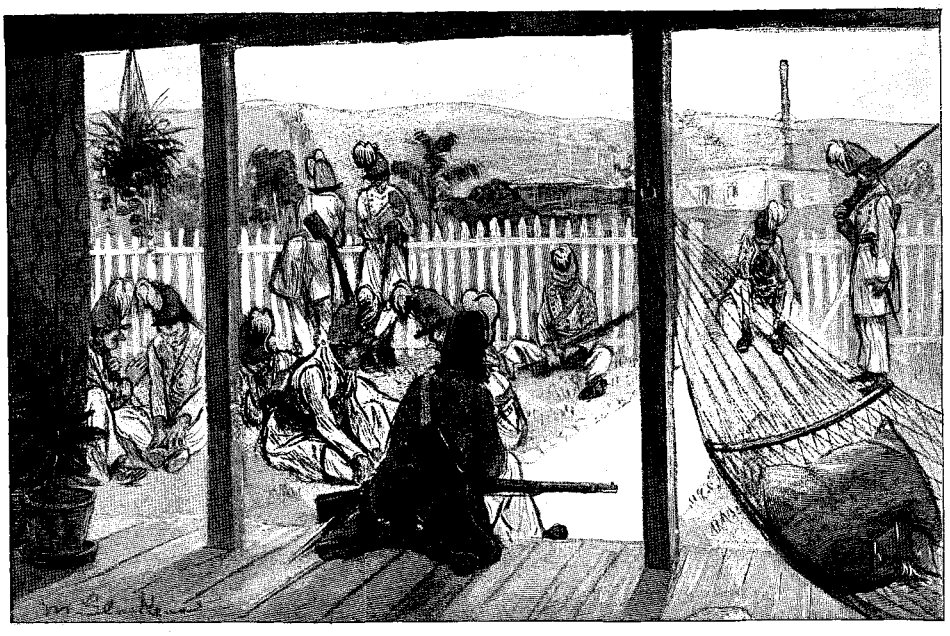

The yard was full of soldiers of the City Guard.—Page 719.

Portate they run over more alligators than cars, and they do say that creepers grow over the tracks between trains, but I never saw it. And in the city of Portate there are wharves, which float off down the river in freshets, and have to be pursued and picked out with difficulty from among the hundreds of little sea islands, and brought back in disgrace. They have a trolley line that goes from the wharves to the Plaza and then visiting about town; and telephones, and electric lights, which are the pride of the enlightened, but some of the others think they are run by connection with that pit of the sinful about which Padre Raphael is an authority.

"For, observe! It is not as wood that it burns. *Madre de Dios*, no! It is the wrath of the devil on the end of a stick."

The Union Electric had the contract for the whole outfit of the lights, and sent me down to handle it. I had good nerve then. I thought electricity was king, and that a man could do about anything he set out to do. He can, but my nerve is not so good now.

Now the Union Electric Company's contract was to furnish the city of Portate so many arc lights, at so much a month per light, with monthly payments, but there was more politics in it than I was used to. And it took me some time to see that, if the Mayor bought a set of gilt furniture on the 28th and the paymaster a span of horses on the 29th, it wasn't reasonable to bring them a city lighting bill on the 30th. But they thought it unreasonable, and after awhile I came near thinking so too. I had to get five signatures to each bill, and the signatures took turns going off into the country between the 30th and the 15th. And after that they generally came with protests in parentheses, that arc No. 53 had been observed by respected gentlemen to sputter improperly, and that arc No. 5, on a certain night, had refused to burn, in contempt of authority, which was because a native had heaved a stone into it, out of religious scruples. They were always in arrears. They liked it that way. They said it was delay in the tax-collecting. It was very warm. Did the Señor Stanley suffer from the heat? Alas! the tax collector was too fat. It had been represented to his Excellency that tax collectors should be thinner. They were twelve hundred dollars behind at the end of six months. It seemed to me that the city of Portate was too happy. It didn't have troubles enough.

In another month it was three hundred

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more. I went to see the Mayor, what they call the "Jefe Municipal."

He was a puffy man, of about the fatness of the tax collector, but smaller, and wore a mustache and imperial in such a way that it seemed to be his symbol of authority.

I said, "Mayor, the city owes me fifteen hundred dollars."

"Is it possible!" he cried, holding up his hands. "But we do pay you too much. How does the city owe you fifteen hundred dollars if it is not too much?"

That was good tropical logic. Tropical logic always confused me.

"My friend," he said, "is it not in your country also that the corporation oppresses the people?"

"The Union Electric," I said, "doesn't do business for love of humanity, and it didn't send me down here for my health."

"Alas! No?" sighed the Mayor, wiping his forehead. "The corporations are without souls, pitiless. I read it in a newspaper, that also of the United States." But if the Señor's health is delicate, a trip to the hills——"

"I give you till Wednesday night."

He brightened up.

"It is a festival night. The municipal band will play in the Plaza. The people will dance. Portate is a city of pleasure, a second Paris. And you, Señor, will honor us, on the balcony of the magistrates."

"Fifteen hundred dollars by Wednesday night, or I shut off the lights. With great regret, your Excellency——"

"Señor——"

"It's an ultimatum. Allow me to express, nevertheless——"

The Mayor rose, smiling.

"Nevertheless, you will observe the festival. A delight, Señor, a panorama!"

I went over and tried to impress the paymaster, but he wouldn't be impressed either. He said arc No. 38 was shining persistently into the upper-story windows of the house of a municipal councillor, against his honor and privacy. He said the son of the municipal councillor was to marry his, the paymaster's, daughter, and the Union Electric Company oughtn't to disturb such alliances. And I went down to the plant as fast as possible, feeling in the mind to see people that were reasonable and steady, like the six dynamos and Jimmie Hagan, the foreman.

I know how he feels, that fellow with the bad leather. He thinks he can't do anything, but he can if his nerve's good. He thinks South Americans are no use, and he's wrong again. Jimmie Hagan's assistant was a man named Chepa, and, when Chepa didn't do his work right, Jimmie would call him names and do it for him. And Chepa says: "It is good, my friend Jimmee. Observe. I sit down. I smoke. You work. You perspire disgustfully. Whether it is you or I am the fool, who knows? The good God only." And Chepa and Jimmie loved each other with the affection of a man for his pug dog, and each of them thought the other was the pug dog, and that nobody had a pug dog the equal of his. I call that a proper international relation.

Plodding far behind in pink uniforms and very dejected.—Page 721.

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"A la carcel!"—Page 721.

I told Jimmie Hagan I was going to shut off the lights if they didn't pay up by Wednesday night, and Chepa's hair stood up. He said I was a distinguished gentleman and would be shot for an anarchist, together with himself and his friend Jimmee.

"'Tis no business of yours," says Jimmie. "Misther Stanley has in moind to take a mortgage on the City Hall and electhrocute the Council. Shut up wid ye."

"Mother of heaven!" says Chepa. "It will be a hot time. Behold me, Señor, I am game."

I told him he wouldn't need any more heroism than came natural, seeing I only wanted him to stay away from the plant Wednesday night far enough so he couldn't be found.

"And, Jimmie," I says, you'll switch her off for me, and cut away, and don't let them lay eyes on a red hair of you that night."

"It is nought of the kind, sor. 'Tis a beauthiful auburn."

"It is red, Jimmee."

"Tind yer ingine, ye black Dago!"

And I left them to squabble it out. But Jimmie's hair was red. He was a little stoop-shouldered Irishman with a crook in his eye, and Chepa was about the same size with black hair flopping round like an Indian's.

That was Saturday, if I don't forget, and it came on to Wednesday without any interviews. The heat of the midday was awful, and I didn't see that the tax collector was getting thinner with extra

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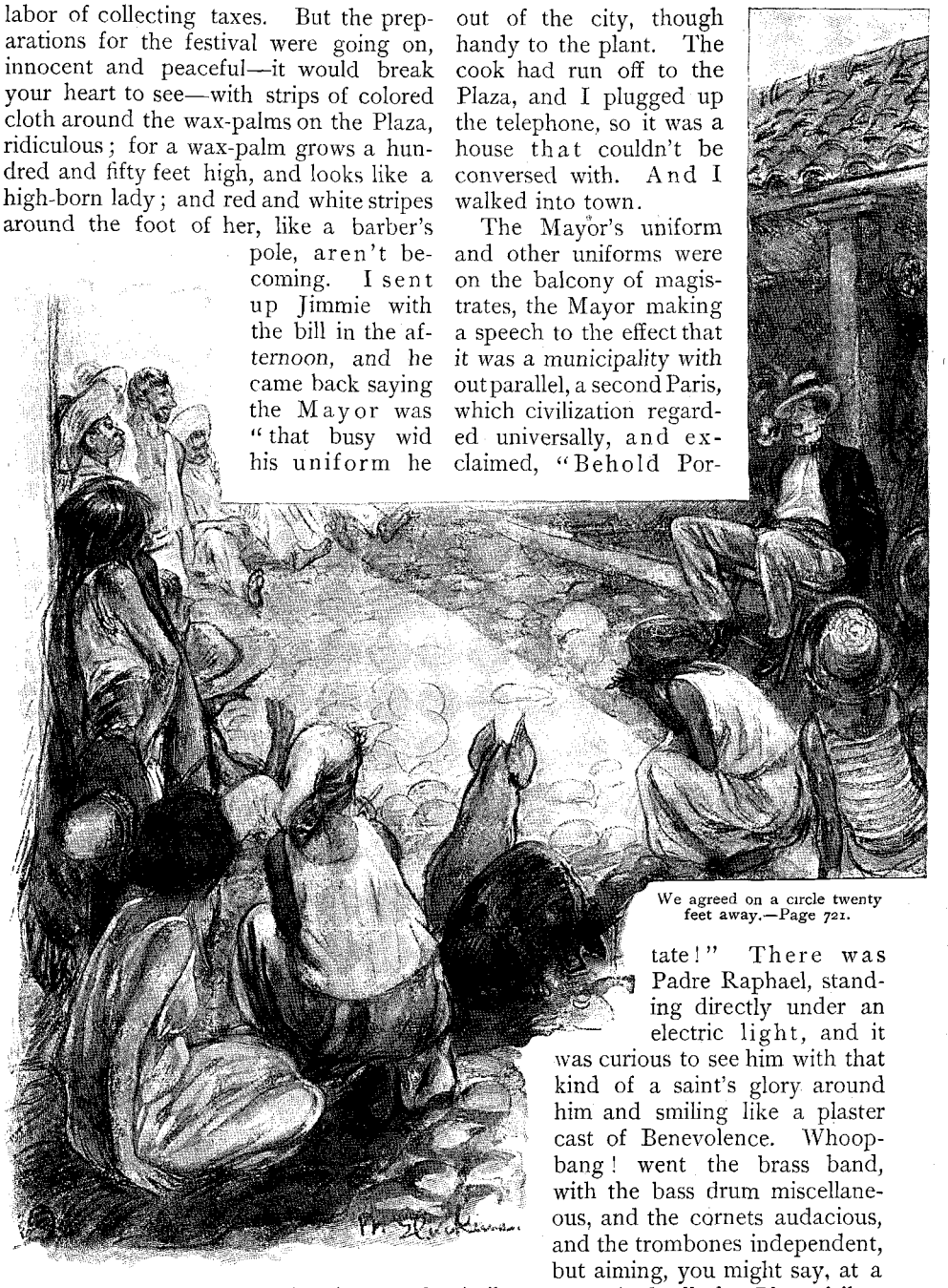
labor of collecting taxes. But the preparations for the festival were going on, innocent and peaceful—it would break your heart to see—with strips of colored cloth around the wax-palms on the Plaza, ridiculous; for a wax-palm grows a hundred and fifty feet high, and looks like a high-born lady; and red and white stripes around the foot of her, like a barber's pole, aren't becoming. I sent up Jimmie with the bill in the afternoon, and he came back saying the Mayor was "that busy wid his uniform he wouldn't look at him," and Jimmie wanted a permit "to black the paymasther's eye for bein' impident." I gave him orders to shut off the switch at nine o'clock. About eight in the evening I disguised myself with a cloak and a villainous slouch hat, and left my house, which was a mile out of the city, though handy to the plant. The cook had run off to the Plaza, and I plugged up the telephone, so it was a house that couldn't be conversed with. And I walked into town.

The Mayor's uniform and other uniforms were on the balcony of magistrates, the Mayor making a speech to the effect that it was a municipality with out parallel, a second Paris, which civilization regarded universally, and exclaimed, "Behold Portate!" There was Padre Raphael, standing directly under an electric light, and it was curious to see him with that kind of a saint's glory around him and smiling like a plaster cast of Benevolence. Whoop-bang! went the brass band, with the bass drum miscellaneous, and the cornets audacious, and the trombones independent, but aiming, you might say, at a similar tune. And all the Plaza fell to dancing and conversing, with the fountain in the middle sprinkling recklessly, and the wax-palms done up in red and white bunting, and the electric lights shining uncannily, with their bills unpaid.



We agreed on a circle twenty feet away.—Page 721.

"Come up, Padre Raphael," shouts the

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Mayor presently, catching sight of his reverence, "to the balcony of the magistrates. 'Tis a glorious occasion," says he, puffing out his chest so anybody could admire that liked.

And then the lights went out, and the band ended off with a grunt and a squeal.

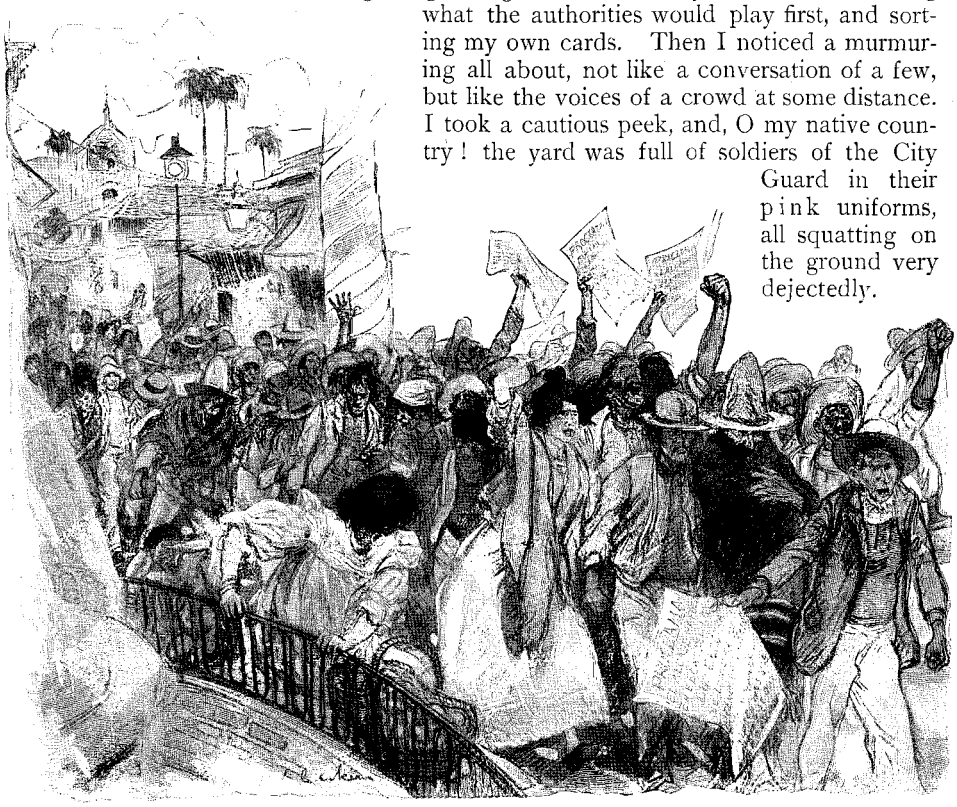
The plaza was black as your hat, only for a few lights in the windows, and quite silent for a moment. I lit out when the howls began. It seemed to me they'd sound better from a distance. There were people running and shouting along the pitch-black streets. But getting into the outskirts of the city, I found there were a few stars shining, and came home without trouble. I sat down on a bench in the garden and waited. It was very peaceful, with all manner of tropic scents floating out of the forest. Shutting down the lights of Portate didn't seem to bother the rest of South America.

"It's an insurrection we been at, sor."—Page 722.

By and by a carriage drove up, and there was a deal of banging at the doors, and tramping around the house, and swearing with a great number of vowels. I expect it was an under-official that threw a rock through the window, not a real dignitary.

I went to bed after that. I don't know how long they tried to telephone from the City Hall — the telephone didn't say.

When I awoke in the morning the sunlight was shining brightly through the shutters, and I lay awhile getting things straightened out in my mind and wondering what the authorities would play first, and sorting my own cards. Then I noticed a murmuring all about, not like a conversation of a few, but like the voices of a crowd at some distance. I took a cautious peek, and, O my native country! the yard was full of soldiers of the City Guard in their pink uniforms, all squatting on the ground very dejectedly.



But what a sight was the Plaza!—Page 724.

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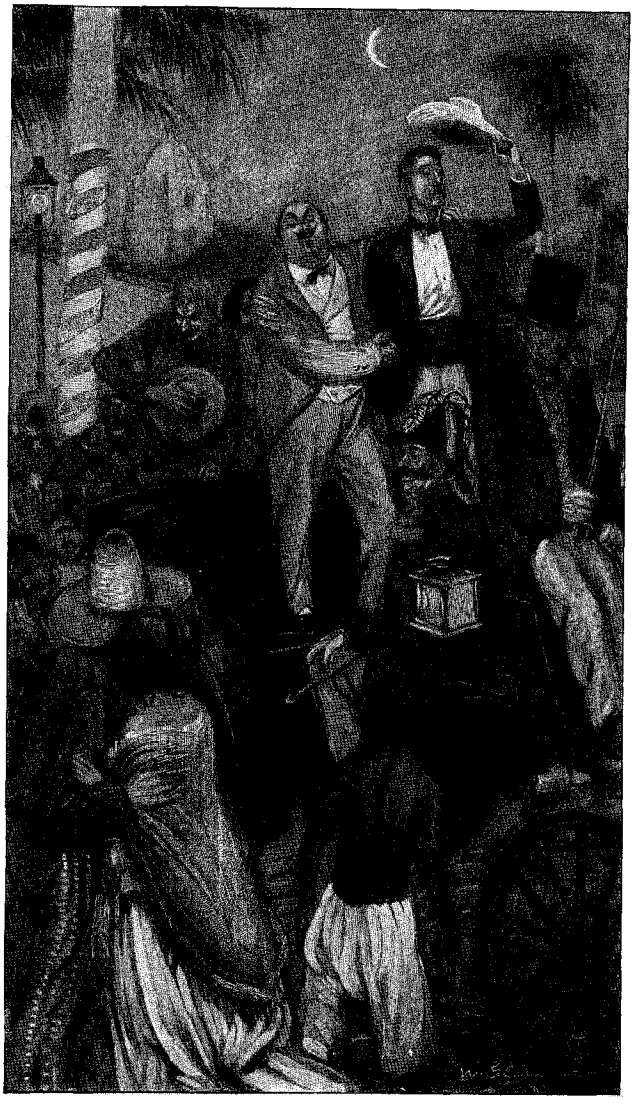

"It is the will of the people that we be reconciled."—Page 723.

"Hi!" says I. "There's no hurry about getting dressed. The cook must have stayed shy or they'd have got me."

And I didn't see the cook for a week. He came on the soldiers about three o'clock in the morning, camping in the front yard. Their orders were to stay there till I came home. The cook went off into the country to avoid politics.

"Speaking of the cook now," I said to myself, "they'll arrest me without breakfast. They'll march me into town afoot like a malefactor. It won't do for the dignity of the Company."

With that I wrapped myself and the telephone in double blankets, took out the plug, and rang up the livery-stable with caution.

"Carriage!" I says, "to Mr. Stanley's house, North Road, in an hour."

Then I prospected in the kitchen on tiptoe, and collected a spirit-lamp and such matters, got dressed, and breakfasted behind the shutters with a calmness that was a bit artificial. The City Guard wasn't breakfasting. By the calamitous features of the elderly officer sitting on my horse-block, they didn't expect to. El

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Capitano Lugo was his name, and a very friendly man, after breakfast.

I sat smoking behind the shutters, and waited for the carriage, which came along leisurely about nine. The soldiery destroyed the picket-fence getting into the road all together.

"What news?" says El Capitano Lugo.

The driver was a scared man.

"Eh!" he said. "But I know nothing, Señor Capitano, nothing! Carriage to Señor Stanley, North Road. A telephone."

"Mother of heaven! It is an empty house, idiot!"

With that they were all crowded close about the carriage, talking in low tones, but excited. It was about ghosts, as the captain told me after, and there ran a theory among them that I had been a spirit the last twelve hours, turning off lights and sending telephones to avenge the atrocity of my murder.

But it got no farther than a theory, because of the opening of the door, and me coming out on the porch in duck trousers, polka-dot tie, and a calm that was a bit artificial.

"Is that my carriage?" I asks.

"Ah!" shouts the captain, making for me, over the wrecks of the picket-fence. I said:

"How d'ye do?"

"I arrest you!" says he.

"Of course you do. Get into the carriage."

And off we went bowling toward the city, with the guard plodding far behind in pink uniforms and very dejected. He was a pleasant man, the Captain Lugo, but better after breakfast; and he would answer nothing when I tried to show him that pink uniforms were in bad taste for a city guard.

But, oh, the extravagance of language at the City Hall, and the Mayor with his beautiful temper in ruins!

"Intolerable! The contempt of dignity, the mockery of constituted power! By whose orders were the lights turned off?"

"Mine, your Excellency, of course. Told you all about it last Saturday."

"*A la carcel!*" he shouted, with his official mustache standing up at the ends. "He has despised the city. Take him to jail, hastily."

"You'd better look out," I said. "It's an international complication. The United States will be capturing Portate with an extension of the Monroe Doctrine," I said, fishing wildly for an argument.

"Insolent foreigner!" says he.

"May Portate be darkened forever!" says I, getting mad.

"*A la carcel!*" says he, and four pink uniforms hustled me and my duck trousers out into the street and round the corner to the jail.

Now that was an unpleasing place to be in. I charged up fifty dollars for the experience to the Union Electric Company, who said it was a good joke and paid it; but it wasn't a joke.

The jail was an expanse of dead-wall on the street, except at one place where there was an architectural doorway. And within there was a large patio or courtyard, a low adobe building surrounding, with rows of open cells, and a sort of cemented veranda in front. That was the Portate City Jail entire. There were guards at the door. They shoved you in and you did what you chose. There were groups of dirty peons lolling about, others playing some game with pebbles and fragments of cement, two women who had been officially interrupted while pounding each other's head, a donkey, some cats, and a sad-eyed pig, all arrested for vagrancy. But, oh, man, talk of the smell of hides improperly cared for!

I sent a guard up to the hotel for a chair, and sat down haughtily in the corner of the veranda behind the gateway and farthest from the sun. The groups of peons gathered around me. Their manners were naturally good, but they couldn't avoid the romantic fascination of me. I sent another guard with a telegram to the United States Minister, and a message for the resident Consul. I gave him a dollar to buy tobacco and cigarette papers, and compromised with the friendly peons. We agreed on a circle twenty feet away, which was near enough for conversation and far enough for a draught between. There was a wall of them, all supplied with cigarettes, and me the centre of observation. We discussed the government of Portate, and there was no one in the City Jail but thought it needed reform.

By and by the Consul came, and he was

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that interested and pleased with the situation he wasn't up to the duties of his office, as I told him. He said the Mayor was in luck, on account of the extreme heat up-country at the capital.

"My guess at the Mayor is, he's figuring to keep you in jail over night for the sake of his dignity, and cover you with documentary apologies in the morning," said the Consul. "And I've been telegraphing the Minister and can't get him, for he's gone hunting up the cool of the mountains with the President of the Republic, the Minister of the Interior, and some other official parties. I say, Stanley, why did you pick out a festival and presidential excursion day? You bold, bad man!" said he, sticking his hands in his pockets and laughing at me.

"Stay here all night!" I shouted.

"Can't help it," said the Consul, grinning. "I've done all I could. He'll get into trouble likely. What can I do, if he wants to run his risk and stand by his luck?"

"I'll denounce you to the State Department for inefficiency."

"Have a cot bed?" says he.

"Get out!"

"Pleasant dreams," he says. "It will be a hot night;" and with that he went off grinning.

The afternoon wore away slowly. I began to think the Mayor might have me down after all, and wondered if Jimmie Hagan would run the plant that night with a detachment of pink soldiery over him. I sent a guard after some lunch. No one else came except my lawyer, who brought some newspapers and said the Mayor was blushing all over with happiness and conceit. He said there were crowds in the Plaza, and sure enough you could hear the mutter and shuffle of them, for the Plaza was but a few blocks away. It seemed to me they were making more noise than before, and when the lawyer was gone and the afternoon was late it seemed to have grown to a kind of dull roaring, with shouts and howls intermixed. The peons in the patio were stirring about, too, and jabbering. The dusk was coming on faintly.

There was a clatter and tramp of feet in the street outside.

The door flew open with a bang.

"Tak' yer durty hands off me!"

Bang went the door again, and there in the patio stood Jimmie Hagan and Chepa.

"Jimmie!" I cried. "What's the matter?" for his hair was rumpled and his coat torn, and Chepa's the same, with rough handling. The crowd in the patio began to gather about us, but the guards scattered them.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?"

"Hoosh!" said he. "It's an insurrection we been at, sor. We been arristed for distributin' insidjus proclamations, a writ by Chepa in backwoods Casthilian. The guards has taken me last copy wid the letters three inches long.

"*The Mayor has Tyranously Arristed the Electric Lights. Release Misther Stanley or Down wid the Mayor! Shall Portate be Darkened? Citizens, Rise!*"

"Oh, hivens!" said Jimmie, "the entherprize and adventures of Chepa an' me!"

"Comb down your red hair," I says, "and go on."

"Auburn," says he.

"It is red, Jimmee," says Chepa.

"Tind yer own hair, ye black Dago. I'll begin at the beginnin'. I shut off the switch at nine as ye told, sor, an' Chepa was waitin' for me outside. An' we run by the back streets to Chepa's palashil risidence. 'Tis in a little alley, sor, that goes off Bolivar Street, but ye can see the steps of the City Hall from the roof of it through a chink in the houses. They sent a rigimint of police to the plant, an' only the ignorant outcast of an Andros was there, that knows no more of the machines than to shovel coal when he's rapped wid a scantlin'. An' we knew no more that night than there was wicked rage in the heart of Portate, an' she went to bed in the dark wid bad dreams; for we spent the night on the roof, shleepin' peaceful an' cool.

"In the mornin' we went out to see the sights of this ragin' city, an', oh, hivens! oh, sor! the throuble an' combustion of it! A crowd of men grabs us at the corner.

"'Gintlemen,' says I, 'respicted señores, 'tis the wickedness of the Mayor, a-spindin' on gilt furniture the hard-earned taxes of the people, collected by the tax collector,' says I, 'wid the shweat of his

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fatness; an' Misther Stanley, to the great sorrow of himself,' says I, 'havin' run out of electricity an' unable to purchase more on account of the hard-heartedness of the divilish Mayor,' says I. An' wid that we broke away an' established headquarthers of sedition at a resthaurant.

"By an' by comes the news that yerself was arristed an' put in jail, makin' me blood boil wid anger.

"'Chepa,' says I, ''twill never do.'

"'It will not,' says Chepa.

"'Write a proclamation,' says I, 'red hot.'

"'Hot!' says he. 'There's no furen gover'ment to rescue Chepa wid diplomacy. They'll hang me,' says he, 'an' 'tis no matther.' An' prisintly we scuttles off to the printer wid me pocket full of barbarious money.

"'Set it up,' I says, 'print it.' An' he did that same on paper three feet long, wid fear an' tremblin' of the disthruction in me eye."

"Said I not so?" broke in Chepa. "We are game. I, Chepa, Jimmee, my friend. A hot time, eh?"

"'Tis thrue, sor," said Jimmie. "But ye should have seen the surprisin' innocence and wrath of the populace, a-jumpin' all over the Plaza, a-howlin', a-wavin' proclamations, a-blackguardin' the Mayor for arristin' the lights whin the night was comin' on cloudy. Prisintly comes a line of soldiers wrigglin' through the crowd, an' one of 'em taps me over the head wid his rifle out of the mistherable shpite of 'im, an' they takes Chepa an' me red-handed in the dishthributin' of proclamations, an' up we goes, up the steps of the City Hall, before the public was onto the insult to its liberties.

"An', oh, hivens!" said Jimmie, "the terrible language of the Mayor, a-kickin' over chairs in the corridhor.

"'To prisin!' says he, tearin' his hair tremenjus. 'Ye'll be shot in the mornin'!' says he.

"An' they took us out the back alley, an' we came here sudden, bein' punched in the back wid the butt ends of the rifles of a misfit soldiery. Is thim the facts? Shpeak, ye black Dago." Chepa blinked his eyes, and said those were the facts. He also stated that it was "a hot time," and that he was "game." I didn't know what to think, but I said they were "two break-neck idiots."

"Don't ye think it," said Jimmie. "The Mayor, sor, is a nice man when he's cheerful, but he's not a wise man when there's divilment in the air. An' there's only three men in the city knows how to run the dynamos an' handle the circuit, an' where are they? Right here. Him that mad wid the proclamations, he was foolish. Well, sor, what can he do? It's not for me to be sayin', but there's the multithude a-shlingin' stones at the City Hall, this blissed minute. There'll be electhric lights or shootin', for 'tis no dignity wid them, sor, but it's lights, an' the Mayor had betther not be foolish. Hark to 'em!"

The roar of the crowd had grown to be tremendous, and they were probably throwing stones. What, indeed, would the Mayor do? The peons about us were chattering in excited groups, and the guards at the gate were distinctly uneasy. If the mob came there, I could make a fair guess what the guards would do.

There was a sudden clatter in the streets, of hoofs and wheels on bad pavement. Again the great wooden door flew open with a bang. Entered the paymaster, another agitated official, and an officer in pink and white, who bowed and smiled at me affectionately.

"You are released, señor," said the officer.

"Oh, I am! And these two?"

"Impossible, señor. His Excellency is determined. With you, señor, he requests a friendly interview."

"He won't get it."

"His Excellency is in a carriage at the door."

It was not fifty feet to the open door. His Excellency seemed to have lost flesh with the excitement and anguish of his mind.

"Oo-aa!" came over from the Plaza. that indescribable roar.

"Oh, señor!" he said with enthusiasm. "It is the will of the people that we be reconciled. Enough. We are reconciled."

"Not yet, Mayor. My two men."

"Impossible!"

"Not a light, then. Bury it all, Mayor. The wisest plan."

"But the proclamations! Abominable, public, infamous!"

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"They were wrong."

"You admit it!"

"They must be pardoned."

"To-morrow," says the Mayor.

"Now," says I.

"Oo-aa!" from the Plaza, that hair-raising yell.

The Mayor shivered. Then he gathered up his dignity with the gracefulness of a lady picking up her skirts, and finished the game like a fallen but romantic potentate.

"Enough," he says. "I yield."

We drove to the Plaza, Jimmie Hagan and Chepa standing on the carriage-springs behind, then the Mayor and I standing on the seat and holding hands for the public to see the unlimited affection we had; then the paymaster and the officer in pink and white on the seat facing, waving their hats with unnatural joy, and the other official on the seat with the driver.

But what a sight was the Plaza! What a howling mass of faces, open mouths, hands gesticulating, all fading and dimly seen at a few hundred feet from the carriage, for the night was falling fast.

We came to the steps of the City Hall. The Mayor and I got down, with the pink-and-white officer and the two officials. I ordered Jimmie and Chepa to make the plant in ten minutes, and they went off, sitting in the carriage, splendid, victorious in the sight of men, with their chins in the air.

It was half an hour before the lights came, for the fires were run low by the irresponsible stokers. We waited. So did the crowd below, shuffling, muttering inarticulately.

But the lights came, with a spit and sputter.

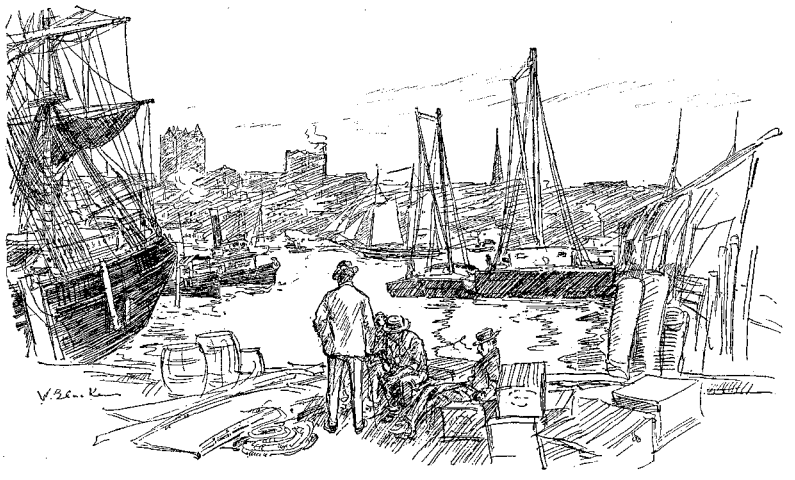
Whoop-bang! went the brass band, with the bass-drum miscellaneous, the cornets audacious, the trombones aiming at similar tunes, the people shouting and dancing among the wax-palms that were done up in bunting, and the Mayor making a speech from the balcony of magistrates, to the effect that Portate was the centre of civilization, a city of pleasure, a second Paris. The joy of the occasion was universal and contagious.

And the fifteen hundred dollars were paid next day. Maybe the Mayor pledged his gilt furniture; maybe he swore in deputy tax collectors. But I think, anyway, he was a nice man, as Jimmie Hagan said, when he was cheerful, for he never showed any malice for his trouble, and it takes a good man to know when he's downed. Moreover, I spent a day helping him smooth things out at the capital, where the President and his Secretaries and Ministers were busy sending him telegrams that were hot and pointed. And I don't know but he's the mayor of Portate still.

"That leather," said the electrical engineer, rising, "is bad."

"It is so," murmured the wharf-master.

"Well," said the engineer, dreamily, "I wish I was there. I like South America."



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THE SENIOR READER

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT STERNER

I

WHEN in May, 1857, Mr. Anthony Panizzi—he had not then been knighted—opened the great reading-room of the British Museum, he walked down the centre aisle with the Prince Consort and the trustees, and spoke to a man in a shabby coat who stood near the door.

"Mr. Basilwood," said Panizzi, "you are my senior reader, since you have already been twenty years in Burlington House, and you shall have the choice of seats. I hope," he added, "that *this* building will stand until your great work is finished."

"Who is that?" whispered the Prince.

"Sir," answered Panizzi, "that is William Basilwood. Much learning hath made him mad."

"Dear me!" said the Prince.

"Quite so," said Panizzi.

Basilwood smiled at the use of such colloquial English by a German and an Italian, but said nothing and, going up the aisle, took the first desk on the right, the desk which he was to occupy for forty years. He sent in his list of books, and was just getting to work when he heard his name spoken at his shoulder. He turned, annoyed by the interruption, and saw the Prince.

"I beg you not to rise," said the latter. "Let me sit by you a moment. The oldest reader in the Museum will doubtless take pity upon my ignorance, since I have observed that knowledge breeds urbanity. Tell me about your work, and I will try to understand."

"Sir," said Basilwood, gruffly, "I am seeking the basis of human life."

"Ah," said the Prince, "I am German bred and simple, and I have been taught that life is the breath of God."

"Perhaps," replied Basilwood, "but it is not proven."

The Prince sat silent for a moment and then he asked, softly:

"Must all things be proven? Is there no such thing as faith?"

"Sir," exclaimed Basilwood, "when you speak to a scientific man of 'faith,' you insult his intelligence. While he is striving to present the race with facts, you ask him to compromise on fables. I grant you there are things so trivial that the absolute truth concerning them is not worth the trouble of its establishment. I have faith that you are the husband of our Gracious Queen, although I was not present at the marriage ceremony. But who, except the Queen, cares whether you are or not? If it were proven, would bread be cheaper, would life be easier, would death be sweeter?"

The Prince flushed and half rose; then he caught himself, resumed his seat and, after a moment, said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Basilwood. I should not have interrupted your work. I told you I was simply bred. I spoke of faith as simple people do who rely upon others to tell them the great truths which they themselves are incapable of finding out. I come to you, who for twenty years have lived with books, and ask you to give me the drop of attar which you have extracted from their leaves. It is much to ask, but life is much to me. You have already for-

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gotten that I am the Prince Consort; forget that I am anything save one who seeks knowledge. Can you blame a thirsty man because he runs to the fountain and, perhaps, stumbles as he runs?"

At this Basilwood bowed, for he had once possessed manners, and said:

"Sir, as yet I have but a theory."

"And I have many," said the Prince, laughing. "Tell me yours."

"Have you time?" asked Basilwood.

"I have fifteen minutes," the Prince answered, looking at his watch; "after that I must leave to open a morgue or a flower-show, I have forgotten which comes first."

"I can tell you all my facts in less time than that," said Basilwood.

"And you have read for twenty years?" exclaimed the Prince.

"Yes," replied Basilwood, "but much that I have read was written upon 'faith' and does not count."

The Prince glanced at his companion out of the corner of his eye, but said nothing.

"A child is born into the world," resumed Basilwood, "well-formed, lusty, and crying."

"Yes," exclaimed the Prince, "I can vouch for the crying. Have you children, Mr. Basilwood?"

"I believe so, sir," replied Basilwood, "but I do not charge my mind with such matters and I must look to make sure."

He took a worn memorandum-book from his pocket, turned some of its leaves, and then exclaimed:

"Of course I have a child—Margaret. Here is the entry." And he read from the book:

"January 3d, 1857. Museum bought copy of Wicked Bible from Stevens for eighteen guineas. In case 24a, 41. Daughter born."

"That proves it," he said, closing the book. "Margaret is my daughter and she was born January 3d, 1857."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Prince.

"That is what you remarked when Panizzi told you I was mad," said Basilwood.

"But we left that new-born child crying," said the Prince, quickly. "Should we not return to it?"

"That child has life in him," resumed Basilwood. "He is 'quick,' as they used to say and as the law-writers say now. The question is, Where is the seat of life? In a week his nurse bites off his finger-nails so that they may grow thin. He still lives. Soon they cut his hair. He does not miss it. As he grows older he loses a foot, a leg, an arm, and still he lives. The seat of life has not been overturned. Then we come to what are vulgarly called 'the vital organs,' and we find that a man has lived with a crowbar driven through his brain, with a bullet through the heart, with the lungs eaten up, with the bowels perforated, with the stomach removed. Where is the centre of vitality? Where is the pin-point in the human frame that death touches to stop the working mechanism which we call life? If we can find it, perhaps we can guard it."

"Mr. Basilwood," said the Prince, rising, "I fear that my time is up, but there is one fact that I can give you and that is that the heart is not the seat of life. I know a man, a strong man, one who helps to make the laws of this realm, who eats and sleeps and walks and talks—yes, he talks a great deal, and yet he has no heart at all."

"That must be Colonel Sibthorp," said Basilwood, with a chuckle. "The papers say that he cut your allowance in the Commons from fifty to thirty thousand pounds."

The Prince smiled and held out his hand. "Good-by," he said, "and be sure to send me the first eleven copies of your work. That will be one each for the Queen, myself, and the children."

"The breath of God, indeed," said Basilwood to himself as the Prince walked away. "I have lost half an hour." And he fell to his work.

II

For some years Basilwood was known at the Museum as "the man that the Prince spoke with;" then one morning a charming girl of eighteen led him slowly up the aisle, took off his wraps, found his spectacles, put a shilling in his pocket, kissed him, and, smiling, went away. In the evening she came to fetch him, and from that day he was spoken of by the

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"Sir, I am seeking the basis of human life."—Page 725.

doorkeepers, the messengers, the confirmed readers, and even by Sir Anthony himself, as "Margaret's father."

One evening she was a little late, and came into the Museum with cheeks aglow and eyes sparkling.

"Daddy," she whispered, as with eager fingers she helped him gather up his notes, "this has been the most beautiful day of my life. You love me, don't you, dear?" and she pushed the white hair back from his forehead and kissed him. They took an omnibus and crossed to the Surrey side. She held his hand the whole way and did not speak, but her face was as that of an angel.

At dinner she was very talkative. "Daddy," she said, after a short pause, "how old was my mother when you and she were married?"

Basilwood did not answer.

"Was she very beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and you are very like her."

Her cheeks flamed, and springing up she ran over to him and put her arms about his neck.

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "I wish to be very beautiful indeed."

"Your mother," said Basilwood, "was a good woman, but she died during the week that the Offer library was sold at Southby's. I missed two days of the sale."

There was a knock at the door and Margaret ran to it, opened it, and went out. There was whispering in the hall, and then in walked a strapping young fellow with a flower in his button-hole and the light of love in his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Basilwood," he said, holding out his hand; "how goes the Great Work?"

"Sir," said Basilwood, "who the devil are you?"

The question seemed to faze the young man, but only for a moment.

"Don't you know me?" he said. "I am Philip Kennet, for whom you stood godfather down in Berkshire, twenty odd

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years ago, and I have been to see your daughter and you ever so many times, and have read no end of copy for you, and I love Margaret and she loves me. Will you give her to me, Mr. Basilwood?"

Then Margaret came in and found the men confronting each other.

"Who is this man?" asked Basilwood.

"Oh, father," said Margaret, "is it as bad as that?" And she went to him and took his hand.

"Philip, dear," she said to the young man, who was no longer smiling, "he doesn't remember even you. You see how impossible it is that I should leave him."

"Leave him," he cried; "I don't ask you to leave him. There will be always a place for him. Only give me the right to take care of you both. He shall have all the books he wants. Why should you be slaving in that shop when I——"

She put her hand over his mouth.

"Margaret," asked Basilwood, "is this true?"

"Is what true, father?"

"That this is Sir George Kennet's son?"

"Yes, father."

"And has he been here often, as he says?"

She smiled sadly and replied, "Yes, very often."

"And do you love him?"

She blushed, but answered, bravely, "I love him next to you."

"Then, sir," said Basilwood, "I hope I know how to be unselfish, and if all goes well, you may have her on the day my book is finished."

III

It was Jubilee year and a dreary day in December. Basilwood left his desk at one o'clock and went to the Museum restaurant. He walked very slowly and leaned heavily upon his stick. When he had taken the chair which a waiter placed for him, he drew a parcel from his pocket, opened it, and began to eat his bread and cheese.

A little man, made noticeable by a large watch-chain and a brown wig, came in, looked nervously about the room, and then came over to the senior reader.

"Mr. Basilwood," he asked, "do you happen to know much about twins?"

Basilwood shook his head.

"Well," continued the stranger, "I can tell you this much. The life of a twin is hell upon earth. What's that you are eating, bread and cheese? Join me in a pork-pie. They are very good here. Waiter, a pork-pie and two mugs of bitter."

They took their seats at a table behind the door.

"Mr. Basilwood," resumed the stranger, "I am told that you are the senior reader in the Museum, and that you have given more than sixty years to the preparation of a work upon the physical basis of life. My name is Gilbert, Theodore Gilbert, and if ever a man needed counsel, I'm the man."

"What can I do for you?" asked Basilwood.

"You can have another pint of bitter," replied Gilbert.

"Granted," said Basilwood.

"My father," continued Gilbert, "when he died left three things behind that raised the devil. He left twins and a home-made will. The will said that David—that's my brother—and I were to have three thousand a year each until one of us died, and then the survivor was to have the pot, a million or more. That made quite a race, and, being twins, we started even. We lived together for a time in the old house, but it finally got onto our nerves. It is no sport to dine with a man when you stand between him and a million. We used to carve by turns and sometimes we would exchange plates and then match a coin to determine which should take the first mouthful. I used to have my tooth-powder analyzed every Monday. After a year or two, this got to be a bit dreary. One night I went into the dining-room early and there was David with the salt-cellar in one hand and a little blue paper parcel in the other. When he saw me he turned as white as his shirt and threw the blue paper into the grate. Then he stood and grinned. He didn't speak. He simply grinned. I was at him in a moment with the carving-knife and I slashed him across the face. He went down and his head hit the base-board. He bled beautifully. In a week he came

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downstairs with a black plaster from the corner of his nose to his chin.

"'There, damn you,' I cried, 'they can tell us apart now.'

"'I've had enough of this,' he said, and we parted. He went to San Francisco, in America, and I stayed here. When he went out of the house he turned and shook his fist at me.

"'Curse you,' he said, 'I'll outlive you.'

"'Not if there is anything in early hours and dry feet,' I replied, and I took a cab for Sir Andrew Ashley's. He's the chap that used to tend the Queen when she was strengthening the succession. I told him about the will and about my twin brother, and then I asked him plump: 'What are my chances?'

"He played with his glasses a moment and then went to the door.

"'William,' he said to the footman, 'if the Chief Justice calls, beg him to wait. I cannot be disturbed.'

"When I heard this, I fished about in my pocket for three more sovereigns.

She came to fetch him.—Page 726.

"'Mr. Gilbert,' he said, when he had resumed his seat, 'a curious law governs double births. Twins are apt to resemble each other not only in features and disposition, but also in constitution. They are like two watches of the same make which, if wound up together, will run down together. So I say to you, putting aside accidents and acute diseases, the chances are that you and your brother will die about the same time. I trust this is satisfactory.

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Good-morning, Mr. Gilbert. It looks like rain.'

"I went the rounds of the doctors and they all told me the same thing. 'You and your brother will die at the same time.' About ten years ago I came here in the hope that I could learn something from the books. I have read more than a thousand, but have found nothing that tells me how to live. Oh, sir, in all your sixty years of research, have you hit upon the secret of life?"

Basilwood rose slowly and leaned upon the back of his chair.

"Mr. Gilbert," he said, with great deliberation, "it is written that reading makes a full man. I have read sixty years, and on top of that I have now two pints of bitter. I am very full. I will see you to-morrow."

"One moment," said Gilbert. "Having exhausted the doctors and literature, last night I tried the fakirs. I went to the Hindoo in Gower Street. He came over for the Jubilee. He told me I might ask him one question, and I said, 'Tell me the date of my death.'"

"He laughed and said, 'I feared you would ask me some hard question—something about a woman. You have a twin brother. You will both die at the same instant. If you look at your left forearm you will see the date of your death.'"

"Well," said Basilwood, "what did you find?"

Gilbert stripped up his sleeve and on the white flesh of his arm, in scarlet letters, were the words, "January first, 1897."

Basilwood dipped the corner of his napkin in his water-glass and scrubbed the letters. They only became brighter.

"No go," said Gilbert. "I've tried everything, from Pear's soap to Sapolio."

Then his whole manner changed suddenly.

"Oh, Mr. Basilwood," he cried, "I am going to die in ten days. I came to you as a last resort. You can't help me to live, it seems. You can help me to die. I have sat near you for ten years. Sit by me the last night of my life. It is awful to drift out beyond the horizon all alone. You have your daughter. I have watched her for years. I have seen her change from a laughing girl to a woman with white hairs above her temples. I have seen her give her life, her hope, her love to you, and some day she will close your eyes. But I must die alone, unless you come and sit by me. I will promise to die like a gentleman. I'll make no fuss, but it will help me when I pass the line and sink, sink to God knows where, if I see a hand of some one of my race waving me a farewell."

Basilwood cleared his throat.

"Mr. ——, excuse me, but your name has escaped me"—and then he lurched a bit and caught his chair. "I am the senior reader here—I have read for sixty years—the Prince Consort spoke to me in fifty-seven. He spoke nonsense, but I felt his royal breath on my ear—the divine afflatus—I have written eighteen parts of my work, and I have a notion that the nineteenth part would fit your case. Can't you postpone your death about a year?" And he leaned over his chair and moistened his lips with his tongue.

Then Margaret came into the restaurant.

"Oh, daddy," she cried. "How you frightened me. I feared you had gone home alone."

Basilwood braced himself between his stick and the chair and smiled vacantly. Gilbert came up to Margaret and took off his hat.

"My dear young lady," he said, "your father has promised to spend the last night of the year with me. Here is my address." And he gave her an envelope.

IV

On the afternoon of December 31st Margaret came to the Museum rather earlier than usual. She brought a handbag with her, and she reminded her father that they were to pass the night with Mr. Gilbert. "He says in his letter," she explained, "that we are to go to Greenwich and dine at the 'Ship.' We are to have the very best dinner we can order, and we are to drink his health in a bottle of champagne. There was a five-pound note in the letter 'for his treat,' he says. After dinner we are to take a cab and drive to his house, which is in Blackheath, just beyond the observatory."

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Drawn by Albert Sterner.

"Then he stood and grinned."—Page 728.

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They went by boat to Greenwich and they had their dinner at the "Ship." The fire in the grate, the lights, the clear turtle, the turbot, the pheasant in a casserole, the forced asparagus, the vintage wine, the toasted cracker, and the gorgonzola, the demi-tasse, the petit-verre, the long, dark perfecto, and the waiter made havoc with the five-pound note.

"Margaret," said Basilwood, "when 'The Work' is finished, we shall dine like this every night, and if there is anything you wish you shall have it. You know me. I've never denied you anything yet, have I?"

She looked away, and then she said, "No, daddy, you have been very sweet to me." But as she spoke, her hands went up to her face, and she rose quickly and crossed over to the window.

The waiter went out and closed the door softly.

"What's the matter?" asked Basilwood; "does the smoke bother you?"

"No," she said, presently, but without turning. "Here is the cab. We must be going."

After a drive of ten minutes they stopped while a gate was opened, then they went on, up a drive-way bordered by pines, and stopped before the house. The front door opened and an elderly woman came quickly down the steps.

"Is this Mr. Basilwood and his daughter?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Margaret.

"Thank God," exclaimed the woman, and she led them into the house.

"You are to go up at once," she said to Basilwood, "and the young lady is to stay here with me. He is in the room at the top of the stairs. The first door. You can't miss it. I am the housekeeper."

Basilwood went slowly up the stairs and knocked with his stick on the first door.

"Come in," cried a shrill voice, and Basilwood turned the knob.

Gilbert was in bed, propped up by the pillows. His wig was off and his bald head resembled a huge egg. His cheeks and temples were sunken, but his eyes were unpleasantly bright. His baldness rendered his ears unduly prominent. A black plaster made a line from the corner of his nose down under his chin. His hands lay outside the bedclothes, and the sleeve of his left arm being rolled up, Basilwood could see the scarlet letters which formed the words "January first, 1897," and instinctively he glanced at the clock on the mantel.

"Plenty of time," cried Gilbert; "the clock is right; I set it this noon by the observatory time-ball. I've got two hours and a half yet before I let go and float off to meet brother David somewhere in the blue. The evening papers are on the table, with the whiskey and the cigars. Did you bring your slippers? Never mind—mine are by the bed. Put them on and make yourself comfortable.'

Basilwood mixed himself a glass of grog, and while he was busied with it he heard a chuckle from the bed.

He turned quickly. "What is there to laugh at?" he demanded.

Gilbert's chuckle grew to a laugh, and then to a shout. His face turned purple and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Stop it," cried Basilwood. "It isn't decent for a man in your situation to carry on like that. Stop it, I say, or I will leave you."

"Oh," gasped Gilbert, "it's great. To think of the time and money I have wasted on the doctors, the library, diet, and a quiet life, and then to have the solution of the whole matter pop into my mind this morning while I was shaving. When a thing comes to you like that, it makes you jump. I slashed myself with the razor just as I cut David with the carving-knife. They won't be able, after all, to tell us apart in the hereafter."

Basilwood shortened his stick in his hand and came up to the bed.

"If you have the secret," he hissed, "you had better tell it to me, or you will never see midnight."

Gilbert began to laugh again. "Put up your stick," he said, presently. "My truth is like all truths, very simple. I am to die on January 1st, 1897, just as the day begins, and David is to die at the same instant; but when will that be for him in San Francisco? It will be four o'clock yesterday afternoon. He will die in 1896 and I in 1897. Which of us will be the survivor? Which of us will get the pot? Damn him, I'll beat him by a year."

"It's a queer thing," he continued,

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"We are to drink his health."—Page 730.

" that the meridian of Greenwich passes through the hall of this house, and this room is the birthplace of the days."

Basilwood went back to his seat and took up his glass.

" If I understand you, Mr. Gilbert," he said, " life is simply a question of longitude ? "

" No," replied Gilbert. " The date of your death is a question of longitude. Life itself is the breath of God."

" Where have I heard that before ? " said Basilwood, musingly. There was silence in the chamber for some time, and then Gilbert spoke.

" Will you let your daughter come up here for a few moments, and will you step into the hall when she comes ? I have something to say to her."

Basilwood went to the door and called Margaret. She came running up the stairs. As she entered the room, her father left it.

She stood staring at the apparition in the bed.

" Miss Basilwood," said Gilbert, " I am sorry to put you to all this bother, but I have very little time and I wish to tell you something. Please be seated."

She shook her head and took a step toward the door.

" For ten years I have seen you, on each open day, bring your father to the Museum. I have followed you to your home across the river, and, forgive me, I have followed you to the shop."

Margaret came forward swiftly. " You won't tell him how hard I work ? " she whispered, pointing toward the door.

" No, my dear," said Gilbert, " but I wish that I had my hat on so that I might take it off to you."

Margaret smiled.

" That's right," said Gilbert. " I never saw you smile before. It becomes you. I hope that from this on you will smile very often. I shall die to-night, and I have made my will. I have left to you a fortune which I never had. I hope that it will bring happiness to you. I wish that I had known you when I was a young man. If I had, I should not be so uncertain where I am to go at midnight. I should like it if you would say 'good-by' to me ; just those words would help me very much when I cross the border."

Margaret came to the bedside and put out her hand.

" Good-by," she said.

" There, there," said Gilbert, " I've made you cry when I wished to make you

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happy. Go, now, and ask your father to come."

Margaret left the room and Basilwood came in.

"I have almost two hours yet," said Gilbert, "and I think that I will take a nap, but you must certainly wake me just before twelve. I want to see the end of this thing."

He lay back on the pillows and fell asleep instantly.

Basilwood took his seat by the fire and mixed another glass of grog. He sipped it slowly, and when it was finished, his head fell forward and he, too, slept. He was awakened by the striking of the clock. Gilbert was sitting up in bed counting the strokes. When he reached twelve he paused a moment, then he cried:

"Ah, David, my lad, is that you? Have you been waiting long? What did you have in that blue paper?"

Then his hands flew up and he fell back on the pillows.

Basilwood stood at the foot of the bed. Gilbert's left arm lay across his breast. The scarlet letters began to fade away to pink, to lavender, to nothing. When they had entirely disappeared, Basilwood glanced at the clock. It was five minutes past twelve. He opened the window, blew out the candle, drained his glass, and then went slowly down the stairs.

She stood staring at the apparition in the bed.—Page 733.

V

For a fortnight Basilwood kept away from the Museum, then he returned to his desk and his occupation. At the luncheon hour he walked slowly and with difficulty to the newspaper-room in the wing. He consulted a file of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and carried the issue of January 1st back to his desk, as his privilege permitted.

When he had taken his seat, he looked at the index on the first page of the paper, and then turned to the "death notices." The first was this:

"Gilbert. Suddenly, on the afternoon of December 31st, David Gilbert, aged sixty-four years. New York papers please copy."

"My God," he exclaimed, "the man was right!"

He sat for a long time motionless and with closed eyes. Then he opened his desk and took out the notes for his book which had accumulated during the last few months. He ran them slowly over.

"Sixty years of work," he muttered, "and all wrong."

He began tearing the slips into small pieces. It took some time to tear them all, and the litter nearly filled the desk. He closed the lid and then, taking a large sheet of the Museum paper, he wrote:

To Her Majesty, The Queen:
The Prince Consort was right. Life is the Breath of God.

William Basilwood,
Senior Reader.

At five o'clock a hansom stopped before the Museum gate and a woman and a man got out. She was dressed in black

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with white collar and wrist-bands, the livery of the shop. Her hair was tinged with gray, but there was a charming color in her cheeks and her eyes were sparkling. The man was bearded and deeply tanned, and so tall that he leaned a trifle that his companion might take his arm.

"Philip," she said, as they passed the gate, "I have prayed for this without ceasing, but the book is not yet finished."

"Book or no book, I shall not go away again," he replied.

They went up the steps and through the hall. At the entrance to the reading-room she left him.

"Don't speak to father when he comes out, dear," she said. "He won't know you and, perhaps, won't even notice you," and then she went in.

"Good-evening, Miss," said the door-keeper. "You are a bit late. There he is, sound asleep at his desk, waiting for you."

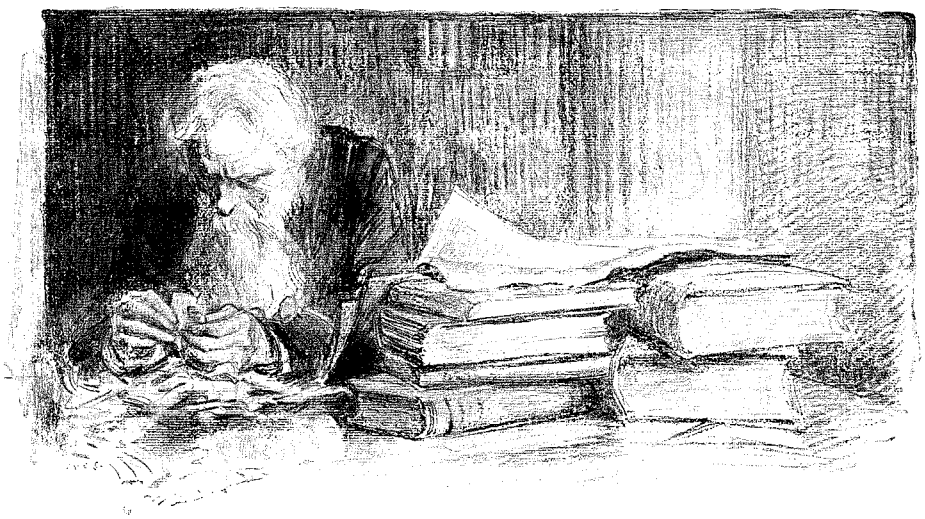
She went quickly up the aisle, smiling and nodding to one or two that she knew, and put her hand on her father's shoulder.

"Come, daddy," she said, but he did not move, and so she shook his arm gently. "It is time to go home, daddy," she said, and she leaned over and looked into his face.

A woman's cry rang through the vast room which is sacred to silence.

The senior reader had already gone home.

The Great Work was finished.



"Sixty years of work," he muttered, "and all wrong."—Page 734.

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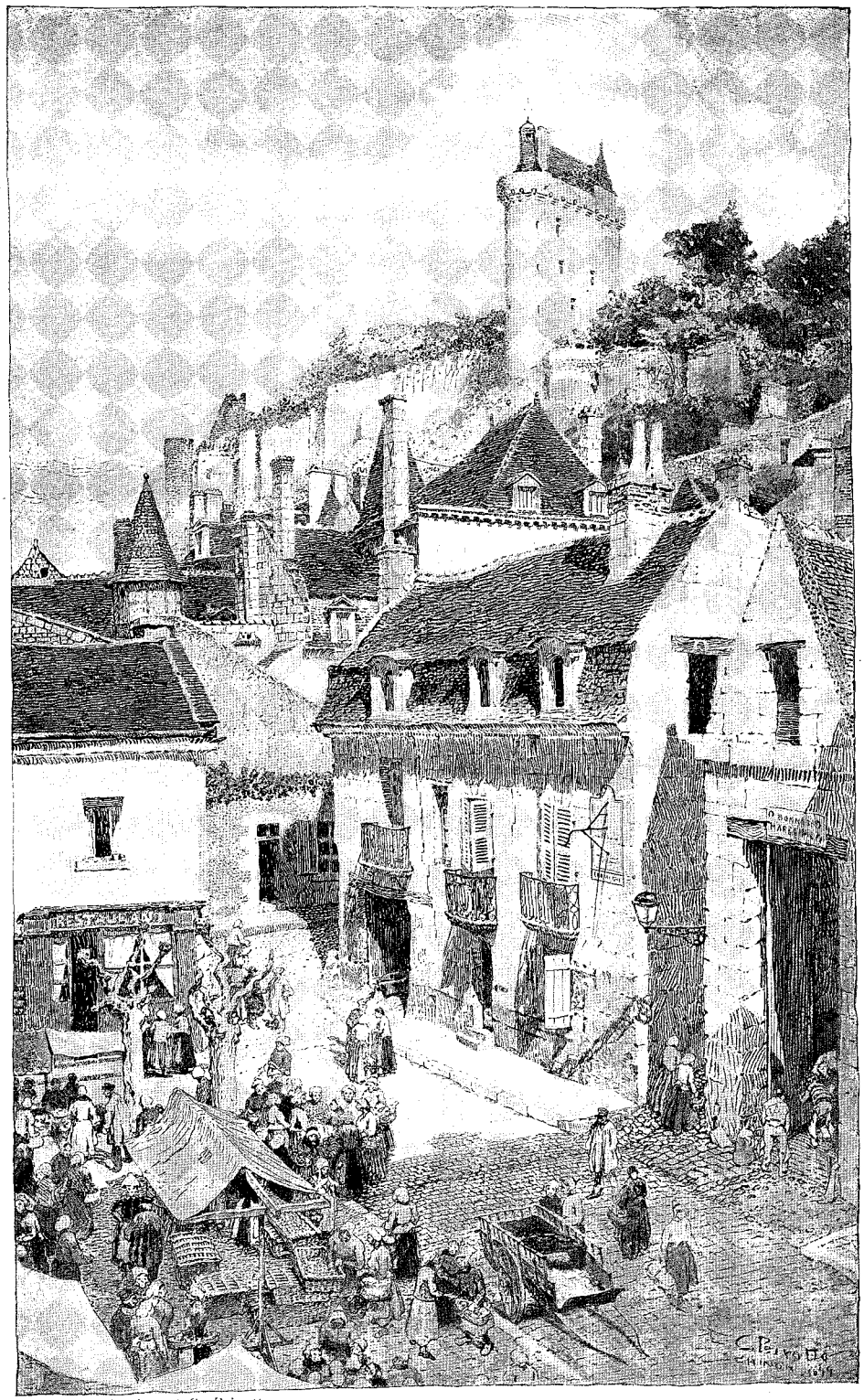

Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto.

Chinon, from the Market-place.

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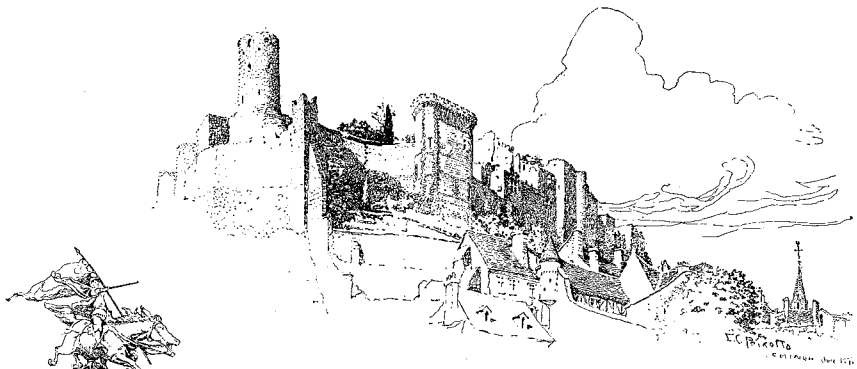
CHINON

By Ernest C. Peixotto



WE climbed the steep stairs to the château of Chinon on a bright sunny morning, mounting between walls of almost Oriental brilliance with only a peep of the deep blue sky above our heads. As we looked up, two peasant women in their white caps nodded a greeting to us from the parapet above and we had a suspicion of red chimney-pots high above them.

A broad walk, shaded by trees, led us past the remains of the oldest part of the castle, and soon we had crossed the moat and entered the gate. Crumbling ruins and massive towers with grass-grown battlements surrounded us on every side. The extent of this grim old fortress-castle is tremendous, but decay has set its finger on the place and all that remains are caved-in passages, fragments of fireplaces, and tottering window-frames.

Memories of Jeanne d'Arc cling about the place, for here she came to wake the idle king from his life of ease and after weeks of prayer; from here she set forth to lead the French army to victory. And in spite of time's devastation, the tower wherein she lived while at Chinon is still to be seen, and a large fragment of the room in which her first interview with the king took place.

But the great attraction of the giant walls is a walk along the parapet and a glance at the glorious panorama which lies at our feet. The peaceful valley of the Vienne stretches as far as the eye can see; the distant hills spotted with villages and châteaux, the well-tilled fields with their ripening crops stretch from the banks of the river which winds like a broad silver band from horizon to horizon, spanned just beneath us by a great stone bridge.

At our feet, so close that we can look down the chimney-pots, nestles the old Gothic city. Its four churches raise their backs above the neighboring houses, but all else is a compact mass of blue slate roofs, high pitched, with dormer windows and innumerable chimney-pots. Little pointed tourelles cling to the corners and far below we catch a glimpse of a stone-paved street. These few zigzag streets wind along the river more or less parallel to its course, affording at every turn new glimpses of fascinating gables, gothic windows with their crumbling tracery, and houses whose huge timbers have withstood the wear of centuries, but whose paneless windows are now the resting-place of countless spiders. However, but few of these houses have been abandoned, and in nearly all of them the windows are adorned with rows of potted geraniums, brilliantly lighting up the cold gray stone.

Women in white caps lead little donkey-carts through these quaint old streets or peddle fruits and vegetables in baskets of queer design, gossiping with their customers on the way and vending news as well as their wares. Thursday is market-day, and the town wakes to a state

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of unwonted activity. From the early morning hours, peasants begin to arrive in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and they set up their booths and awnings. Soon huge pyramids of artichokes arise, great stands of potted plants, fruits cheap calicoes, shoes, hardware, ribbons and laces and all conceivable kinds of fancy articles are arranged in enticing array. By eleven o'clock the babel of tongues becomes alarming! Women in strange *coifs*, men in blue blouses and casquettes, haggle and quarrel over their purchases. Two shepherds with pipes add a most unearthly screeching, and are rewarded with numerous sous. One hardware dealer, who attracts attention to his wares by blowing a bugle, is outdone by a rival who has a drum with a patent crank attachment to keep it beating all the time. In the afternoon all the old women meet at the goose market and around the venders of butter and eggs. Then is the time to see the wonderful collection of *coifs*. Each of the surrounding villages has its own particular head-dress. Many are made of the finest lace and some are of great size. One of the most elaborate has been given up because succeeding generations have gradually lost the art of laundering it, and now only a few women will take the trouble to wear it.

Toward five o'clock the crowd begins to diminish. By dark the streets become deserted; an occasional lantern projecting from a house-corner sheds its dim light. Alleys lead to unknown mysteries of darkness. Voices issue from the dwellings, and the sweet scent of honeysuckle is borne over the high street walls. Occasional glimpses are caught of dimly lighted interiors, where old women sit knitting or eating their meagre *pot-au-feu*, or of a family gathered round for the evening meal in just such an effect of light as Gerard Douw so loved to paint. By ten o'clock the old town slumbers, and as we go to rest the only sound that greets our ears is the splash of the fountain in the square below our window.

Street in Chinon.

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MAX—OR HIS PICTURE

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

A KNOCK sounded on the principal's door. "That's Florence," she thought; and she sighed in the same breath. The principal had secretly liked Florence Raimund the best of her two hundred girls, for three years; and, sometimes, she suspected that Florence knew it. Miss Wing sat at her desk. It was a large desk of oak, always kept in blameless order. No one could recall seeing more than one better at a time lying on the blotter. Any others, yet unread, lay in the wicker tray to the left; the letters read but not answered were in the wicker tray to the right; the answered letters were in appropriate pigeon-holes or in ashes, Miss Wing being a firm believer in fire as a confidential agent. Above the desk hung the most interesting object in the room, to the school-girls; in fact it would be hard to gauge justly the influence this one, mute and motionless, had over their young imaginations; or how far it was responsible for the rose-tinted halo that, beyond doubt, glorified the principal for them. The object was a picture, the picture of a young man in the uniform of captain in the German cuirassiers. His thick, light hair was brushed back from a fine and candid forehead. A smile creased his cheeks under the warlike curl of his mustachios. It was a smile so happy and so friendly in its happiness, that it won the beholder. The eyes were not large, but even in the black and white of a photograph (the portrait was an ordinary cabinet *carte*) they seemed to sparkle. The young fellow's figure was superb, and held with a military precision and jauntiness. One said, looking at the whole presence, "This man is a good fellow." Viewing him more closely, one might add, "And he is in love." The picture was framed handsomely in a gilded frame. On the desk, below, an exquisite vase of Venice lifted a single, perfect rose. For fifteen years a flower had always bloomed thus. Miss Wing had hung the picture, herself, fifteen years ago. Then, she was the new principal, and the school was but half its size; and the village people exclaimed at trusting "such a girl" with so much responsibility. During those fifteen years the new building had been built, the school had grown and flourished; and the gray had crept into Margaret Wing's bright hair. She had so often put on mourning for her near kindred that she had assumed it as her permanent garb. To the certain (and ecstatic) knowledge of the school, she had refused divers offers of marriage from citizens of good repute and substance. But during all the changing years, the picture had kept its place and the fresh flowers had bloomed below. No girl could remember the desk without the picture; and when the old girls visited the school, their eyes would instinctively seek it in its old place; always with a little moving of the heart. Yet no one ever alluded to it to the principal; and no one, not her most trusted teacher, nor her best loved pupil, had ever heard the principal speak of it. The name of the pictured soldier, his story, his relation to Miss Wing; Miss Wing's nearest kindred and friends knew as much about all these as the school—and that was nothing. Nevertheless, the school tradition reported part of a name on the authority of a single incident. Years ago an accident had happened to the picture. It was the principal's custom to carry it with her on her journeys, however brief; always taking it down and putting it back in its place herself. On this occasion the floor had been newly polished, and in hanging the picture her chair on which she stood slipped and she fell, while the picture dropped out of her grasp. One of the girls, who was passing, ran to her aid; but she had crawled toward the picture and would have it in her hands before she allowed the girl to aid her rise—a circumstance you may be sure, not likely to escape the sharp young eyes. Neither

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"Do you think I—*liked* it, coming to tell?"—Page 743.

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did these same eyes miss the further circumstance that the jar had shifted the *carte* in the frame and a line of writing, hitherto hidden, was staring out at the world. The hand was the sharp, minute German hand, but the words were English ; the girl took them in at an eyeblink, as she handed the picture to Miss Wing : "*Thine forever, Max.*" Miss Wing made no comment, perhaps she supposed that the girl had not seen, perhaps—in any case she was silent.

Of course, the new light flooded the school gossip, immediately. But there never came any more ; every new girl was free to work her own will on Miss Wing's romance. Was "Max" dead ? Had they parted because of any act on the woman's part ? Surely he could not have been false, to receive that daily oblation of flowers. It was more likely that she thus expressed an imperishable regret. Youth, ever fanciful, played with all manner of dainty and plaintive variations on the theme. Its very mystery was its poignant charm ; since each tender, young soul created a new romance and a new appeal. Elusive and pathetic, it hovered on the edge of these young lives, like the perfume of a flower. And its influence was the more potent that it asked for nothing. It is not too much to say that the spectacle of that gentle and reticent faithfulness was the strongest element in the school atmosphere. Certainly, because of it, Miss Wing had greater power over her scholars. She was a woman of ability and gentle force ; by nature a little aloof, a little precise, able to feel deeply, but not able to express her sympathies or her pain. Without her mysterious sorrow, she would have seemed to young girls a thought too admirable ; they would have been chilled by her virtues ; but as it was, their perception that she had lived deeply, that she had suffered, that she had been loved and had loved eternally, opened their hearts. They would have admired her, now they adored her. By degrees, and insensibly to herself, she became the confessor of her little world. After they left school her girls brought her their perplexities of the heart. Wives came to her with cruel dilemmas that they shrank from revealing to their own mothers —perhaps because the mothers could not be trusted to plead for the erring husband so well ; for a woman who loves, complains, not to be justified herself, but to hear her lover's misconduct excused and his love proved against her doubts. Before they left school, the girls confessed their faults and failings and strivings of conscience with the same eagerness with which they asked counsel in their innocent romances of friendship or the sorrows of trigonometry, and they accepted any penance directed, not only with patience, but a kind of exaltation natural to youth, which finds a secret joy in any exercise of its own fortitude.

To-day, however, Miss Wing sat before the picture which so many young eyes had studied with such vague yet ardent sympathy, and pondered over a confidence that had not come. The lack of its coming hurt her ; and the tap on her door was welcome, for she thought, "It is she—coming to tell me. Oh, I hope he is the right man."

At her response, the door swung open with a jerk, and the dark-eyed girl who entered was catching her breath, although she tried to make the quick intakes noiseless. There was a look of pale resolution on her features.

"Have you come to let me congratulate you, my dear ?" said the principal, rising. The girl colored scarlet. "I've come because I had to, because I couldn't deceive you," she blurted. "Miss Wing, it isn't so. I let Miss Parker think so ; but I'm not engaged to him."

"Sit down, dear," said Miss Wing. The soft cadence of her voice did not roughen. She sat down when her guest sat, and leaned back in her desk-chair, folding her white, slim hands. There were flashing rings on the hands ; and the girls used to wonder which ring "Max" had given her. They favored the sapphire, set between two diamonds, because of its beauty ("a real Cashmere, you know"), and because, whether she wore other rings or not, this always kept its place.

"Now, tell me," said Miss Wing.

"I had a letter from him this morning ; it was just a note in one of Helen Gier's" —the girl's lithe form was erect in the chair, every muscle tense ; she looked past Miss Wing to the wall and spoke in a toneless voice ; one could see that she was driving straight on to her purpose, over her own writhing nerves—"all he said was

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In this fashion they walked for some twenty minutes.—Page 746.

that he had been called back to Germany——"

"Is he a German? Miss Parker said his name was Cutler."

"It is Butler," said the girl, flinging her head back, while a spark crept into her liquid, troubled, dark eyes, "but he *is* a German. Don't you know the Butler in 'Wallenstein?' You know he was a real man; and he founded a family. He—my—my friend is the Count von Butler." Miss Wing's chair, like other desk-chairs, was set on a pivot; she turned very slightly and slowly, at the same time resting her elbow on the desk. The girl ventured a timid glance at her, and thought that she looked sterner, wherefore her heart sank; but she only continued the faster: "He isn't in America just to travel; he was sent by his government to watch the Cuban war. He's very brave; and he isn't a bit like a foreigner and hasn't any nasty supercilious notions about women. Mr. Grier says he has a *future*. And really, Miss Wing, he is just like a—a—a kind of knight."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At Helen's, last summer. And he was going out to Minneapolis to see papa, I—I think. But he got a cable of his uncle's death. And his two little cousins died last year; so now he is the head of

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the family; and he must go to Germany, at once. For his father is dead, you know. So he wrote (in Helen's letter, because he is so—so awfully proper!) asking to let him come here and take me to drive—in the American fashion. I know who put him up to that scheme; it was Helen. I had to ask Miss Parker, because you were out; and she said if he wasn't a relation or the man I was going to marry I couldn't go. 'Of course if he were the man you expect to marry,' she said, and—and I—I said, 'But he is!' Just like that. I can't fancy how I came to say such a thing, but when it was said I didn't know how to explain; and I was so awfully ashamed; and, besides"—she lifted her eyes in the frank and direct gaze that Miss Wing always liked—"besides, I do want to see him."

"And do you expect him to ask you to marry him?" said Miss Wing, with a deepening of the color on her cheek, which went out suddenly like the flame of a lamp in the wind.

Florence Raimund blushed again, but this time she laughed: "I don't know. He is so awfully proper," said she, "and he hasn't had a chance to ask papa; but—I think he wants to."

"In that case, isn't he the man whom you expect to marry?" asked Miss Wing, dryly. "But it was deceiving her just the same. I am glad you came, Florence."

Here the girl looked up; and something in Miss Wing's eyes made her dash across the room to fling herself on her knees before the lady with an inarticulate gasp between a sob and a laugh, and the sentences came in a rush: "I *had* to come! I couldn't deceive you if I never saw him again. And besides, I hoped you'd think of some way!"

"And you escape quite unpunished?" said Miss Wing, gently.

At which the black head sank lower, while a smothered voice mumbled: "Do you think I—*liked* it, coming to tell?"

Miss Wing smoothed her hair. "It would have pained me very much if you had not come. Tell me; whether he sees you or not will he not write to your father? Do you think his feeling is so slight that a disappointment will turn it?"

The black head threw itself up and the fearless young eyes met Miss Wing's pensive, brown ones. "No, Miss Wing; I know it will make no difference."

Miss Wing stifled a sigh; it may be that she was not so sure of the firm purpose of a lover; she spoke more gently: "It is only the disappointment, then, if you can't see him?"

The girl's face quivered a little.

"Perhaps I am foolish," said Miss Wing, "but I think it *would* be a disappointment very hard to bear. Still, you must admit that parents do not send their children to school expecting them to become engaged to be married; on the contrary, there is a tacit pledge that we shall protect our wards from any entanglement. But this did not happen at school; the only question is, ought I to prevent it going any farther? My dear, do you have confidence in me?"

"Yes, Miss Wing," said the girl.

"Of course, I do not think that I ought to consent to your driving alone, together."

The girl drew a long sigh. "I suppose not," she breathed, in dismal resignation.

"But I should like him to come here, to see me; and then, if I find him to be what your father would approve, you may see him here; and we shall all have to explain things together, I fancy, to your father."

The girl drew another, a very different, sigh; and impulsively kissed Miss Wing's hand. She tried to speak; and could only murmur, "Oh, I do love you!"

"And so, if you will tell Graf von Butler—what is his Christian name, Florence?"

"Max," said the girl, very low, for she felt the presence of the picture, on which she had not once turned her eyes. Before she spoke, under a pretense of a pull at her skirt, she slipped her hand out of the hand with the sapphire ring. Yet her excited young nerves vibrated at the slight cough which came as the principal changed her position, before she said, in her usual tone: "It is a fine name. Well, Florence, will you tell Count Max von Butler that I shall hope to see him. And—will you trust me?"

The girl told her that she would trust her utterly, and she knew that it would be right; and oh, she was so happy. And she came back to say, with the tears in her eyes, "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Pressing the frame in both hands, and touching it with her cheek.—Page 750.

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Miss Wing stood in the centre of the room, smiling, until the door closed. But then in a second she was at the door, almost fiercely but noiselessly, twisting the key in the lock. From the door she passed to the windows and dropped the shades. At last, safe from every chance of espial, she sat down again in her chair before the desk, leaned her elbows on the desk, and looked desperately, miserably, into the joyous face of the picture. She did not speak, but her thoughts took on words and sank like hot lead into her heart. "Max Butler! Max Butler! The little nephew he told about. And *he* has been alive all these years; and happy; with little sons, while I—I have lied to these trusting girls. It was wicked and shameless. I deceived myself; then I deceived them. I wonder why. I knew what they were thinking. How dared I look that honest child in the face! I suppose she wonders like the rest why I have not told anyone of my romance. And it is simply that there was nothing to tell. Nothing." She looked into the soldier's happy eyes while her lips curled and she murmured, drearily and bitterly, "I haven't even the right to be angry with you, poor lad. What did you do? *You* are not my Max; I only made him up out of my heart—like children playing a game!" Her mind drifted dizzily through shapeless and inconsequent visions of the past. She was seeing again the grim pile of the ruined castle, the masses of broken shadow, the intricate carving on arch and architrave and plinth, the wavering mass of limbs and tree-trunks on the green sward; and she, with her twisted ankle, was kneeling, trying to peer through the shrubbery for her lost companions. Did he come by chance? She had seen the handsome, young officer, daily, for a week. His great-aunt was Margaret's right-hand neighbor at the pension table d'hôte, a withered relic of Polish nobility with fine, black eyes in a face like a hickory nut; who wore shabby gowns and magnificent jewels, frankly smoked cigarettes, and seemed to have a venomous tale ready to fit any name mentioned in conversation—with one exception, her nephew's. According to her, Max's father was a swine and his mother a fool and his brother a popinjay; and his sister had no respect for her betters; but Max had a heart. It was understood at the pension that she was arranging a great match for him. In spite of the general disapproval of his aunt, he was a favorite, he was so simple, amiable, and polite. Even the American Professor admitted that for a man "who had won the Iron Cross in such a spectacular fashion, he was very modest and really more like an American than a German officer," thus paying the unconsciously arrogant compliment kept by every race for engaging aliens. Margaret's first sight of him was not under the shelter of the conventionalities. It happened that the Countess's ferocious pet (and the terror of the pension), a Great Dane, was trying to eat up a little girl, but fortunately had begun with her petticoats. The court of the house was the scene of the fray; and a large, timid cook, the only witness, was waving a copper kettle full of the meringue that she was beating in one hand and the great wire whip in the other, while she shrieked impartially on Heaven and the police. Margaret heard the din. She ran to the spot. Being a New England woman, she didn't scream; one swift glance went from the child's writhing body and the dog's horrible head to the wailing cook. In two strides she caught the kettle out of a fat and agitated German hand and hurled the whole sticky, white mass full at the dog's eyes; then, as the blinded and astounded beast flung his head back to howl, and spattered the world with meringue, she snatched up the child and sent her flying into the door and the cook. The dog was smeared with meringue, she was smeared, the child was smeared, the cook was smeared; and now a beautiful white and gold officer, who bounded over a wall and fell upon the dog with his sabre and two heels, was smeared the most lavishly of all! No wonder Frau Müller (visible, aloft, in an artless German toilet of ease and without her teeth), the countess (who was a gazing stock, for the same reason), and Augustine, her maid, the three Russians on the second floor, and the three Americans on the third, filled the windows with polyglot consternation! The consequence of it all was that when the Count von Butler was formally presented to Miss Wing, that evening, she blushed. She was too pale and listless to be pretty; but when she blushed she was enchanting.

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Remembering the meringue, she smiled and ventured an upward glance; and, for the first time in her life, met the admiration in the eyes of a man. At this time Margaret was thirty years old and had never been asked in marriage. She had spent most of the thirty years in a boarding school, as pupil or as teacher; and she had brought from her cloistered life a single vivid feeling, a passionate friendship which death had ended. The sapphire ring was her poor friend's last token.

To be thirty and never to have been sought like other girls, leaves a chill in the heart. It may be lonely never to have loved, but it is bleak never to have been loved. Margaret remembered her delicate, girlish dreams with a recoil of humiliation; they seemed to her almost immodest. She thought that she was too old to wear hats, and wondered whether she ought not to discard the pinks and light blues which poor Elly had liked on her, for sedater colors. But she wore pink after she met Max Butler. Yet he never saw her save in the presence of others; he was full of little, graceful attentions, but he showed the same attentions to the portly clergyman's widow and the meritorious but cross-eyed teacher of fifty, who formed Miss Wing's "party;" it was only his eyes, his eyes always following her approving, delighting, admiring, pleading, speaking to her as they spoke to no other woman. She told herself that it was just the pleasant, foreign way; and she wrote to her friends in America, "The German officers have very agreeable, deferential manners; I think they are much more gentle and polite and have a higher respect for women than the French or Italians." And he said no word, even of friendship, until that afternoon at the Heidelberger Schloss.

He came upon her almost immediately, scrambling up the bank at a rate which had worked woe to his uniform. He was torn, he was scratched, he was stained with mud and grass; and he was beaming with delight. "I have seen you from below," he exclaimed, in his careful English, "so I came up. Will you excuse?" Then his mood changed, perceiving her plight, and he insisted on tearing his handkerchief into strips to bind her ankle. It seemed absurd to refuse his aid, which he offered quite simply; but his hands trembled a little over the knots. "It will be most easy, I think," said he, "that you should let me assist you a small way, to the *restauracion;* so I can get the carriage, and you can have some ice-cream. Again, to-day, is it burned——"

She had laughed and said that she never had heard of burned ice-cream. He laughed too, and explained that it was burned as a custard, and somehow under cover of this she let him put her hand on his shoulder and his arm about her waist. She was grateful to him for the matter-of-fact manner in which he did it all, saying, "You will have to be my comrade that has been wounded, and I will help him off the field; so I did, once, with my colonel; it is better than to wait until I could bring help." In this fashion they walked for some twenty minutes. They were minutes not entirely disfigured by her physical pain, for it was a comfort to be helped by so strong and kind a friend. The comfort brightened almost into pleasure, as they drove homeward in a shabby *droschky*, with all the circuit of the horizon flooded with softest rose and gold, reflecting the cloudless glory of the West. Borne along through that unreal and lovely radiance, past the hills checkered with vineyards and ripening grain, which the sunlight blazoned in green and gold like the initials of an old missal; they talked as one friend would talk to another. At least that was her phrase, and she admitted to herself that she had not been so nearly happy since Elly died. "I didn't know a man could be so—so kind," she said.

He told her of his country and his home; and how he loved the hills that his fathers had always owned, and the rugged, simple, faithful people; he told her of the plans of his father and himself for them; he told her of his father, who had the best heart in the world, but was credited with a fierce temper simply because his voice was loud; and his mother, who was so gentle that everyone loved her; and his handsome sister, and his brother, who was a diplomat and far cleverer than he; and his little brother who died and would have no one carry him in his pain but Max ("Ah, he was the most clever and the most beautiful of us all!"), and Max, his little nephew, who looked like the dead boy. "I hope

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you will see my home and them all," he said; "to-morrow I shall see them, then, the same day, I shall be back here—with you."

And then, by degrees, she won him to talk of his profession, of his hopes, his ambitions, his ideals, of all those intimate and cherished things which lie at the bottom of the soul and only rise for a friend's eyes. It seemed to her that she could read his character in the hints given by his words, as one would fill an outline sketch with perspective and details. There was certainly a fascination in this revelation; candor, after all, was a virtue as well as reticence. Perhaps her new friend was a little mediæval, but he was as refined as if he had been all modern.

By now they were rattling through the modern town of Heidelberg, the plain walls of which looked bare after the lawless pomp of carving and form on the old castle; they had not even the bizarre, affected grace of the architecture then decking American countrysides. But Margaret thought how homelike and honest the houses looked; stanch and trusty, like the German. Butler, just then, was praising American buggies, from which he made a genial transition to the customs of society. "In America, is it not," says he, "the young ladies drive alone with young men?"

"Yes, very often. But not with you?"

"Oh, no, mein fraulein; this is the first time I am alone with a young lady!"

She had called herself old for so long, that there was a distinct pleasure in being "a young lady" to him, and she had not time to remember it partook of the nature of deceit, because he sent a wave of confusion over her by continuing: "In America, also, one would propose marriage to a lady, herself, before to her father?"

"It is our custom," agreed Margaret, "but"—with her prim, teacher's air—"your custom is far more decorous."

His face fell, then promptly brightened, "Perhaps it would be best to speak to both, so near the same time one can. But this is another thing you must explain me. How is it most preferable to the lady, that one shall write or shall come——"

"Oh, write," said Margaret, quickly. How silly of her to suddenly feel so frightened; she wished that she were in a room and not in a carriage with him; involuntarily she shrank back into her own corner, and she found that she was playing with the soiled and frayed edges of a tear in the cloth of the side curtain and watching her pearl-colored fingers. Those gloves she had put on new, that day. How reckless! But she had not the resolution to desist. His voice dragged a little, "Ah, yes, if she would refuse, but if—*not?*"

"In any case," said she.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "at the sunset. Ah, is it not lovely?"

Of a sudden, they were looking, not at the sunset, but into each other's eyes; and all about them was that wonderful, transfiguring glow, and it seemed as if there were nothing in the whole world that he had not said.

"Is it to the right, Herr Captain?" asked the driver, turning on his seat to divide a benign and semi-intoxicated smile between them.

Then it was hardly a moment until the yellow stucco of the pension jumped at their eyes, around a corner; and there were the clergyman's widow and the teacher at the door. They fell upon the carriage in a clamor of explanation and sympathy; they were at her side when he bowed over her hand and kissed it, saying, "Aufwiedersehen."

That was all. There was never any more. He did not come again. Or if he came, she was not there; since, the next day they were on their way to Bremen, summoned by cable to her sister's deathbed. She never heard from him or of him again. Yet she had left her American address with his aunt for any letters that might need to be forwarded, and a stiff little note of thanks and farewell—a perfectly neutral note such as any friend might give or receive. There followed weeks crowded with sorrow and business (the sister was a widow without children, and she shared her estate with her other sister); and Margaret imputed her deep depression to these natural and sufficient causes. She rated herself for vanity in reading her own meanings into a courteous young man's looks and his intelligent interest in national difference of manners. She fostered her shame with the New Englander's zest for self-torture. But, one afternoon, without warning, there fell

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upon her a deep and hopeless peace. It was as if some invisible power controlled and changed all the currents of her thought. She *knew* that her friend was not faithless or careless; he was dead. She began to weep, gently, thinking pitifully of his old father with the loud voice, and his fragile mother and the sister and brother and the little nephew. "Poor people," she murmured, wishing, for the first time in her life, to make some sign of her sorrow for them to them, she who always paid her toll of sympathy, but dreaded it and knew that she was clumsy. She remembered the day at the castle; and went over again, each word, each look. A sensation that she could not understand, full of awe and sweetness, possessed her. It was indescribable, unthinkable, but it was also irresistible. Under its impulse she went to a trunk in another room, from which she had not yet removed all the contents, and took out her Heidelberg photographs. She said to herself that she would look at the scenes of that day. In her search she came upon a package of her own pictures which had come the morning of the day that she had gone. She could not remember any details of receiving them, except that she had been at the photographer's the day before, and paid for them. When they came she was in too great agitation (they were just packing) to more than fling them into a tray. She could not tell why she took the *cartes* out of the envelope and ran them listlessly through her fingers; but at the last of the package she uttered a cry. The last *carte* was the picture of Max, with the inscription in his own hand, "Thine forever." It is not exact to say that with the finding of the picture her doubt of his affection for her vanished; for in truth, she had no doubts, the possession was too absolute. But the sight came upon her as the presence of a mortal being, alive and visible, comes on one, when he enters a room. And there is no question that it was a comfort; if she had really loved Max, at this time, the knowledge of his death would have been her cruelest shock; for then she could have no hope to meet him again in the world—no hope of some explanation and the happiness of life together. But she was not in love with the young German, she was touched by his admiration, she admired him tenderly, she felt the moving of a subtle attraction which she called friendship and which might pass into a keener feeling; but she did not love him. Not then. Therefore, she felt a sweetness in her pain; she could respect herself once more; she had a new and mystical joy; for was she not beloved above women? Had not her lover come to her, through what strange paths who may know, to comfort her? This is the story of the picture. She could not tell it. Nor did she; but she hung Max's portrait on the walls of her little parlor; and she hung opposite a picture of the castle; and from that day, never a day passed that it did not influence her. She used to think her thoughts before it. She came to it with her grief for the loss of kindred and friends, with her loneliness, with her anxieties, with her aspirations, her plans, her cares for others, her slowly dawning interests and affections. She was a reticent woman, who might never have allowed her heart to expand to her husband himself, beyond a certain limit; but she hid nothing from Max. In time, she fell into the habit of talking to the picture. She called him Max. The first time she spoke his name she blushed. She made her toilets for him more than for the world; but whether Max could admire them or not, it is certain that the girls knew every change in her pretty gowns. Her sense of having been loved had its effect on her manner, and a deeper effect on her heart. At thirty she was a New England nun; at forty she was the woman who understands. The love which the shrinking and critical girl repelled at its first step toward her, without knowing, the woman who pitied and who understood, attracted, quite as unconsciously.

"It is very queer, Max," she said, "that in my old age men should want to marry me. But I like you best."

Only the day before she had said that; and she had said, "I am happy, Max. Isn't it strange! But I am." Only yesterday—and now there was nothing. The Max that she had grown to love, with the gradual, imperceptible advance of affection, sweet to her shy nature—that Max had never been. No doubt all the while, over in Germany, a stout and phlegmatic

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German landlord had been caring for his vineyards and playing the war lord in the landwehr and living very comfortably with the doughy-looking German girl whose hair was lighter than her complexion; whom the countess wanted him to marry; a man as unlike the high-souled knight of her fancy as—as she, herself, was unlike the girl's image! Worst of all was her own weak, false behavior. "No," she cried, in an access of bitterness, "the worst is that I can't feel *that* the worst; I can only feel I have lost him, forever! I don't seem to mind that I have lost myself!"

Now she began to pace the room, trying to think clearly. Was it her duty to tell Florence the story and let her tell the girls? The red-hot agony of the idea seemed to her excited conscience an intimation that it *was* her duty from which she shrank because she was a selfish, hysterical, dishonorable coward. Horrible as such abasement would be, if it were her duty, she could do it; what she could not, what she *would* not do, was to tear the veil from that pure and mystical passion which had been the flower of her heart. "Not if it cost me my soul," she said, with the frozen quiet of despair; "it is awful, but I can't do it!" One thing did remain; she could remove the picture. That false witness of what had never been should go. No eyes should ever fall on it again. It should never deceive more. She walked toward it firmly. She lifted her hand—and it fell. "I can't!" she moaned. "I'll do it to-morrow." She could not remember, in years, so weak a compromise offered her conscience.

But she felt a sense of respite, almost relief, once having decided; and she recovered her composure enough to go to her chamber and bathe her eyes. While she was thus engaged she heard a knock. "It is he," she said, quietly; "well, the sooner the better."

It was he; he had come earlier than he expected, he explained; he was most grateful for Miss Wing's kind message. He looked like his uncle, as the members of a family will look alike. He was not so tall; he was not so handsome. Perhaps most people would call him more graceful. And his English was faultless; he must have spoken it from his childhood. In the midst of his first sentences, before they had permitted him to take a chair, his eyes travelled past Miss Wing's face. She perceived that he saw the picture; she knew that she grew pale; but, to her amazement, a calm like the calm which had wrapped her senses on the day of her finding the picture, closed about her again. "I beg pardon?" said he.

"Yes, that is Count von Butler's portrait," said she, in a clear voice, without emotion. He was not so composed. "Then it *was* you," he said. Following her example, he took a chair and looked earnestly at the pictured face. "When Miss Raimund spoke of you so warmly, I noticed that the name was the same, and I determined to inquire; but it seemed to me unlikely. Yet it is. Miss Wing, I have a message to you, from my uncle."

She noticed that there were gold motes in the air; and his pleasant, blond face seemed to waver through them; the room was full of sunlight.

"I was with him when he died."

That was a strange thing to hear when the message of his uncle's death had come to him in another country; she hoped that her brain was not going to play her false.

"It was fifteen years ago last July, you know. I never knew how many details you received, or only the bare fact in the papers."

Fifteen years! fifteen years! What was that date he was giving? That was the day on which she sailed for America, the day after—what was that story that he was telling of a visit and a fire and a child rescued and an accident? But still she listened with the same iron composure. The next words she heard distinctly.

"It was like him to lose his life that way; and he did not grudge it. Yet it was hard that I should be the only one of his blood with him. He could speak with difficulty when he told me to take a lock of hair and his signet ring to you. He dictated the address, himself, to me. 'You must be sure and take it,' he said. 'It is to the lady that I hoped would be my betrothed; you must tell grandmamma about it, too. She has my picture and she knows—but tell her'—and then, I think his mind must have wandered a lit-

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tle, for he smiled brightly at me, saying: '*I'll* tell her, myself,' and then the doctors came. He said nothing more, only once, they told me, he murmured something about his betrothed. But I had the ring; he took it off his finger and kissed it and gave it to me. Child as I was, I knew that it was sacred. I wrapped it in the paper; and afterward I put the lock of hair beside it. So soon as I could I went to Heidelberg, to the pension. You had gone and there was no address, no trace——"

"I left my address with the Countess——"

"My aunt is dead," said the young German, gravely. "I would not criticise her, but she had her own choice of a wife for my uncle; I do not think one could trust her with addresses."

"We all gave ours to her to give to Frau Müller."

"That is why, then, I could not find you. My grandmother, also, tried. But you were gone. I thought of the banks, long after; but I found nothing. Often it has seemed dreadful that you should learn of this only through the papers. But I could not tell whether—*anything*. When I came to America, I confess it was always in my mind. I always carried my uncle's little packet with me. I will have it sent to you."

"Excuse me," said Miss Wing, gently. "Will you please bring me the glass of water—I—am afraid—I can't walk to it."

But she would not let him pour the water on his handkerchief to bathe her head. She sipped the water, and very pale, but quite herself, brought him back to his own matters. She found that it was a cousin, miscalled an uncle, in the German manner, who had died. It did not seem to her that Max's nephew could be unworthy of any girl; yet she conscientiously questioned him regarding his worldly affairs, for Florence was an only daughter whose father had great possessions and a distrust of adventurers, and at last she sent him forth to walk in the grove with his sweetheart. "And speak to her," she said, with a look that sank into his heart; "it is the American way; don't wait to write, the American way is best."

So, at last, she was alone. Alone with her lover who had always been true; whose love many waters could not quench, and it was stronger than death. She often pondered, afterward, whether there had not been some note written to her and sent with the photographs; whether the countess might not have tampered with the package, taking the note, but not suspecting the picture. But none of these puzzles troubled her to-day. She stood in front of the picture. All the years, an obscure and virginal shyness had withheld her from ever overstepping her first attitude. She told him every thought of her heart in regard to others and herself. He was her dearest friend. She called him "Max" and "my friend." Recalling the French use of the latter term, she used it sometimes with a little flutter of the heart. But those innocent endearments that a woman keeps for her lover's portrait—to make amends for not proffering them of free will to the poor fellow himself — these it would have shocked her to imagine. She never touched the picture, save reverently, to dust it, to take it down when she went away, to replace it in its station when she returned. But now, trembling, yet not blushing, she took the picture into her hands. She looked long into its eyes; she kissed it with a light and timid kiss, and swiftly hid the smiling face against her heart, pressing the frame in both hands, and touching it with her cheek bent over it, while she whispered: "You *did* tell me. You came back and told me. I love you. Max, my knight—my husband!"

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AN ADVERTISING SIGN

By Marvin R. Vincent

In bygone days, before the trolley
  The avenues and streets pervaded,
The plodding horse-car, melancholy,
  With standing wretches overladed,
With jingling jog, each morning early,
Bore me to Wall Street's hurly-burly.

Just where two lines, from east and west,
  With the main track a junction make,
Where the tired nags a minute's rest
  Before the big brick station take,
A high board-fence a field presents
For posters and advertisements.

Some sign-painter had there portrayed
  Four little girls all in a row,
In simple colored frocks arrayed
  Of green, blue, red, and indigo,
Singing, as swung their skipping-rope,
"We've all been washed with Rosebud Soap!"

One with a mass of tawny hair,
  Another with a cap of red,
A black-eyed gipsy, round and fair,
  A blue-eyed witch with curly head;
And still, through sunshine, snow and sleet,
Unceasing danced the silent feet.

And so, I know not how it came,
  I grew to love those lasses gay,
And gave to each of them a name—
  Margery, Kate, and Nell, and May;
Each with some trait distinct endowed,
Merry or grave or pert or proud.

Alas! My little girls have fled:
  Their sweet and happy faces quaint,
The tawny curls, the cap of red,
  Have vanished 'neath a wave of paint.
The skipping-rope has ceased to beat
The rhythm for their dancing feet.

And in their place there now appears
  An elephant of stature vast;
A crimson frontlet 'twixt his ears,
  His flexile trunk is skyward cast,

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Bearing aloft, with giant ease,
A sample-box of India Teas.

"Old fool!" I hear some cynic say,
"Daft o'er a sign-board painter's art,
And throwing sentiment away,
Taking a clever daub to heart!
So! Pictured dolls your love awake,
And trademarks cause your heart to ache!"

Yet wiser men than you have told
How a dead rose, a lock of hair,
A yellow letter, torn and old,
A faint scent floating in the air,
Open long vistas down the years,
And strike deep, hidden wells of tears.

Only a tradesman's gaudy bait!
Yet Memory speeds adown the years
To where, at the wide-opened gate
Of a long vanished home appears
A group of childish faces sweet,
Crowding their Father's step to greet.

Four! Underneath a grassy mound
How calm that blue-eyed baby's sleep,
Above the noisy city's sound,
Where Hudson's infant waters creep,
And lingering, leave, in winding lines,
Their cradle 'mid the Northern pines.

And far beyond the Pyrenees
Another lies in dreamless rest,
Ensphered in that eternal peace
God gives to those He loves the best:
And one, beneath a Southern sky,
Dwells where the Andes' shadows lie.

From my brief dream of happy years
Sudden I wake to life and day:
The jingling drone is in my ears,
The car rolls on its dreary way
To the day's toil, and I'm alone.
My precious little girls are gone.

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JOHN WESLEY

SOME ASPECTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND

By Augustine Birrell

IT was a fortunate thing for historians, moralists, philosophers, and every other kind of book-maker when it became the habit to chop up the annals of mankind into centuries. It is a meaningless diversion save for the purpose of counting, and yet, such is our passion for generalization, so fond are we of distinguishing and differentiating, that we all of us have long ago endowed each one of the nineteen Christian centuries (to wander back no farther) with its own characteristics and attributes. These arbitrary diversions of time have thus become sober realities, they stalk majestically across the stage of memory, they tread the boards, each in its own garb, making appropriate gestures and uttering familiar catch-words. Lord Clarendon's history is not more unlike Gibbon's, Bishop Ken is not more unlike Bishop Hoadley, Prince Rupert is not more unlike John Churchill, than is the seventeenth century as we choose to depict it unlike the eighteenth. And yet full well do we know, in the bottom of our hearts, those unpleasing depths where we seldom dredge for fear of the consequences, how impossible it is to compress into the lines of a single figure, however animated its countenance or mobile its features, the vast tide of human existence as it flows gigantically along regardless of methods of counting time.

The eighteenth century in England does not lack its historians and painters who have treated their great subject sometimes after a Pre-Raphaelite fashion and sometimes after the manner of the impressionists. It has been loaded with abuse by picturesque historians and high-flying divines and romantic poets. Its political franchise was certainly restricted, while its civil list was unduly extended. It whitewashed its churches and even sought to rationalize its religion. No less emancipated an intelligence than Mark Pattison's pronounced the first half of the eighteenth century to be "an age destitute of faith and earnestness, an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character." Harsh words indeed, but not lightly written.

Yet when abandoning generalities and dwelling on the details of the time as it was then spent in England, it is difficult to reconcile all one's reading with any very sweeping assertions. It was a brutal age, no doubt; an age of the press gang, of the whipping-post, of jail fever, and all the horrors of the criminal code; an ignorant age, when the population, lords and louts alike, drank with great freedom and reckoned cock-fighting among the more innocent joys of life; when education of the kind called popular, or more correctly primary—for popular it is not and never will be—was hardly thought of; a corrupt age, when offices and votes were bought and sold, and bishops owed their sees to the king's women.

Brutal, ignorant, and corrupt—that the eighteenth century in England was all this, is it not written in the storied page of Hogarth? Charles Lamb quotes, with critical approval, the answer of the man who when asked to name his favorite author, replied: "Next to Shakespeare, Hogarth." We all love a crowded gallery—people coming, going, incidents, emotions, passions evil as well as good, for there is nothing we cannot forgive humanity; and Hogarth's gallery teems with the life of the eighteenth century; catches, as only great painters can, its most evanescent glances and records its desperate efforts to amuse itself or forget itself between two eternities; and though so true a humorist could not be oblivious of the kindly side of life or be without some gracious touches and affectionate portrayals, still, roughly speaking, the great historian of the eighteenth century in England affirms the brutal view of it, its cruelty, its horror. How people can frame Hogarth's prints and

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hang them up in their rooms is more than I can say!

But there are other authorities, other aspects, other books. Two of the catch-words of the eighteenth century are *sentimentality* and *enthusiasm*. The first of the two is supposed to have been invented by the famous author of "The History of Clarissa Harlowe; a Series of Letters." He it was, that little printer and warden of a city company, who first opened the rusty floodgates of English tears and taught the South Briton how to weep as he had never wept before, but it is with *enthusiasm* I would deal to-day. During the eighteenth century, enthusiasm is a word of almost as frequent occurrence as either wit or parts. It has been pointed out by an ingenious friend of my own that Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," employs the word *wit* forty-seven times and in at least seven different senses;* and as for *parts*, though the words may be found in Sidney and Spenser, the eighteenth century made it peculiarly its own. But enthusiasm is also a very frequent word. Lord Shaftesbury, the third earl and the author of the "Characteristics" before the century was in its teens, wrote his famous "Letter Concerning Enthusiasm," in which he is supposed to have said: "Ridicule is the test of truth." He never said so anywhere in so many words, but he gets very near it in this letter in which he describes enthusiasm as one of the dangers of the age, a terrible distemper, almost as bad as the small-pox. In the opinion of my lord, enthusiasm is a modification of the spleen, having its centre in an ill-regulated religion. True religion, in the opinion of that third Lord Shaftesbury, is based on good-humor. He observes, in his fashionable way: "'Tis in adversity chiefly, or in ill-health, under affliction or disturbance of mind or discomposure of temper, that we have recourse to religion; though in reality we are never so unfit to think of it as at such a dark and heavy hour. We can never be fit to contemplate anything above us when we are in no condition to look into ourselves and calmly examine the temper of our own minds and passions—for then it is we see wrath and fury and revenge and terror in the Deity when we are full of disturbances and fears within, and have by suffering and anxiety lost so much of the natural calm and easiness of our temper."

Thus did the infant century at the very outset of its journey meet, in the shape of this elegant peer, its Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who you will remember in reply to Christian's distracted "I know what I would obtain—it is ease for my heavy burden," observes, in the same sense as Shaftesbury, though in homelier language: "But why wilt thou seek for ease in this way, seeing so many dangers attend it, especially since (hadst thou but patience to hear me) I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest without the dangers that thou in this way will run thyself into—yea—and the remedy is at hand? Besides, I will add, that instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content."

Why wilt thou seek for ease in this way when if you will only be good-humored, sensible, and let the world wag, you will meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

All through the eighteenth century, from Lord Shaftesbury at the beginning to Bishop Lavington nearer its close, enthusiasm continued the *bête noir* of all those decent people who think that as God made the world, He should be left alone to mend it. The inherent absurdity of enthusiasm seldom failed to illuminate the good-natured countenance of David Hume with a smile half a philosopher's, and half a man of the world's, while it provoked a not ill-natured sneer from Gibbon, who though he wrote "The History of the Fall of the Roman Empire," was taken quite by surprise and indeed terribly put out by the fall of the French monarchy in his own day; he, while referring to the author of "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," one of the most characteristic books of the eighteenth century, observes, in that way of his so suggestive of a snug corner and a library chair, "Had not Law's vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of his time." Devoutness, holiness, the inward life, the flight from

* Pope's "Essay on Criticism," edited by A. S. West, Cambridge University Press, 1896.

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wrath to come, the horror of sin, the inspiration of the holy spirit, raptures, transports, fancies, visions, voices, all these things and more are included in that word enthusiasm, which is forever cropping up in this eighteenth century, the reason being that the century was full of it, and during its years countless thousands of pilgrims not only played the fool in Vanity Fair and made beasts of themselves in Gin Lane, but with groans and trembling passed through the valley of the shadow of death and caught glimpses of the towers and palaces of the city of God.

We have too few books which bring home to us in concrete form the lives and thoughts of our forefathers. Historians we know, good, bad, and indifferent, the learned but dull, the dull but conscientious, the picturesque but false; the historian who writes his history because he has a grudge against the Church of England, whose orders he has renounced; his Anglican rival who writes his because he resents as a personal affront the attitude of the Church of Rome to the English branch; the Nonconformist historian who has his quarrel both with the Vatican and Lambeth, and is better read in his Calamy's "Nonconformist Memorial" than in his Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy." They all have their value, these historians, and their vogue. Gladly do I give them place. But they none of them supply us with what we want. Suppose, for example, I want to be infected with the learning and the leisure of the eighteenth century, the generalizations of the regular historian are of no use to me—their pages contain no microbes, distil no perfumes. If Mr. Austin Dobson's poems are by my side or his prose studies, they will for a brief season lay me low; but a resurrectionary *tours de force* has never the reposeful air of Nature. For such a purpose as I have just indicated, there is nothing quite so good as the seventeen volumes of "Nichols's Anecdotes and Library History of the Eighteenth Century." In a sense, and a very real sense, too, these portly tomes may be called utterly insignificant. They rarely recall a name of first-class importance or record a fact in itself worth mentioning. They force you to spend your time in the company of historians, not of empires but of counties, of typographers, antiquarians, classical scholars, lettered divines, librarians at great Houses, learned tradesmen (for such freaks existed in the eighteenth century); they tell you of lives wasted in colleges and country rectories, they remind you of forgotten controversies and foolish personal enmities, they are full of Latin epitaphs; and every now and again in your country wanderings the originals of these epitaphs will stare at you from some snug transept corner or meet your eye as you wander westward down the nave of an abbey church or other Old World burying-place. You will not be troubled with enthusiasm in Mr. Nichols's collections. But to read them is to live in the eighteenth century. In sundry moods they will serve your turn well enough. But the reaction must come when you will grow impatient of all this trifling, and demand to be quit of tiresome coteries and tenth-rate literature and to be admitted into the life of the nation. Then if you are wise you will carefully replace Mr. Nichols on the shelf (for it is childish to knock books about and the mood will recur) and take down "The Journal of the Reverend John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford."

John Wesley, born as he was in 1703 and dying as he did in 1791, covers as nearly as mortal man may, the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical and certainly the most strenuous figure. He began his published journal on October 14, 1735, and its last entry is under date Sunday, October 24, 1790, when in the morning he explained to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields Church "The Whole Armor of God," and in the afternoon enforced to a still larger audience in St. Paul's, Shadwell, the great truth, "One thing is needful," the last words of the Journal being "I hope many even then resolved to choose the better part."

Between those two Octobers there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured. I do not know whether I am likely to have among my readers anyone who has ever contested an English or Scottish county in a parliamentary election since household suffrage. If I have, that tired soul will know how severe is the strain of its three weeks,

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and how impossible it seemed at the end of the first week that you should be able to keep it going for another fortnight, and how when the last night arrived you felt that had the strife been accidentally prolonged another seven days you must have perished by the wayside. Well, John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man whoever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than five thousand times. Had he but preserved his scores at all the inns where he lodged, they would have made by themselves a history of prices. And throughout it all he never knew what depression of spirits meant—though he had much to try him, suits in chancery and a jealous wife.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts—the remotest corners of England—places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1899, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached his gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us. No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his does. Yet he is not a popular figure. Our standard historians have dismissed him curtly. The fact is, Wesley puts your ordinary historian out of conceit with himself. How much easier to weave into your page the gossip of Horace Walpole, to enliven it with a heartless jest of George Selwyn's, to make it blush with sad stories of the extravagance of Fox, to embroider it with the rhetoric of Burke, to humanize it with the talk of Johnson, to discuss the rise and fall of administrations, the growth and decay of the constitution, than to follow John Wesley into the streets of Bristol, or on to the bleak moors near Burslem, when he met, face to face in all their violence, all their ignorance, and all their generosity the living men, women, and children who made up the nation.

It has perhaps also to be admitted that to found great organizations is to build your tomb—a splendid tomb, it may be, a veritable sarcophagus, but none the less a tomb. John Wesley's chapels lie a little heavily on John Wesley. Even so do the glories of Rome make us forgetful of the grave in Syria.

It has been said that Wesley's character lacks charm, that mighty antiseptic. It is not easy to define charm, which is not a catalogue of qualities, but a mixture. Let no one deny charm to Wesley who has not read his journal. Southey's life is a dull, almost a stupid, book, which happily there is no need to read. Read the journal, which is a book full of plots and plays and novels, which quivers with life and is crammed full of character.

John Wesley came of a stock which had been much harassed and put about by our unhappy religious difficulties. Politics, business, and religion are the three things Englishmen are said to worry themselves about. The Wesleys early took up with religion. John Wesley's great-grandfather and grandfather were both ejected from their livings in 1662, and the grandfather was so bullied and oppressed by the Five Mile Act that he early gave up the ghost. Whereupon his remains were refused what is called Christian burial, though a holier and more primitive man never drew breath. This poor, persecuted spirit left two sons according to the flesh, Matthew and Samuel; and Samuel it was who in his turn became the father of John and Charles Wesley.

Samuel Wesley, though minded to share the lot, hard though that lot was, of his progenitors, had the moderation of mind, the Christian conservatism which ever marked the family, and being sent to a dissenting college, became disgusted with the ferocity and bigotry he happened there to encounter. Those were the days of the Calf's Head Club and feastings on the 29th of January, graceless meals for which Samuel Wesley had no stomach. His

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turn was for the things that are "quiet, wise, and good." He departed from the dissenting seminary and in 1685 entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College, Oxford. He brought £2 6s. with him, and as for prospects, he had none. Exeter received him. During the eighteenth century our two universities, famous despite their faults, were always open to the poor scholar who was ready to subscribe, not to boat clubs or cricket clubs, but to the Thirty-nine Articles. Three archbishops of Canterbury during the eighteenth century were the sons of small tradesmen. There was, in fact, much less snobbery and money-worship during the century when the British empire was being won than during the century when it is being talked about. Samuel Wesley was allowed to remain at Oxford, where he supported himself by devices known to his tribe, and when he left the university to be ordained he had clear in his pouch, after discharging his few debts, £10 15s. He had thus made £7 19s. out of his university, and had his education, as it were, thrown in for nothing. He soon obtained a curacy in London and married a daughter of the well-known ejected clergyman, Dr. Annesley, about whom you may read in another eighteenth century book "The Life and Errors of John Dunton."

The mother of the Wesleys was a remarkable woman, though cast in a mould not much to our minds nowadays. She had nineteen children, and greatly prided herself on having taught them, one after another, by frequent chastisements to, what do you think? to cry softly. She had theories of education and strength of will, and of arm too, to carry them out. She knew Latin and Greek, and though a stern, forbidding, almost an unfeeling, parent, she was successful in winning and retaining not only the respect but the affection of such of her huge family as lived to grow up. But out of the nineteen, thirteen early succumbed. Infant mortality was one of the great facts of the eighteenth century whose Rachels had to learn to cry softly over their dead babes. The mother of the Wesleys thought more of her children's souls than of their bodies.

The revolution of 1688 threatened to disturb the early married life of Samuel Wesley and his spouse. The husband wrote a pamphlet in which he defended revolution principles, but the wife secretly adhered to the old cause; nor was it until a year before Dutch William's death that the rector made the discovery that the wife of his bosom, who had sworn to obey him and regard him as her over-lord, was not in the habit of saying Amen to his fervent prayers on behalf of his suffering sovereign. An explanation was demanded and the truth extracted, namely, that in the opinion of the rector's wife her true king lived over the water. The rector at once refused to live with Mrs. Wesley any longer until she recanted. This she refused to do, and for a twelvemonth the couple dwelt apart, when William III. having the good sense to die, a reconciliation became possible. If John Wesley was occasionally a little pig-headed, need one wonder? The story of the fire at Epworth Rectory and the miraculous escape of the infant John was once a tale as well known as Alfred in the neat-herd's hut, and pictures of it still hang up in many a collier's home.

John Wesley received a sound classical education at Charterhouse and Christ Church, and remained all his life very much the scholar and the gentleman. No company was too good for John Wesley, and nobody knew better than he did that had he cared to carry his powerful intelligence, his flawless constitution, and his infinite capacity for taking pains into any of the markets of the world, he must have earned for himself place, fame, and fortune.

Coming, however, as he did of a theological stock, having a saint for a father and a notable devout woman for a mother, Wesley from his early days learned to regard religion as the business of his life, just as the younger Pitt came to regard the House of Commons as the future theatre of his actions. After a good deal of heart-searching and theological talk with his mother, Wesley was ordained a deacon by the excellent Potter, afterward Primate, but then (1725) Bishop of Oxford. In the following year Wesley was elected a Fellow of Lincoln, to the great delight of his father. "Whatever I am," said the good old man, "my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

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In trying to form even a glimmering idea of the state of the Church of England in 1725, when Wesley took orders, there are some incidents in its past history which must not be overlooked. I mean its repeated purgings. Evictions are of course of frequent occurrence in all church histories, but the Church of England has been peculiarly unlucky in this respect. Let me, in a handful of sentences, recall the facts. I pass over the puzzling and unedifying events of King Henry VIII.'s time, the Protestant rule of his short-lived son, the frank Romanism of his eldest daughter, and begin with Elizabeth, who succeeded in November, 1558. Crowned though she was according to the Catholic ceremonial, including the unction and the pontifical mass, it appears to have been well understood by those in high place that England having got a new master must be prepared once more for new men and new measures. They were indeed strange times. Can it be that the country did not care about the continuity of its Church? The Act of Supremacy soon made its appearance, annexing to the Crown all jurisdictions, spiritual and ecclesiastical, for the visitation and reformation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and of all errors, heresies, and schisms. The inevitable oath was directed to be taken under the usual penalties—first, loss of property, then loss of life. When Queen Mary died there were but fifteen Anglican bishops alive. Of these, fourteen refused the oath and were turned neck and crop out of their sees. They went away quickly enough and disappeared into obscurity. Elizabeth called them a lazy set of scamps. We have no evidence that they were anything of the kind. Hardships and indignities were heaped upon them, some died in prison, others in retirement, one or two escaped abroad. It seems to be the fact that they all died in their beds. They had no mind either to burn or hang. Jeremy Collier gives us, in addition to those fourteen prelates, a list of three bishops-elect, one abbot, one abbess, four priors, twelve deans, fourteen archdeacons, sixty canons, one hundred priests, all well preferred, fifteen heads of colleges, and about twenty doctors of both faculties, all what one may call stationary people hard to move, who were at this same time deprived of their places, profits, and dignities. It does not seem a great many out of the nine thousand spiritual places in England. Still to lose its whole hierarchy (except the Bishop of Llandaff) at one blow was a shrewd knock, nor we may be sure did the bishops-elect, the deans, the archdeacons and canons, the heads of houses and doctors of divinity, and the one hundred well-preferred priests go out without rendings of the heart and bitter reflections. There were no newspapers to record their emotions or to summarize their losses under the heading, "Crisis in the Church," but we may be sure they were pious men, sick of shuffles and crowned heads, while of those who remained who can tell with what uneasiness of mind, with what pangs of conscience they did so?

This is Purge No. 1, and it got rid of the old Roman pietist and let no man deny to the Church of Rome one of the notes of a true church, the capacity to breed saints.

Purge No. 2 was numerically more important. Charles I. got into those difficulties which brought his comely head to the scaffold, and the beneficed clergy were made subject to visitation by order of the House of Commons and in large numbers turned adrift. That many of these clergy were illiterate and unfit for their office is true enough; but in the teeth of the protests made by the best men among the Puritan party, other tests than those of learning and piety were imposed and enforced. Loyalty to the dead king, or malignancy as it was termed, was counted to be a disqualification for a country parson; a sour observance of Sunday was reckoned piety, and many a good man who had earned and deserved the love of his parishioners was evicted to make way for a Presbyterian. How many parsons were turned out during the Commonwealth it is hard to say, but many hundreds there certainly were, and among them were numbered some of the very choicest spirits of the age.

Purge No. 3 is the best known in Nonconformist circles. It occurred after the restoration of the Stuarts, when two thousand of the clergy, including a large number of the intruders of the Commonwealth, were turned out of their livings for refusing to take the oath required by the Act of Uniformity. The celebrated Richard

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Baxter (who refused a bishopric) tells us in his life, which is one of the best books in existence, how these evicted tenants were made up. The passage is too long to be here quoted, and it is enough to say that by this purge the Church of England lost a host of her clergy who had no objection to bishops or to a liturgy, who had never signed the Solemn League and Covenant, who had been against the civil war, but who were unwilling, because unable, to give their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer. But they had to go; they were devout, they were learned, they were peaceful, they were sensible; it mattered not; out they went like Wesley's own grandfather, and were hunted from place to place like wolves.

Purge No. 4 has still to be endured. The Stuarts ran their destined course. The blessed restoration was in less than thirty years succeeded by the glorious revolution, and a fresh oath had, of course, to be invented as a burden upon the conscience of the established clergy. It was in form simple enough: "I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear to bear true allegiance to their majesties King William and Queen Mary." But to appreciate its horrid significance we must remember that the now mouldy doctrines of "divine right" and "passive obedience" were then as much the talk of the clergy of the Church of England as incense, lights, and the sacramental theory are to-day. The books and pamphlets on these subjects may still be counted, though hardly read, in thousands. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sancroft) and five of his brethren, including Bishop Ken, were deprived of their sees, and at least four hundred divines followed them into exile. These were the non-jurors, men of fabulous learning and primitive piety, who added evangelical fervor and simplicity to High Church doctrine. To read the lives of these men is to live among the saints and doctors, and their expulsion from the Church they alone loved and they alone could properly defend, diverted into alien channels the very qualities we find so sorely lacking in the Anglican Church of the eighteenth century. How absurd to grumble at the Hoadleys and the Watsons, the Hurds and the Warburtons! They were all that was left. Faith and fervor, primitive piety, Puritan zeal, Catholic devotion, each in its turn had been decimated and cast out. What a history it is! Whether you read it in the Roman page of Lingard and Dodd and Morris, or in the Anglican record of Collier, or turn over the biographies to be found in our old friends Walker and Calamy, what can you do but hold up your hands in horror and amazement. Wherever and whenever there was goodness, piety, faith, devotion, out it had to go. It was indeed as into a dungeon, stripped, swept, and bare, that the Church of England stepped at the revolution, and in that dungeon she lay for a hundred years. Since then many things have happened. There has been a revival of faith and fervor in the Church of England, so much so that Purge No. 5 may shortly be expected.

The reason why I have dwelt at great length on these facts of church history is because we should have them in mind if we are to understand what may be called the *Status quo ante bellum* John Wesley waged with the Devil in Great Britain.

Wesley's motive never eludes us. In his early manhood, after being greatly affected by Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" and the "Imitatio Christi," and by Law's "Serious Call" and "Christian Perfection," he met "a serious man," who said to him, "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone. You must therefore find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." He was very confident, this serious man, and Wesley never forgot his message. "You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." These words forever sounded in Wesley's ears, determining his theology, which rejected the stern individualism of Calvin, and fashioning his whole polity, his famous class meetings and generally gregarious methods.

> Therefore to him it was given
> Many to save with himself.

We may continue the quotation and apply to Wesley the words of Mr. Arnold's memorial to his father:

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Languor was not in his heart,
Weakness not in his word,
Weariness not on his brow.

If you ask what is the impression left upon the reader of the journals as to the condition of England question, the answer will vary very much with the tenderness of the reader's conscience and with the extent of his acquaintance with the general behaviour of mankind at all times and in all places. Wesley himself is no alarmist, no sentimentalist, he never gushes, seldom exaggerates, and always writes on an easy level. Naturally enough he clings to the supernatural and is always disposed to believe in the *bona fides* of ghosts and the diabolical origin of strange noises, but outside this realm of speculation, Wesley describes things as he saw them. In the first published words of his friend Dr. Johnson, "he meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rocks without deafening the neighboring inhabitants."

Wesley's humor is of the species donnish, and his modes and methods quietly persistent.

"On Thursday, the 20th May (1742), I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell and then rode on till I overtook a serious man with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him. He was quite uneasy to know 'whether I held the doctrines of the decrees as he did;' but I told him over and over 'We had better keep to practical things lest we should be angry at one another.' And so we did for two miles till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him 'No. I am John Wesley himself.' Upon which

Improvisum aspris Veluti qui sentibus anguem Presset——

he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two I kept close to his side and endeavored to shew him his heart till we came into the street of Northampton."

What a picture have we here of a fine May morning in 1742, the unhappy Calvinist trying to shake off the Arminian Wesley! But he cannot do it! *John Wesley is the better mounted of the two*, and so they scamper together into Northampton.

The England described in the journal is an England still full of theology; all kinds of queer folk abound; strange subjects are discussed in odd places. There was drunkenness and cock-fighting, no doubt, but there were also Deists, Mystics, Swedenborgians, Antinomians, Necessitarians, Anabaptists, Quakers, nascent heresies, and slow-dying delusions. Villages were divided into rival groups which fiercely argued the nicest points in the aptest language. Nowadays in one's rambles a man is as likely to encounter a gray badger as a black Calvinist.

The clergy of the Established Church were jealous of Wesley's interference in their parishes, nor was this unnatural—he was not a Nonconformist but a brother churchman. What right had he to be so peripatetic? But Wesley seldom records any instance of gross clerical misconduct. Of one drunken parson he does indeed tell us, and he speaks disapprovingly of another whom he found one very hot day consuming a pot of beer in a lone alehouse. I am bound to confess I have never had any but kindly feelings toward that thirsty ecclesiastic. What, I wonder, was he thinking of as Wesley rode by—*Libres Méditations d'un Solitaire Inconnu*—unpublished!

When Wesley, with that dauntless courage of his, a courage which never forsook him, which he wore on every occasion with the delightful ease of a soldier, pushed his way into fierce districts, amid rough miners dwelling in their own village communities almost outside the law, what most strikes one with admiration, not less in Wesley's journal than in George Fox's (a kindred though earlier volume), is the essential fitness for freedom of our rudest populations. They were coarse and brutal and savage, but rarely did they fail to recognize the high character and lofty motives of the dignified mortal who had travelled so far to speak to them. Wes-

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ley was occasionally hustled, and once or twice pelted with mud and stones, but at no time were his sufferings at the hands of the mob to be compared with the indignities it was long the fashion to heap upon the heads of parliamentary candidates. The mob knew and appreciated the difference between a Bubb Dodington and a John Wesley.

I do not think any ordinary Englishman will be much horrified at the demeanor of the populace. If there was disturbance it was usually quelled. At Norwich two soldiers who disturbed a congregation were seized and carried before their commanding officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped. In Wesley's opinion they richly deserved all they got. He was no sentimentalist, although an enthusiast.

Where the reader of the journal will be shocked is when his attention is called to the public side of the country—to the state of the jails—to Newgate, to Bethlehem, to the criminal code—to the brutality of so many of the judges, and the harshness of the magistrates, to the supineness of the bishops, to the extinction in high places of the missionary spirit—in short, to the heavy slumber of humanity.

Wesley was full of compassion, of a compassion wholly free from hysterics and like exaltative. In public affairs his was the composed zeal of a Howard. His efforts to penetrate the dark places were long in vain. He says in his dry way: "They won't let me go to Bedlam because they say I make the inmates mad, or into Newgate because I make them wicked." The reader of the journal will be at no loss to see what these sapient magistrates meant. Wesley was a terribly exciting preacher, quiet though his manner was. He pushed matters home without flinching. He made people cry out and fall down, nor did it surprise him that they should. You will find some strange biographies in the journal. Consider that of John Lancaster for a moment. He was a young fellow who fell into bad company, stole some velvet and was sentenced to death, and lay for awhile in Newgate awaiting his hour. A good Methodist woman, Sarah Peters, obtained permission to visit him, though the fever was raging in the prison at the time. Lancaster had no difficulty in collecting six or seven other prisoners, all like himself waiting to be strangled, and Sarah Peters prayed with them and sang hymns, the clergy of the diocese being otherwise occupied. When the eve of their execution arrived the poor creatures begged that Sarah Peters might be allowed to remain with them, to continue her exhortations, but this could not be. In her absence, however, they contrived to console one another, for that devilish device of a later age, solitary confinement, was then unknown. When the bellman came round at midnight to tell them, "Remember you are to die to-day," they cried out, "Welcome news! Welcome news!" How they met their deaths you can read for yourselves in the journal, which concludes the narrative with a true eighteenth century touch. "John Lancaster's body was carried away by a company hired by the surgeons, but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf."

If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, be content sometimes to leave the letters of Horace Walpole unturned, resist the drowsy temptation to waste your time over the learned triflers who sleep in the seventeen volumes of Nichols, nay even deny yourself your annual reading of Boswell or your biennial retreat with Sterne, and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England.

No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. As a writer he has not achieved distinction, he was no Athanasius, no Augustine, he was ever a preacher and an organizer, a laborer in the service of humanity; but happily for us his journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the times during which he lived and moved and had his being.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is one of the most interesting, as he is quite the most friendly, of our recent British critics, if he can even be called a critic. His amicableness seems to be so "*voulu*," his sense of responsibility about the "understanding" so keen, as almost to disable him from criticism. We wait for the fault-finding which is prepared for and led up to with so much politeness and consideration, and lo, it comes not. He is so much on his guard lest he convert differences into defects that at his severest he is only a notator of differences. Doubtless his tone is a great and refreshing change from that of the "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" of half a century ago. It was the same Dickens who warned the tourist against taking for his motto "How clever I am and how funny is everyone else" who, in his American writings, so completely omitted to "reck his own rede."

"The American Language."

Mr. Archer's recent remarks upon the "American language" are without doubt very pleasant reading for Americans, and they ought to be very useful reading for Britons. The insular assumption that the corruption of what, after public dinners, we are in the habit of calling "our common speech" is all of cis-Atlantic origin, is far from Mr. Archer. Very far from him is the cheerful tendency of the literary Briton to call any locution that he happens not to like an Americanism. Mr. Archer gives some examples of this tendency, including an amazing one from Ruskin. There are many equally amazing that have escaped his notice. In the years when the *Saturday Review* was an authority on such things it denounced the attribution of a "bosom" to a man as a "low Americanism," on the strength, possibly, of those Yankee depravers of the language, the translators of King James, with their "Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom;" or of that other "low American," Lord Bacon, and his essays that "come home to men's business and bosoms." His scholarship, as well as his good feeling, would keep Mr. Archer out of such a pit as that.

And yet the upshot of Mr. Archer's paper, careful and intelligent as it is, is that the American language is, to a considerable extent, unintelligible to a Briton. As Mr. Kipling has it, the American is

> A brother hedged with alien speech
> And lacking all interpreter.

No man is better equipped, and few Britons have had as good opportunities for "catching on" (there goes an Americanism) to the American language, as Mr. Kipling himself. And yet he does not completely catch on. His American dialect, in his most careful American studies, is what the French call *à peu près;* what one of the female æsthetes in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, speaking of the æsthetic attempts of the dragoons, calls "so supremely all-but." In "Captains Courageous" he cannot prevent himself from confounding the New England "folks" with the Biblical "folk," and giving the singular form to a word which all New England pluralizes. And in "The Walking Delegate" he confounds "piece," which "every schoolboy" in New England knows to be a measure of length, with "spell," which every such schoolboy knows to be a measure of time. "Guess you'd better cool off a piece"—there is not a district school in New England where that would not be recognized in the primary class as a solecism. Even to the cutest observer, with the advantage of being a resident and not a tourist, the American language remains more or less an "alien speech."

The besetting difficulty of the stranger, which it seems impossible that any stranger should wholly surmount, is to tell when a colloquialism is used in ignorance, and when with a consciousness of its inaccuracy, that is to say, as slang. "Yep" and "Nope," which Mr. Archer cites as American colloquialisms, are distinctly of the latter class. They are jaunty expressions of equality, if not of disrespect or defiance. It is inconceivable that the hardiest American boy who addresses them to the wayfaring man should address either of them to the police-magistrate when he is called to account for some of his trans-

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gressions. And so with other locutions in Mr. Archer's list. There is no room here to go into the detail of them, no room and no need, for the native apprehends without any effort that which he sees that the stranger, the most "painful" and conscientious stranger, cannot apprehend completely with ever so much. But the value of Mr. Archer's remarks does not depend upon the accuracy of their detail, but upon their admirable spirit. His paper is a warning against what may be called the metropolitan provincialism which animates so many of his countrymen when they take up this particular theme. Matthew Arnold, with admirable candor, gives in a footnote to his "Celtic Literature" a remark of Lord Strangford, which seems to invalidate an elaborate argument in the text. The note is to the effect that it will not do to assume that modern German is the "constant" of Teutonism, from which modern English is necessarily a variant. The corresponding assumption that modern English, as spoken and written in the British islands, is the constant of which the American language is necessarily not only a variant but a degeneration, is at the bottom of a great deal of British discussion of the subject. This assumption is so completely and conspicuously absent from Mr. Archer's remarks as to make them particularly agreeable to American readers, and its absence should make them useful, for edification and reproof, to British writers.

On a Text from the Navy.

AMERICAN society has reason to be glad that the events which have brought the American navy so much to the fore have incidentally drawn attention to the manners of what is probably the politest profession in which Americans engage. It is everybody's business to be polite, and it is particularly the business of men of education and advantageous place. The army is polite; indeed one cannot say that a higher standard of manners is expected in the navy than in the army, but the naval officers go very much about the world; they see many people in many lands; they exercise and receive much hospitality, and it would mean some waste of training if their courtesy did not show a gratifying degree of polish. Take them as they go, they are particularly pleasant gentlemen, and we are all sure that no officers in the world can sink a ship with more consideration, or take a firm stand with less obtrusion of unnecessary offence.

Good manners count prodigiously in this world. They do not take the place of brains or of honesty, nor yet of kindness and sympathy, but they are an admirable supplement to intelligence, and they make the lack of real kindness a good deal less disagreeable than it would be without them. They are undoubtedly an element of strength, and the absence of them is a weakness as far as it goes, though it may not be fatal. It is a weakness that is apt to come out in one very important relation of contemporary life, the relation of workmen to employers. When capital and labor clash, as they do on all sides of us just now, the ability to state and hold a disagreeable position with courtesy is of very great value. The manufacturer who browbeats his workmen when they come to him infuses irritation into their grievances. The walking delegate or union boss who makes his demands with clumsy rudeness makes it doubly hard for the employer to yield to them.

One of the best and surest evidences of the quality of our naval officers appears in their relations with their men. Everybody knows that discipline on our war-ships is strict; that there is no laxity, no coddling, no neglect, no nonsense of any sort. And yet there is frequent testimony of the substantial contentment of the men, and of their devotion to their officers and of the devotion of their officers to them. That means that the tie of common humanity exists in spite of sharply defined differences of rank, and that the fact that it is one man's duty to command and another's duty to obey does not hinder both from working harmoniously and with mutual kindness for the furthering of a common end.

Duty is the controlling motive in our navy. Courtesy is its ornament, and it is systematically cultivated, not only because it is a grace in itself, but because of great practical value in diminishing friction and increasing efficiency.

There is no station in life, no employment, no place, too high or too low for courtesy to adorn it. We are instructed in some catechisms to show deference to our betters, but no catechism countenances us in using arrogance toward those whom we may be pleased to regard as our inferiors. Authority is no warrant for insult, or even for lack of consideration. There is a respect that the

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servant who knows his business accords to the master; but there is a corresponding tribute which the master who knows *his* business pays to the servant. The child owes respect to the parent, but there is also a respect which maturity owes to childhood. Precept is not without its value in making children polite, but it is no secret that the manners come much more surely by imitation than by injunction, and that the child who is used to experience courteous treatment may be the more readily trained in courteous behavior.

The Golden Rule influences in Christendom the theory of good manners as it does all theories about human relations. We are to speak to our fellows and to treat them as we would have them treat us. Thackeray, in those Christmas verses which contain so much piety and so much philosophy, speaks of Christmas as the day on which the first of gentlemen was born. No doubt before there were Christians there were men whose manners were good, and whose standard of behavior would not suffer by comparison with ours; but still the influence that has most mollified the manners of the nations, and that has thus contributed more than anything else to the infusion of gentleness into our ideal of human character, is the influence that came out of Galilee. It seems to be a particularly active influence in the navy, for somehow a noticeably large proportion of our naval officers are pious men, whose hearts indeed are stout but very kindly too. They fight to win, but a beaten enemy can fall into no better hands than theirs. When destruction is their errand it is prompt and sure in its accomplishment, but it is our pride that they are readier still to save life than to take it, and at least as prompt and fearless in one cause as in the other.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE SCULPTURES OF THE DEWEY RECEPTION IN NEW YORK

FOR the decorations of this feast something more precious than bunting and bouquets was proposed; and, for a wonder, carried out in better form than the most sanguine could have foretold. Infinite credit is due to the bold men who knew their own and their comrade's power and devotion: and who dared undertake such a piece of associated sculpture, to be completed in two months. That is something which the city—which of all great cities is supposed to have the least civic pride—may boast of for many a year to come. The credit due a directing and supervising architect is due, in this case, to Charles Rollinson Lamb; but, as in every work of really decorative architecture, each man who contributed a piece of the sculpture, claims his share of the whole. There was composed a Roman memorial arch, founded upon the design of the well-known Arch of Titus, but greatly modified in detail. Being much enlarged, it was pierced by a side or lengthwise aperture, so that the structure consists of four great piers, instead of two. It was then loaded with sculpture. Above the smaller arches of the end are large bas-reliefs; flanking the great arches of the two opposite sides are symbolical spandrels, sculptured in high relief; above the main cornice, and backed by the lofty attic, are eight colossal statues of American naval heroes. Fronting the great piers which flank the main arches are four huge groups of figures suggested by the sculptures on Napoleon's great arch; and finally, the top is crowned by a group symbolical of the sea and of marine triumphs, peaceful and warlike. Besides the arch, there were the coupled columns whose pedestals are adorned by the floating "Victory" seen in our Figure 6; and the group of three columns repeated twice at the southern, and twice at the northern, end of the open colonnade; the pedestals of these bearing the groups, "The Army," "The Navy," as shown in our Figure 2; and, at the northern end, the "West Indies" and the "East Indies"; groups of similar importance.

One interesting question is brought up by these present decorations, and is partly answered by their relative success. How far, and in what way, will artists be hindered and their work injured by great haste in its preparation? Perhaps it has been a surprise to many persons that the shortcomings of the

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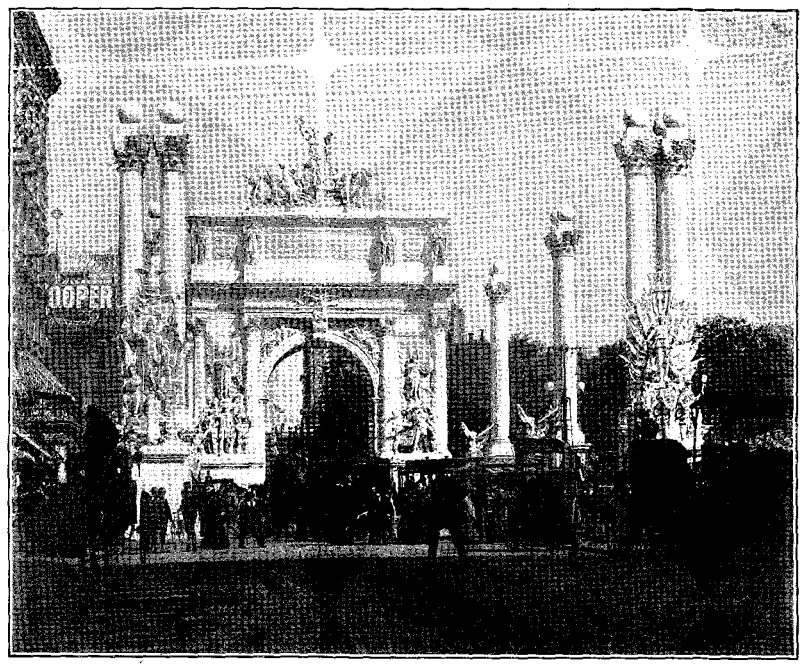
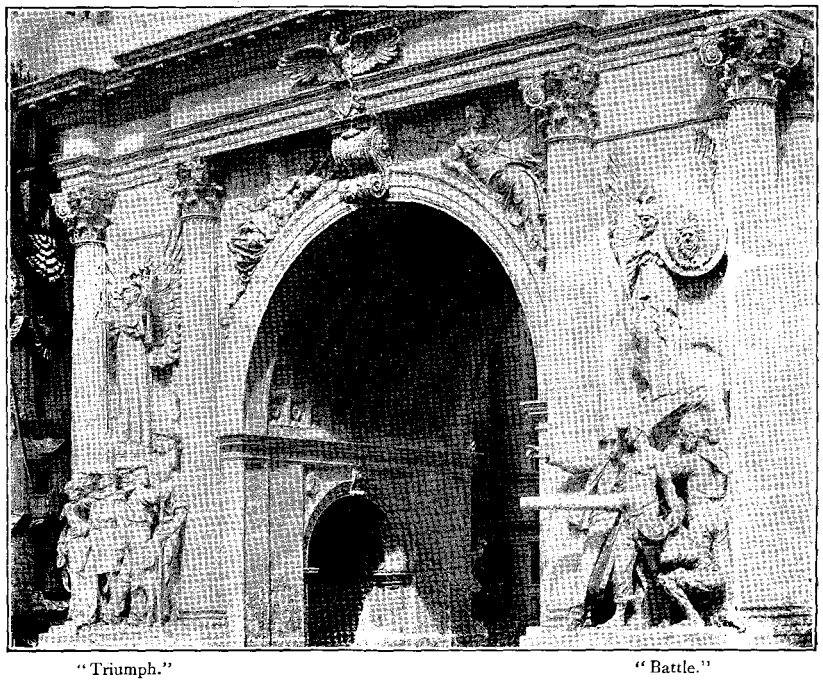


II

present sculptures are mainly in the way of composition. Not only where a sculptor was deceived or mistaken as to the depth of the pedestal top, or broad shelf upon which his group was to stand—not only in such a case as that, but in almost every instance the shortcomings of the groups have been most marked in this, that they are not as gracefully, not as nobly, not as amply disposed as the artist of each could have disposed it with more time for thought. In this way the sculptures suffer gravely as pieces of truly artistic work.

It is probable that many of the single fig-



III

"Triumph." "Battle."

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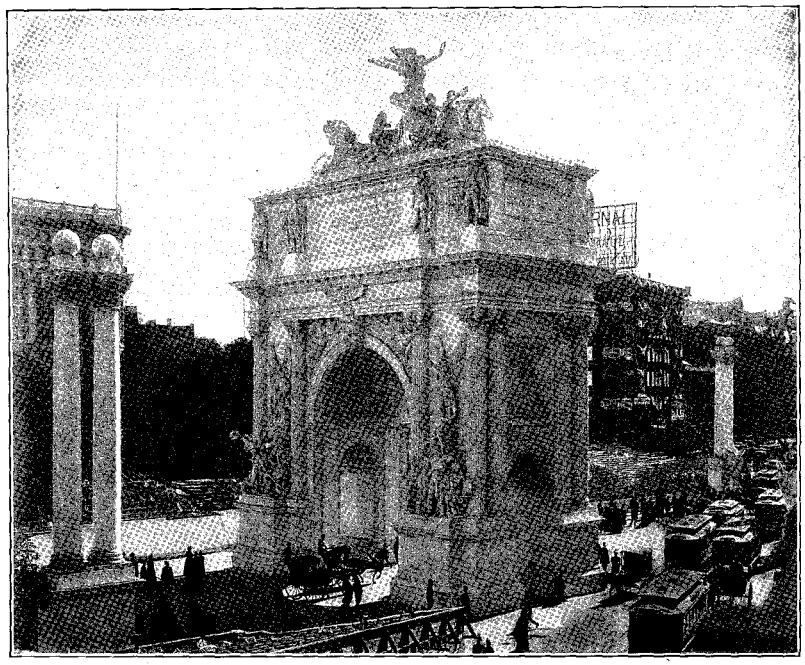
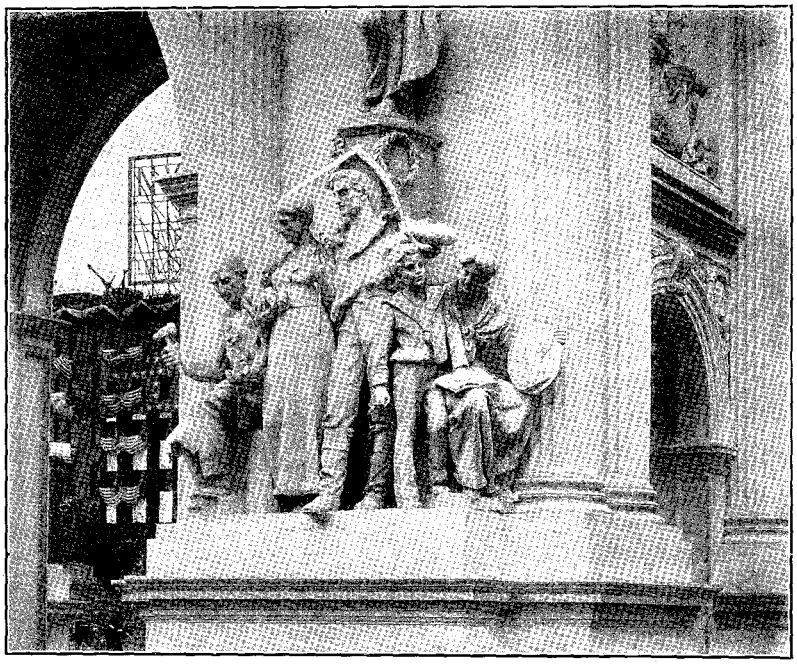


IV

ures, such as the portrait statues of naval heroes above the main cornice, and those two which make up the groups, are as well modelled, both anatomically and artistically, as they would have been had months of time been given to their preparation. It is also fortunate that the placing of the sculpture upon the Arch has been good so far as concern these separate figures, the bas-reliefs at the two ends, and the alto-reliefs of the spandrels; while, as for the great groups of the piers, their lack of a perfect similarity in outline and in fulness of mass is of little consequence to the Arch as a work of art.



V

"Peace."

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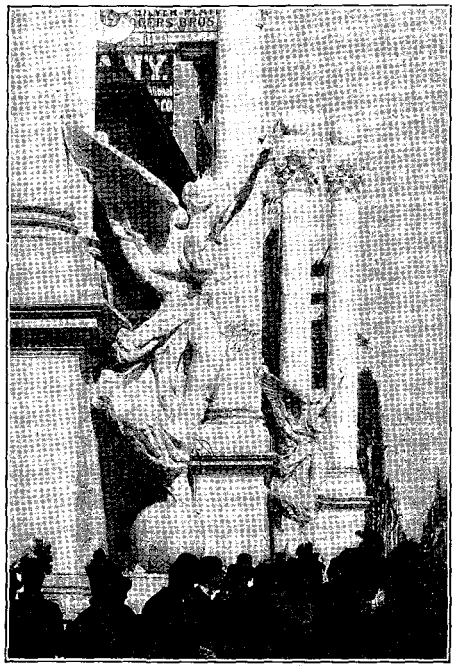
The exception which has been taken above to the grouping concerns each individual composition made up of three, four, five, or six human figures of more than life size. A great success in such grouping is one of the highest achievements of the sculptor; and that which is especially curious and interesting in this collection of decorative sculptures, made in haste, is their common failure to reach great excellence in the important respect named. Statues which are in themselves inadequately modelled — which have an insufficiency of solid anatomical frame within their clothes or drapery, are so exceptional that it would be unfair to the whole work to dwell upon such demerits here. There is little of the sculpture connected with this undertaking which is not in this respect at least satisfactory.

Figures 2 and 3 show the great groups of "Battle," the work of Mr. Bitter, and "Triumph," the work of Mr. Niehaus. Figure 4 shows Mr. Martiny's "Call to Arms" and Mr. French's "Peace," and Figure 5 shows the latter in detail. And, finally, the head-piece to this article gives a telephotographic view of the crowning group by J. Q. A. Ward, which consists of a "Victory" studied from the statue of Samothrace, with sea-horses, Tritons, and a Greek-seeming steersman of the Ship of Victory. It will offend no one of the good men and good artists who worked upon the Arch to have it said here that the whole structure seems like a monument to the artistic and personal dignity of the President of the Sculpture Society. This man has been, for the third of a century, a successful sculptor; much found fault with by the public, who want their fine art well mixed with delicate sentiment; more admired by his fellow-sculptors than by the outside world, which has yet conspired to make him rich. The times have not been favorable. Had Ward been a Frenchman, he would have been great and famous forever, for in him there has been concealed a sculptor of the truest decorative power. "No man can model a better body in a coat or better legs in trousers; no man can model modern men and women as moderns require it, better than Ward—for it is impossible to do it better; if you want him to do ideally fine things, you must give him ideally fine subjects." This was the dictum of one of the sculptors who has worked for the Dewey celebration—of him who has designed and executed the group, "The Army." At last, the ideally fine subject was given him, and Ward in his sixty eighth year has produced a work of decorative and expressional sculpture which the century may boast of, and which the community will not readily forget. R. S.



VI

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